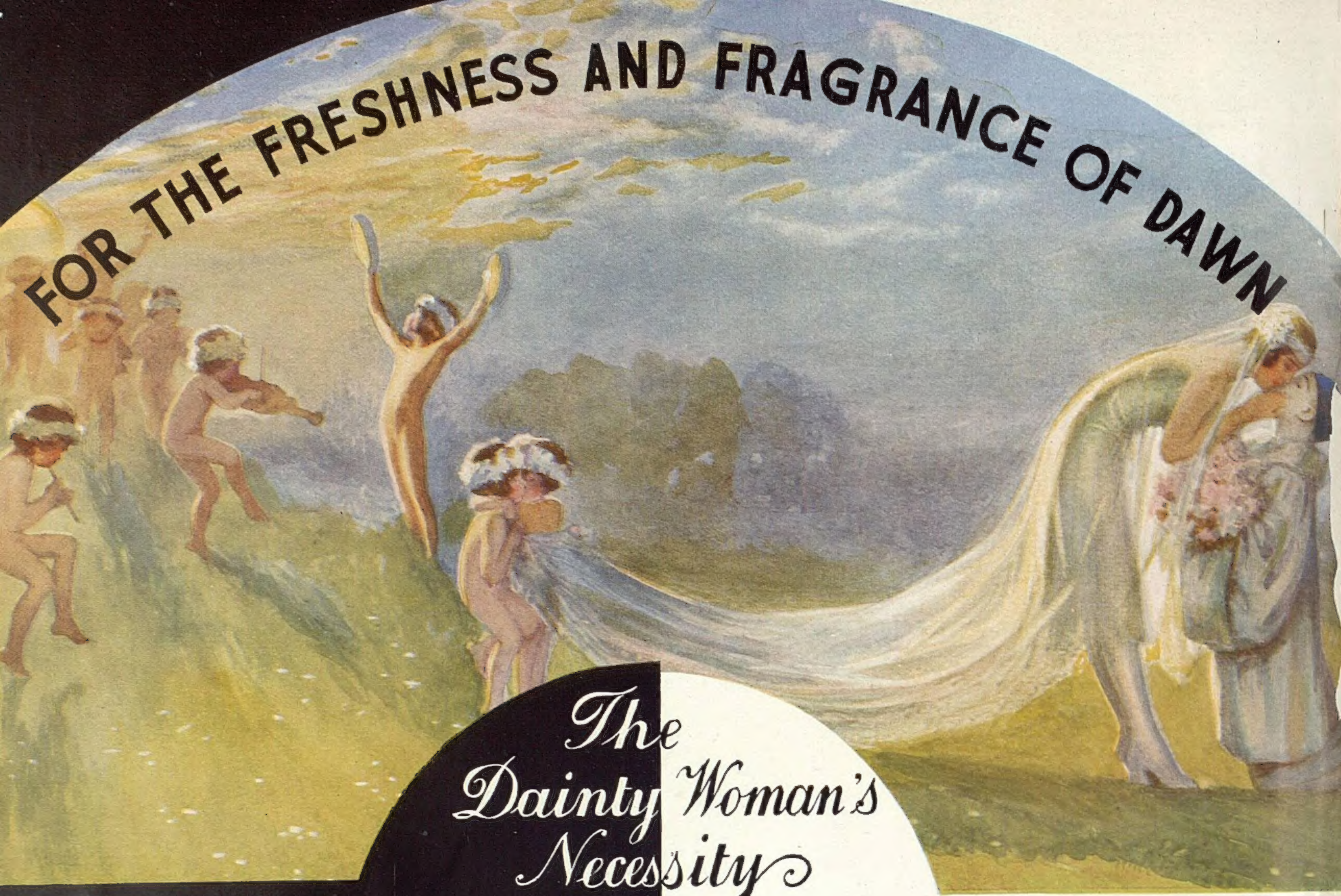
Britannia and Eve

Special Coronation Number

May 1937

1/6


FOR THE FRESHNESS AND FRAGRANCE OF DAWN

The Dainty Woman's Necessity

TALCUM POWDER DUBARRY

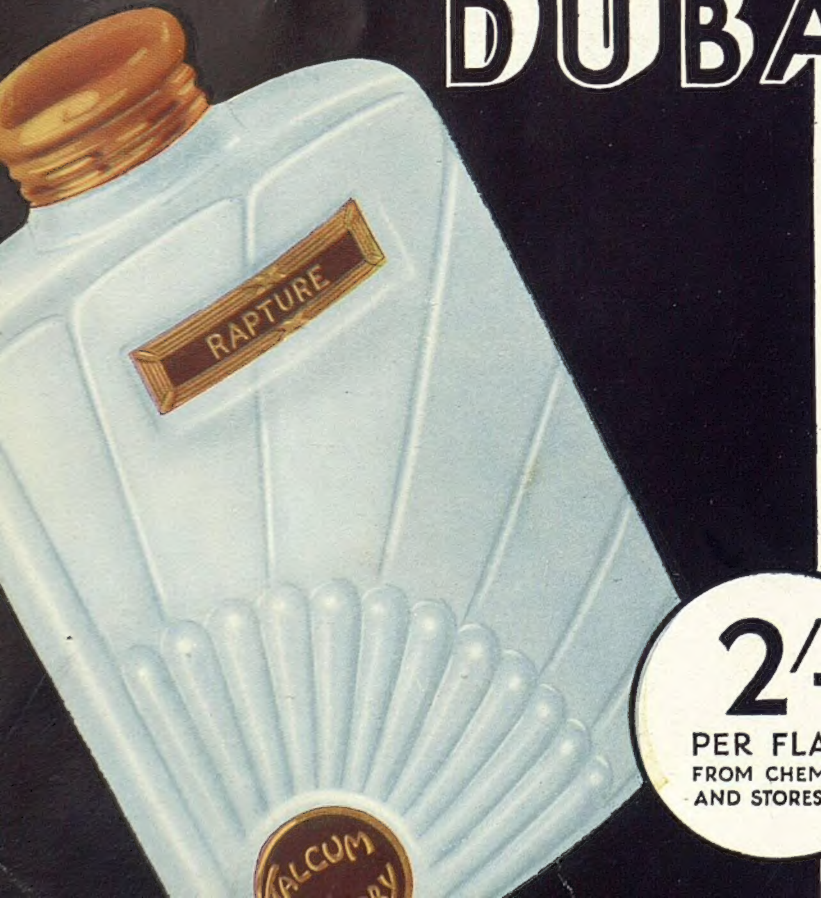
Used when dressing for the Theatre, Dance or Dinner, Dubarry Talcum is the finishing touch, giving that desirable feeling of soignée perfection. For cool, satin-like comfort Dubarry Talcum is the dainty woman's necessity. After the bath its caressing softness is a luxurious delight, imparting the freshness and fragrance of a newly opened flower.

After golf or any outdoor exercise, and after travelling, it is cooling and unbelievably refreshing.

In expressing feminine fastidiousness there is no greater aid than subtly perfumed Dubarry Talcum Powder.

Dubarry Talcum is available in many famous Dubarry Perfumes, including:—"Golden Morn," "Rapture," "The Heart of a Rose," "A Bunch of Violets," "The Blue Lagoon," "Arcadie," etc.

2/-
PER FLASK
FROM CHEMISTS
AND STORES. etc.

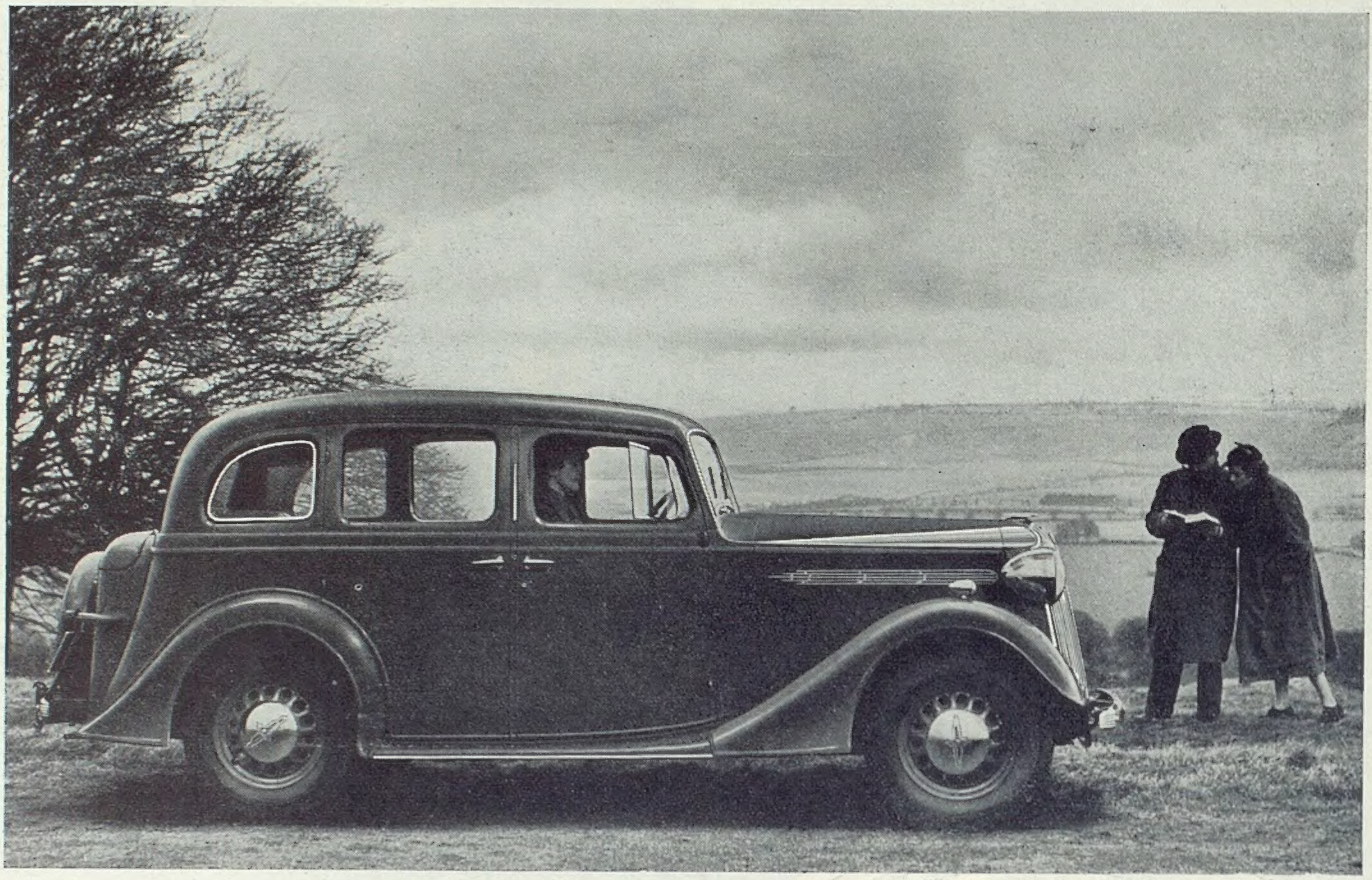


This charming frock from D. H. Evans, with its front overskirt and waistcoat all in one, is designed to flatter and give slenderness to the fuller figure. Carried out in a two-tone Crepon made from Courtaulds Rayon. Navy and white only, waistcoat of white satin. Hip sizes 46 and 48 ins. Price 49/6

Courtaulds

THE GREATEST COURTAULDS RAYON **NAME IN RAYON**

COURTAULDS LTD., 16, ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND, LONDON, E.C.1.



The 14 h.p. Vauxhall Touring Saloon £220.

Transport of Delight

We know of ordinary motorists who regard their cars merely as means of getting "there and back."

But there are numberless enthusiasts who, *understanding cars*, demand much more than mere transport. After trying many cars they choose Vauxhall for its special features. Independent Springing, for instance, to flatten out the potholes and turn riding into gliding. An eager liveliness that makes motoring a joy again—with exceptional smoothness and silence. No-Draught Ventilation, and Body Conformity Seating. Super Synchro-Mesh—and many other qualities that lend a new zest to road travel. A Vauxhall is their choice because it gets them there quietly, comfortably and always on time.

Whatever motoring means to you, a trial run in the Vauxhall is yours for the asking at your local dealer's. 12 h.p Saloons cost from £195, 14 h.p. from £215 and 25 h.p. from £298.

Vauxhall

COMPLETE VAUXHALL PRICE LIST

"12" & "14" MODELS. Standard Saloon (12 h.p. only) £195. De Luxe Saloon £215. Touring Saloon (14 h.p. only) with enclosed luggage accommodation, £220. Coupe £235. Tickford Foursome Drophead Coupe £285. Wingham Cabriolet £310.

"25" MODELS. Saloon £298. Grosvenor Close-coupled Saloon £345. Tickford Drophead Coupe £365. Wingham Cabriolet £400. Long wheelbase "25" models. Continental Touring Saloon £528. Grosvenor 7-str. Limousine £575.

Catalogues on request from VAUXHALL MOTORS LTD., LUTON.

BRITANNIA and EVE

Vol. 14, No. 5. MAY 1937

Contents for MAY

Cover Design

by *John Nicolson, A.R.E.*

Articles

Britain's Biggest Season: by *C. Patrick Thompson* Decoration by *Rowland Hilder* 10, 11 and 190

Coronation Ladies: by *Winifred Loraine* 12, 13 and 102

The Music of Pageantry: by *Philip Page* 14, 15 and 183

The Coronation Service: by *Guy Heseltine* 16, 25 and 186

At Home with Six Cabinet Ministers and their Hostess Wives: by *Betty Wilson* 30, 31 and 164

Katharina Schratt: by *Stefan Lorant* . 36, 37 and 128

Old Tales Re-told: Elizabethan Prelude: Written and Illustrated by *F. Matania, R.I.* . 62, 67 and 198

Before the Cruise Starts: by *R. F. Tiltman* . . 105, 107

Nature's Fairest Valley: by *Harold J. Shepstone* . 109–114

Home Section

Up for the Coronation: by *Olive Randall* . . 42, 43 and 102

Fools of Fashion: Aren't We All? by *Marjorie Bowen* . . 44, 45

Souvenirs 46, 47

Needlework News: by *Joan Woollcombe* 60, 61

Home Section

Exercises for Lazy Bones . 68, 69

Eyes and Eyebrows 70, 71

Indoor and Outdoor Comfort 72, 73

Why I Admire Englishwomen: by *Yolanda Foldes* 74

Woman's Talk: by *Jean Burnup* 75

Decoration—1937: by *Winifred Lewis* 80, 81 and 168

Jumper with Zipper 86

I'll Tell You All I Know: by *Mary Young* 87

The Bathroom: Its Decoration and Equipment . 88, 89

When A Few People Drop In 90

Good Service: by *A. H. Adair* . . . 91 and 162

Toughening Them . . 92

Confidently Recommended . 95

Fashions 48–53

Leather Comes Back 118, 120 and 123

Home Canning for Garden Fruits 124, 126

Photogravure Sections

17–24, 61–68

General

This is England . . 9

Books: Reviewed by *Arnold Palmer* 54, 55 and 200

Motoring Section: Conducted by *The Earl of Cardigan* . 97, 99, 101 and 181

Stories

A Breath of Ozone: by *Phyllis Bottome* Illustrated by *W. S. Hutton* 26–29 and 154

The Keys of Bluebeard: by *Beatrice Grimshaw* Illustrated by *Edward Osmond* 32–35 and 144

The Wedding of Garla: by *Barbara Hedworth* Illustrated by *Jack M. Faulks* 38–41 and 173

The Great O'Malley: by *J. Hastings Turner* Illustrated by *Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.* 56–59 and 159

For the Trumpet Shall Sound: by *John Kent* Illustrated by *Alfred Sindall* 76–79 and 150

Dispense with Ecstasy: by *A. R. Beverley-Giddings* Illustrated by *Clark Fay* 82–85 and 170

All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, " Britannia & Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to " Britannia & Eve " will be found in the " Index to Advertisers " on page 202. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

AN ANNOUNCEMENT
by

Lillywhites LTD
OF
Piccadilly Circus

...... EARLY IN MAY

LILLYWHITES will open a sister store to their Piccadilly Circus establishment at 90-94 Brompton Road, Knightsbridge . . . almost opposite the West exit of Knightsbridge Tube Station.

LILLYWHITES of KNIGHTSBRIDGE will offer the same complete facilities for the selection of Sports Equipment, Clothing and Shoes as at Piccadilly Circus . . . every Department will be duplicated as follows :—

EQUIPMENT
Including Golf School

WOMEN'S CLOTHING	MEN'S CLOTHING
WOMEN'S SHOES	MEN'S SHOES

WOMEN'S UNDERWEAR

SPORTS KIT OF YESTERDAY—AND TO-DAY

An interesting Exhibition of Sports Equipment and Clothing will be on view during the opening week at the Knightsbridge Store . . . Old styles for both Men and Women will be shown in comparison to the latest designs for 1937, affording a striking example of the progress and development made in modern Sports Kit.

EARLY IN MAY

Piccadilly Circus *and* **Knightsbridge**

LONDON, S.W.I
Telephone : WHItehall 3181

90-94 BROMPTON ROAD
Telephone : KENsington 7070

By Appointment

A Word for Good Luggage

Branded with the luxury and "correctness" that compels respect and excites envy, Revelation is imbued with splendid strength to withstand the jostlings of a lifetime's journeys. Throughout the world, amongst travellers of experience, Revelation is accepted as a word for good luggage.

• • •

A Revelation Suitcase expands—and is ever-eager to take those items forgotten in the hurry of packing and to accommodate, without forcing, those inevitable return journey extras.

• • •

All Revelations in Leather or Vulcanized Fibre are *guaranteed for five years.* Over thirty different models to choose from.

Rawhide, from	£5 . 17 . 6	Cowhide, from	80/-
Vulcanized Fibre, from	40/-	Fibre, from	10/6

AT ALL STORES & LUGGAGE DEALERS

AND

REVELATION SUITCASE CO., LTD., 170 PICCADILLY
LONDON, W.1
(Agents for Revelation Supplies Ltd.)

This 24" model in blue REVELEX, Revelation's own material, with attractive blue lining, leather corners, finest Chromium-Plated Fittings.

£4 . 7 . 6

This 24" model of superb quality, in choice Cowhide, with hand-stitched corners and finest Chromium-Plated Fittings.

£5 . 15 . 0

REVELATION

THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS SUITCASE

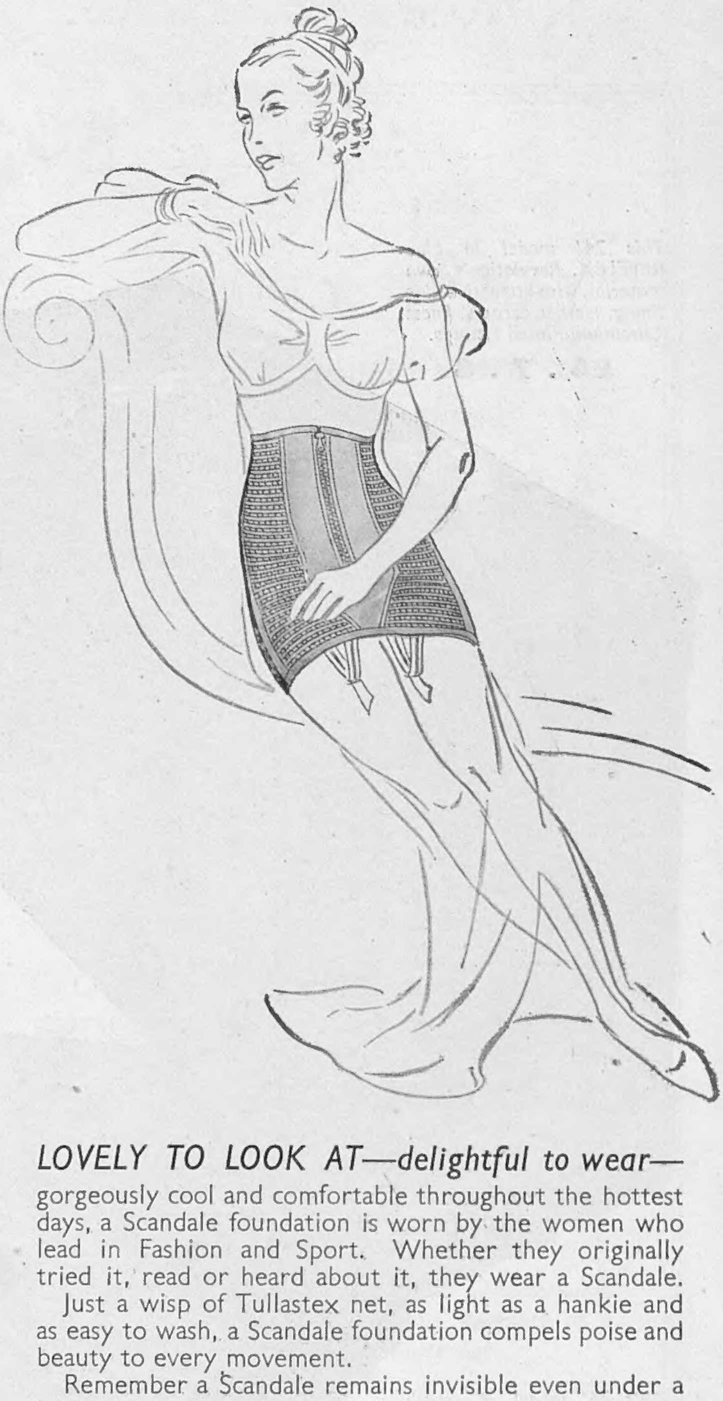
Here is one of this season's successful Dresses from the Inexpensive Dress Salon. Beautifully cut in navy and white check cloque with a gay suede belt of cherry red. Vest of silk pique. Also in brown, turquoise, saxe, bottle green.

3 sizes 7 GNS.

LIBERTY & CO. LTD.
REGENT STREET
LONDON, W.1
Tel. REGent 1234

Liberty's

SCANDALE



LOVELY TO LOOK AT—delightful to wear— gorgeously cool and comfortable throughout the hottest days, a Scandale foundation is worn by the women who lead in Fashion and Sport. Whether they originally tried it, read or heard about it, they wear a Scandale.

Just a wisp of Tullastex net, as light as a hankie and as easy to wash, a Scandale foundation compels poise and beauty to every movement.

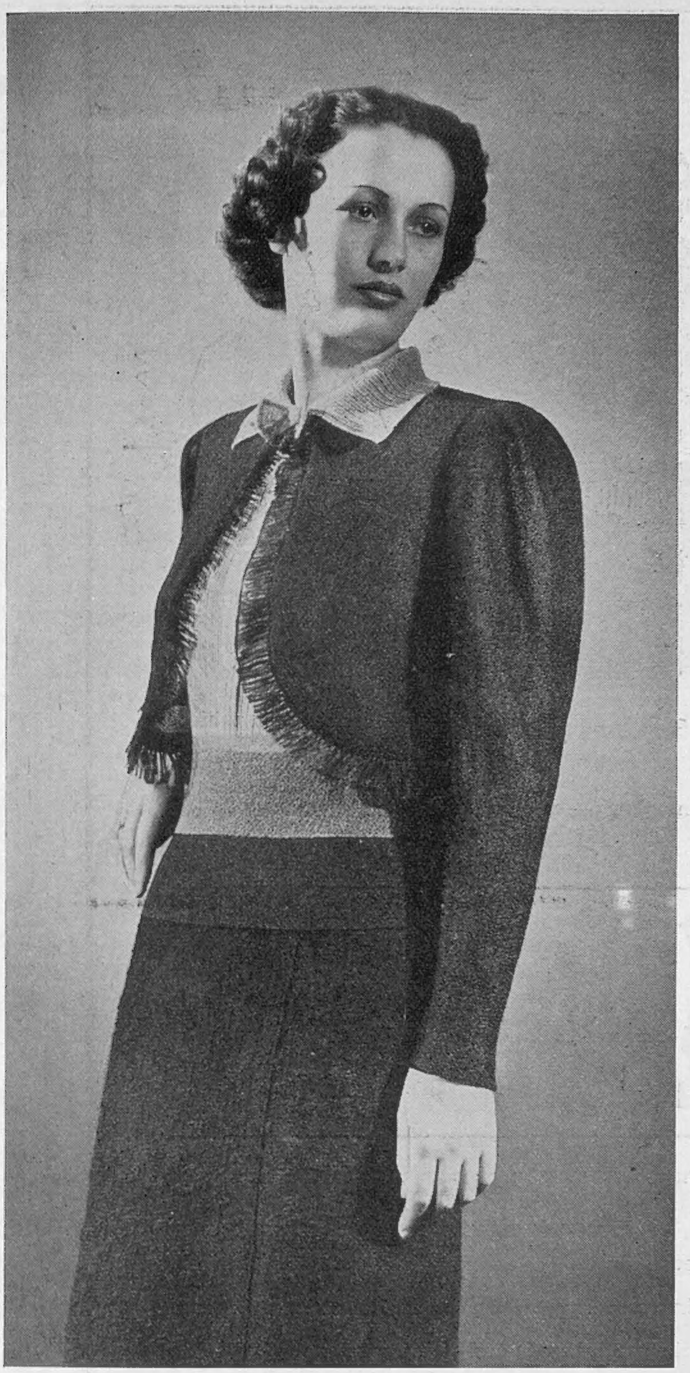
Remember a Scandale remains invisible even under a bathing costume and never rides up.

Be kind to yourself and wear a Scandale

SCANDALE
Display

FOR
5 DAYS
May 3 — 7
inclusive

Peter Jones
Sloane Square



KNITWEAR of DISTINCTION

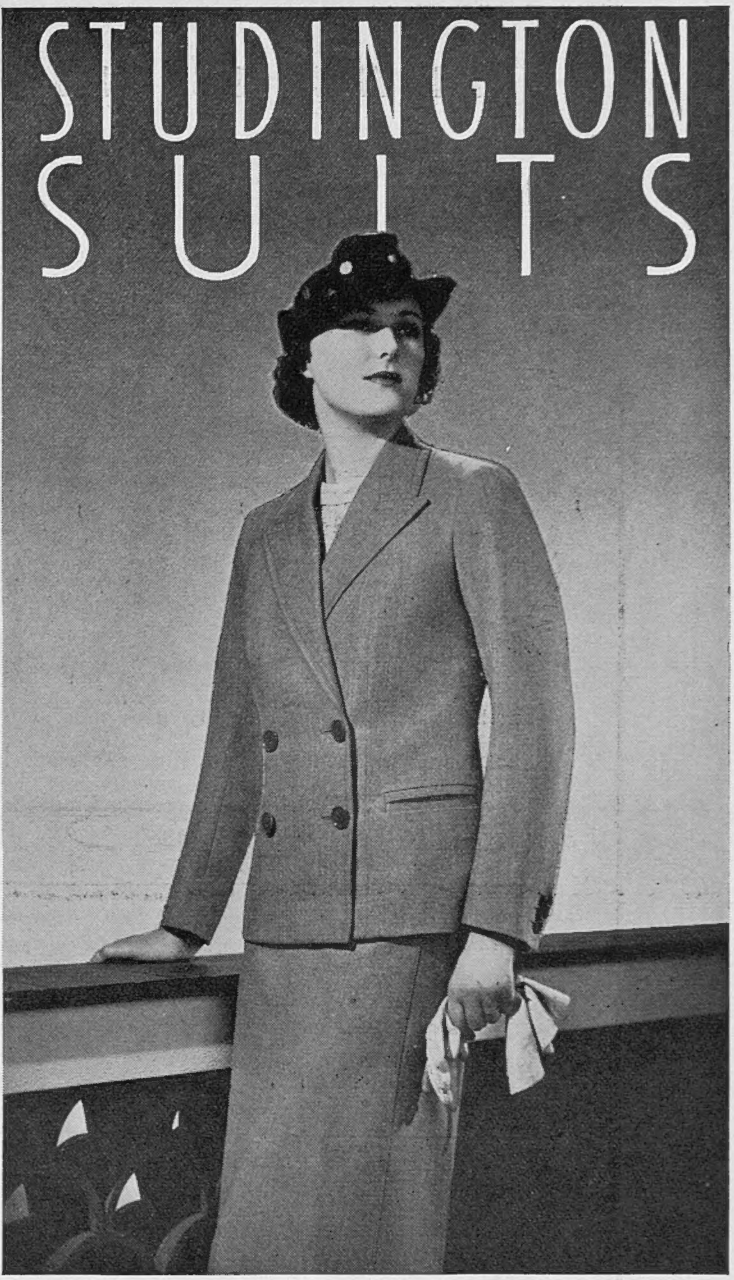
The immediate attraction of the above Burberry model is its refreshing originality of design. In knitwear, as in all other productions at Haymarket, individuality is strongly expressed with due regard to the season and material concerned.

There are many such knitwear creations on view; ideal summer wear, in colours to suit every taste, fabrics that are the essence of rich quality.

Burberry Knitwear Folder and prices on mention of "Britannia & Eve."

BURBERRYS LTD.

HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.1



STUDINGTON SUITS

Smart double-breasted suit for town wear in new grey herringbone, also in chalk striped fancy flannel. **8 gns.** made to measure.

Write for patterns and catalogue, post free on request.

STUDD & MILLINGTON LTD

67-69, CHANCERY LANE, W.C.
51, CONDUIT STREET, W.1.
81, GRACECHURCH ST., E.C.3.
ABBEY HOUSE, VICTORIA ST., S.W.1.

"VAREEN"
NAIL
POLISH
ALL COLOURS

Now available in Clear, Cream or Pearl.

VAREEN

A pleasure to use. Durable in colour and finish. Gives an exquisite finishing tone to my lady's toilet.

Favourite Colours of Vareen Nail Polish:

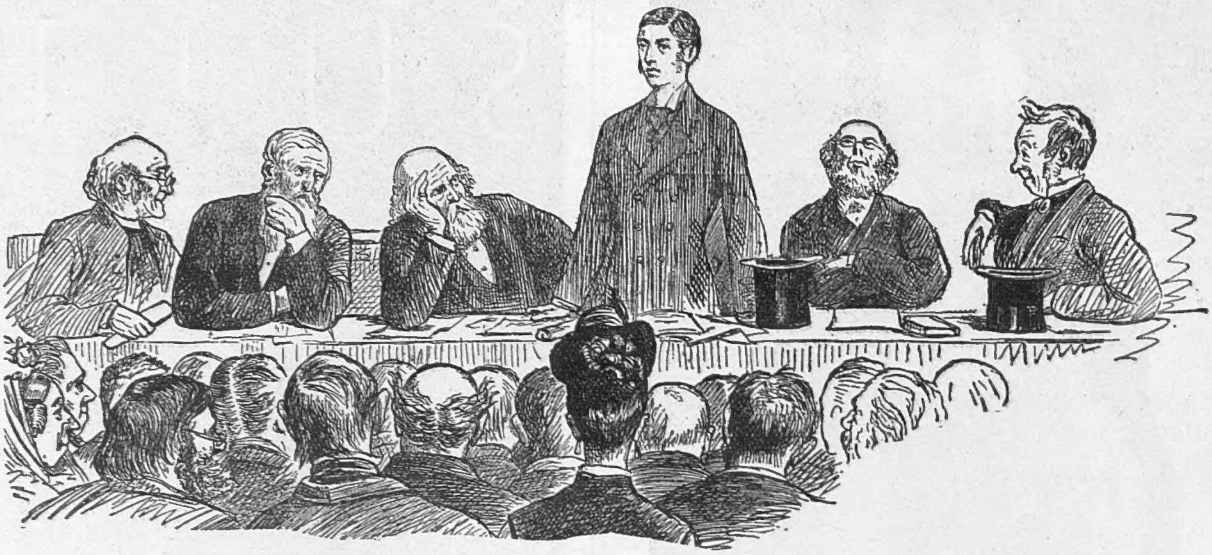
Natural ***Pale Coral*** ***Orange*** ***Red***
Rose ***Coral*** ***Rust*** ***Lake Red***
Deep Rose ***Blush Pearl*** ***Flame*** ***Dark Red***

Liquid Nail Polish - 1/-, 1/6 and 2/6
Remover or Oily - - 1/- and 1/6
Cuticle Cream - - - 1/- and 1/6
NAIL WHITE PENCIL - - 1/-
Cuticle Remover - - - ***1/-***

Obtainable from Messrs. Harrods, Barkers, Marshall & Snelgrove, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, all stores and chemists, including Boots Branches, Hairdressers and Manicurists.

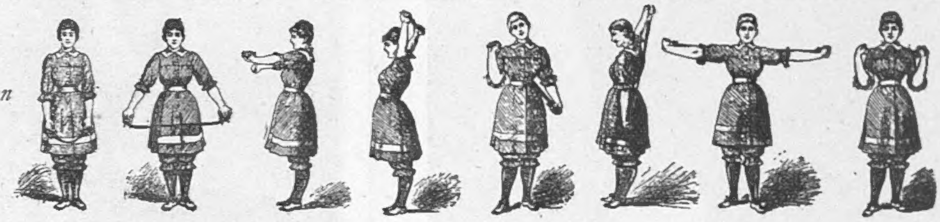
VAREEN, LTD., LONDON, W.11

"Unaccustomed as we are..."



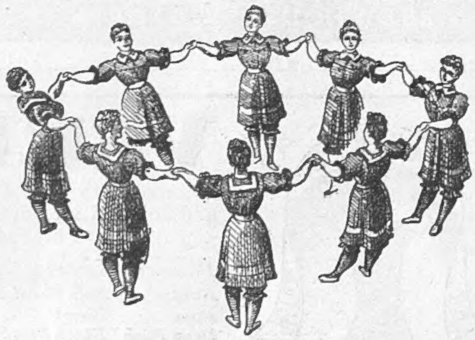
Shell speaks for itself, usually with more brevity. Lately, however, some of the mileage which Shell gives in such good measure has crept into its advertising. Reason is that changes made in engine design call for corresponding changes in petrol—and it takes a lot of words to explain why.

In chain formation like this, combustion of ordinary petrol molecules is uneven



WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO ENGINES. Engineers, seeking more power from the same size engine, have increased compression ratios—better explained by thinking of a coiled spring which gives out more power the more it is compressed.

WHY ORDINARY PETROL IS UNSUITABLE. Increased cylinder pressure in modern engines causes ordinary petrol to explode too soon, producing "pinking" and loss of power. This is because the atoms of hydrogen and carbon, of which all petrol consists, take the form of long chains, in which formation they combine too easily and irregularly with the oxygen supplied by the air from the carburettor.



but, Shell "re-forms" molecules into compact groups like this—thus combustion is controlled

WHY SHELL IS SO GOOD IN THE MODERN CAR. Shell has mastered the problem of using pure petrol in modern engines with its new "re-forming" process which rearranges the atoms into groups. In this compact formation they combine regularly with the oxygen; thus combustion is controlled and "pinking" prevented. The result is smoother running, better pick-up, but no sacrifice of original good qualities of pure petrol.

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

This is England

. . . . In the grip of trumpets, gold and scarlet, and the roll of drums. Behind the thunder of the gun's salute kneels a pale and resolute King, about to be crowned by Archbishop in cloak of gold.

The gun's salute is screened from him by a peal of bells, themselves all but indistinguishable above the voices of the choir and organ swelling in an Abbey streaming with magnificence. High-lit with light, gold and magnificence.

Sheer volume of sound may even drown the break of his own heart-beat in his ears. The moment is supreme, the roar of England calling, deafens.

But only for a moment, then the beat of his own heart and firm resolve supervene. This man of forty-one knows it all.

Let us consider. He was under fire at Jutland; later, again, in France. He is one of a generation who have been under fire for the last twenty-three years; who have emerged from the wreckings of war, the wild exhilaration of the Boom period that followed it—when ordinarily sane grown people went to parties dressed as babies in perambulators—and the sickening bog of the slump that came after. A generation who have now stepped into a land of promise, because they possess the knowledge that all security and hope of the future lies in themselves: in their own adaptability, resilience, and self-control, by the grace of God.

This King is essentially of that generation. He mistrusts heroic gestures. The work he has initiated and carried out has been devoid of show, none the less sound. From the moment when he served rations to all ratings during the Battle of Jutland and then helped fetch and carry for the guns, he saw that if only all classes could get together for a spell every year and work and play, there would be a solution to many misunderstandings. Hence the Boys' Camps at which he has always spent a fortnight of his own holiday every year.

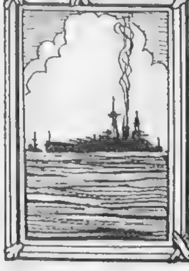
He stammered. This made him unusually shy. His wife all but cured him of his stammering. She has been his constant helpmate, his stand-by. And for all that she is a Queen; she is also the grand-daughter of a Church of England parson. There has been more than a hint of the vicarage in the fundamental simplicity and steadiness of their home. This Royal couple can be held dear, then, as one of us. So, wherever we may be during their crowning—in the Abbey, jammed in the London streets waiting, on the green lawns of our gardens listening to a relay of the service on the wireless, or on the high seas—let us stand by our King at his supreme moment in spirit and take this oath in our hearts.

That we will keep his faith of wider fellowship, unassuming sincerity, and joy in the home. For, if we can follow a code of such singleness and strength of purpose, we shall indeed see the birth of a new England, that long-awaited birth of Merrie England, and build such a power that—where'er we happen to be—it shall give back in pristine radiance

"Her sights and sounds: dreams happy as her day,
And laughter, learnt of friends: and gentleness
In hearts at peace under an English Heaven."

GOD BLESS THE KING, THE QUEEN, AND ALL OF US!

LONG LIVE THE KING!



Britain's Big

The Empire Capital

By C. Patrick

IT is probable that when the final figures are checked, and the last analyses made, the Season will prove to be Britain's biggest single business during 1937.

Usually, commentators measure the Season in terms of débutantes "presented" and balls given, of dresses worn, fashions made, social careers advanced, caviare and champagne consumed, romances begun or consummated. The view of it as a big, integrated business is unfamiliar to the average citizen. I had not, myself, fully appreciated the gigantic sums involved, the immense sweep of the business interests, the intricate commercial organisation back of the gay pageantry of any season, until I examined, with a banker friend—who takes a close professional interest in season phenomena, since it means to him money made or lost—certain elaborate analyses of seasonal trade, statistical tables, charts, and curves traced on graphs.

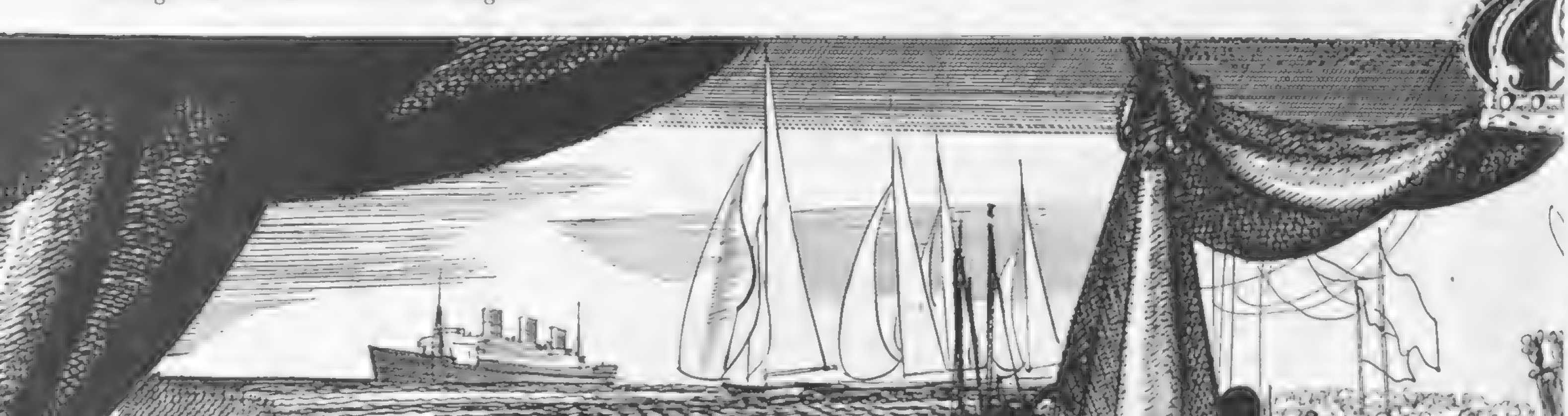
I do not recommend the study to any romantic " bud " or susceptible bachelor, or anybody who enjoys the play and would have everything spoiled for them by a glimpse back-stage or into the business office of the star with the thrilling profile. It would be quite as disillusioning as a session in the Lord Chamberlain's office, where skilled technicians work out the timing of the " daisy chain " which soon will be threading its way gracefully through the Throne Room in Buckingham Palace—and time it to such a nicety that if they are out three minutes in the time-schedule for the walk-past of four or five hundred ladies, they start in to analyse what went wrong with the intentness of a mass-production specialist investigating the cause of a break in the rhythmic movements of the men on the belt assembly line.

THE London Season does not, of course, constitute this whole British Season we glance at here. It is only its high light. There is now a regular " season " which reaches the farthest limits of the three kingdoms. It is a comparatively recent phenomenon. The really serious and scientific efforts to put John Bull's island on the seasonal pleasure and tourist-traffic map are no more than ten years old: the phase which sees Britain rapidly capturing the cream of the world tourist business appears to date only from 1933.

A Season that is a substantial item in the national trade set-up—its success or failure affecting the national income and the employment rolls in an important way—does not just "happen," owing to sunny skies, warm yellow beaches, the wash of strong salty waters on chalky coasts, famous historical picture galleries and art collections, picturesque old castles and Roman walls, and the Court of St. James. Norman churches and Gothic cathedrals are only part of the attraction. A picturesque monarchy, and the willingness of a national aristocracy and plutocracy to spend their money generously and be good " mixers " and better hosts to visitors from abroad, are only two more of many reasons why Britain has made such remarkable progress as an international pleasure centre.

The Season could not exist without these raw materials. But the raw materials were not made into a Season without organisation and enterprise, brains, vision, and the risking of a tremendous amount of capital.

Officially, the Season starts with the Royal Academy opening in May's first



gest Season

the World's Mecca

Thompson

Decoration by Rowland Hilder

week; but it does not really get going until the Chelsea Flower Show—that typically English garden-party affair, staged in the great gardens by Thames-side in May's third week. The big show runs on through the season with the velocity, colour and zest of a Cochran revue. Horse shows and horse races; air shows and air races; shooting matches at Bisley; tennis at Wimbledon; cricket at Lord's; rowing on the Thames; yachting at Cowes; the Royal Courts; Trooping of the Colour; military displays; naval reviews. The last races are at Goodwood, on the way from London to the yachting centre at Cowes, where King and Court lend extra colour to the big parade of boats, from the great racing yachts of the largest class, which only millionaires can afford to sail, to the swift and elegant little twelve and six-footers, much favoured by business men who don't play golf.

As the white sails sweep the horizon, not far off grey warships of Britain's Navy lie at anchor. And from the air station across the water, big sea-planes are always coming and going, the modern background to Britain's oldest pageant.

No other nation can show such a programme of State, social, sports, and pleasure events spread over three months. But the men who are at the business end of the big show know that even this does not comprise the Season. It overlaps at both ends.

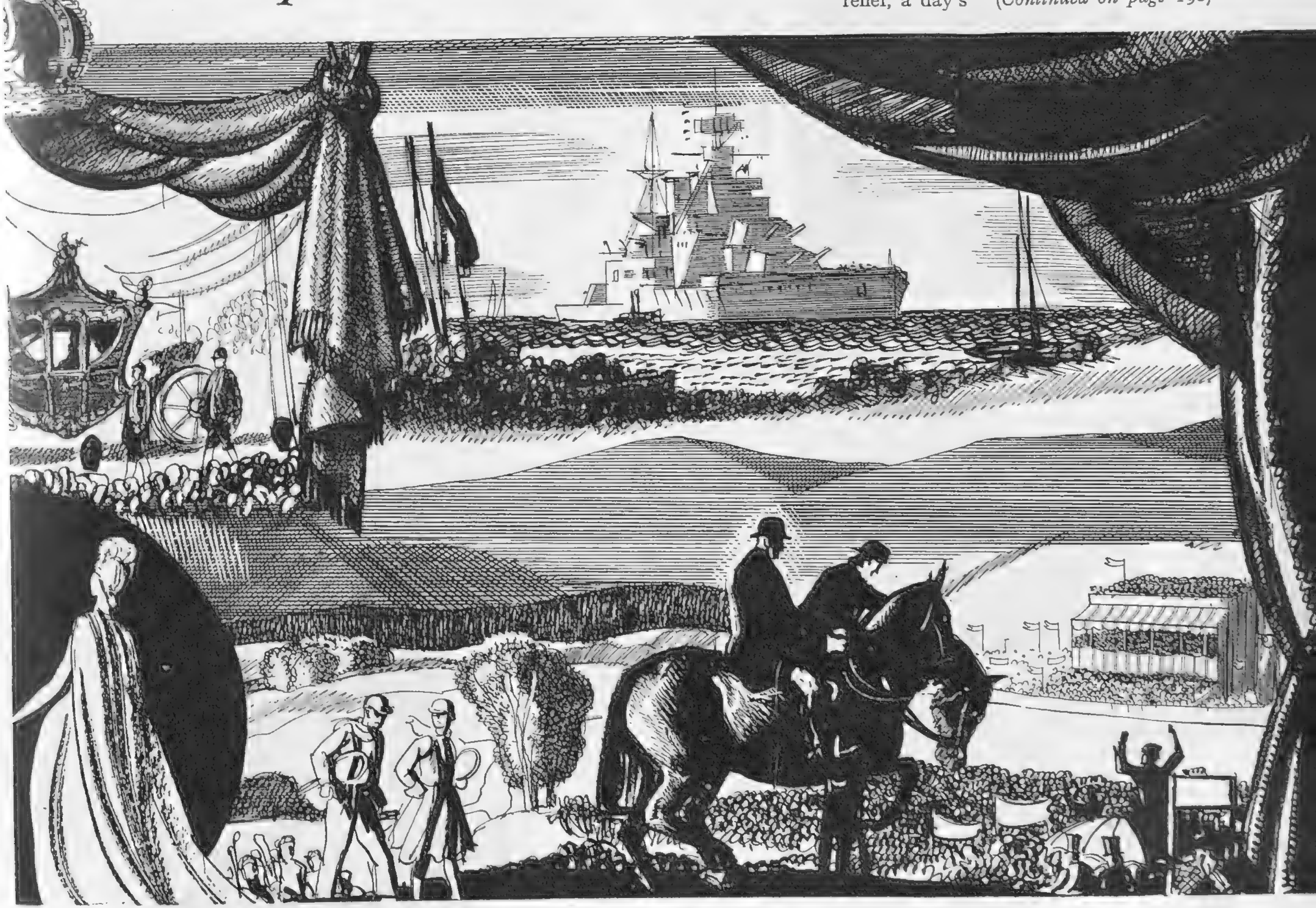
There is a big influx of visitors from the American and European continents, and from the British dominions and colonies, as early as April. An even bigger one comes along now in August-September, well after London is officially supposed to be "empty," with "everybody who is anybody" away shooting on the moors, or fishing in lake and loch, deer-stalking in Scottish forests, golfing at St. Andrews and North Berwick, or bathing and sunning on the coast.

Scotland gets American tourists by the thousand from July into early October. Many of them spend only three days in London, and make a swift tour of the island during their remaining week's stay. They go as far north as Perth, getting a sight of "the Games"—a great thrill for your American to go "back home" and describe how he saw kilted Scotsmen dancing the reel and tossing the caber.

Up to three years ago, the sight of a mauve Rolls-Royce, containing an exotic-looking gentleman and even more exotic-looking female—whom one would have thought more at home in a Rio de Janeiro or Buenos Ayres setting—at the roped edge of a Highland Games ring would have intrigued the local spectators even more than the sport inside the grass arena. Now they are accustomed to such spectacles. What used to be a clan meeting has become part of the big show—and something thrilling and picturesque and deeply interesting. It has become one of the things that returned tourists tell their friends they *must* see when they go over to the British "island" next summer. And see it they do, even though it does mean travelling 400 miles north from the centre of London gaiety.

REVERTING to London, some figures are known. The London County Council, for instance, is spending £41,700 on Coronation celebrations. The money goes on special park concerts, hospital and institution entertainments, extra out-relief, a day's

(*Continued on page 190*)



Coronation Ladies

By Winifred Loraine

Six to seven hundred peeresses will be going into action for the Coronation.

This is no field-day language. There simply is no other way of describing the two days' strenuous activity which attends the Falling into Line of Coronets.

It starts at 9 a.m. on Tuesday, May 11th, and ceases at 5 p.m. on Wednesday, May 12th. For some, the ceremony may last longer; for none can it be shorter.

Tuesday is the day of preparation, a final hair-drill with head-dress, a facial. For on these women falls the brunt of showing how England can look at a coronation. Tradition lies in their keeping, in their making.

The Countess of Strathmore

So, in the afternoon, from six to seven hundred private dress rehearsals will be held, with a final pinning-on of Orders, tiara-clipping and jewel-fitments. By the time the brandy-flask and smelling-salts have been packed away into the handbag against the morrow, the peeress will be ready to be laid to bed.

Family suppers with sister peeresses and family relatives from the country will be taken at seven p.m., for no one will be called later than half-past four next morning, or leave the house after seven. At cockcrow—unheard in London, but still cockcrow—so many ermine and crimson cloaks will be seen slipping away carrying disguised hot-water bottles. The way to Westminster by river, and the hours spent waiting, can be very chill . . . .

As these women sweep into the Abbey and contribute to its splendour; as they become one with the still-living majesty of England, with the pomp and magnificence our tradition still pours out on a democratic world, let us pierce the pageantry of title to reveal the woman underneath the robe.

Countess of Strathmore.

As she is the Queen's mother, maybe she will not have to be at the Abbey so early. White-haired, short, with deep-set, heavy-browed glowing eyes—eyes that still glow although she is close on seventy-five—she has as fine a business head as ever a Governor of the Bank of England.

It is no secret that the lands inherited by her husband were vast, the tax on such acreage heavy, and yet the income practically nil. How matters were adjusted and the budget balanced would excite the envy of any Chancellor of the Exchequer. Yet the adjustment never harmed a tenant. For the Countess of Strathmore—that simple, forthright, no-time-for-frills rock of a great woman—is as devoted to her people as they are to her, and Glamis is the last feudal corner of Great Britain.

On May 12th she will see the crowning of her daughter. A proud day. Yet, as she passes up the centre aisle of the Abbey, there will be no bowing and smiling to either side of the gallery of Marchionesses, Dukes, Ministers, Foreign Diplomats and Royalties. She will take her place as though she were taking it in church.

Marchioness of Anglesey.

She will enter, a trifle dazed, and her fingers, I dare swear, will seek and close on her husband's. Theirs is the story of the idyllic marriage.

As Lady Marjorie Manners, eldest daughter of the Duke of Rutland, she set all London a-flutter in the pre-war summers. Her voice was low, her laugh irresistible. She wore white and was something utterly different.

Young men who saw her pirouette round and round the ball-room of the Rutlands' town-house, solo, tip-toe at dizzy speed, said she had fallen from the skies.

Other young men said she was just willowy, with hair rather like a cloud and violet shadows through her eyes, and they went out and settled the matter in Richmond Park. No Edwardian tale, this. Young men fought about Marjorie Manners just before the war.

Then she fell in love with a subaltern in the Horse Guards; he was very good-looking. People said they made the loveliest bridal couple. Would it, could it last? But he had heard all about Richmond Park and carried her off to Anglesey; set her down in remote fastnesses where the nearest railway station was spelt with 36 letters and the inhabitants spoke Welsh.

The Marchioness of Anglesey

Now they have come to London for the Coronation. Her voice is still low, her laugh irresistible. She is quite unsophisticated and, if not fay, has the look of one who comes from remote parts, with a graciousness and fresh simplicity that are all her own.

There are four grown daughters. If the attention of these streamlined young girls from Arcady can be diverted from studying professional theatre, ballet, tennis and art—look out for fireworks.

Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon.

Here we have the Premier Peeress of Scotland. The Duke is Hereditary Keeper of Holyrood Palace. The Duchess is a Lady of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and has been born unaware of any distinctions of race, creed, or caste.

She will pick a draggled puppy out of the gutter, wearing the sapphire ring Mary, Queen of Scots, gave to a former Duke of Hamilton at her execution, in the same way that, if she sees a friend stranded while she is driving in her full Coronation robes, she will pick that friend up and give her a lift. Nina Hamilton's limousine is often as crowded as a bus.

Her ancestors, the fighting Poores, are buried down the centre aisle of Salisbury Cathedral. Their graves are the flagstones. In the Duchess, their soldier-spirit has survived in a desperate desire to fight for the under-dog.

She is a President of the Anti-Vivisection League, of numerous Children's Protection Leagues, and an ardent pacifist, as belligerent a pacifist as you could meet. Her blue eyes blaze, her hair almost shoots sparks, she gains even greater height . . .

In her high rank she sees nothing but an added responsibility to bring *relief, to serve.*

She has brought four sons into the world. The eldest is the boxer M.P., Everest-flyer Marquess of Clydesdale, who has inherited not a little of his mother's spirit. Those who dislike her example call hear crank, others call her a saint. The terms have been synonymous down the ages.

The Marchioness of Willingdon

Marchioness of Willingdon.

Probably the most beribboned, certainly the most imperial-minded woman in the Abbey. She has represented the Queen for 23 years, in Bombay as wife of the Governor, in Madras, in Ottawa—where Lord Willingdon was Governor-General of Canada—and lastly, as Vicereine of India.

From her left side, among a host of other decorations, will flash the great Star of the Crown of India. She will look superb.

Her eyes are never still; she notices and notes everything; her voice comes in imperious jerks. And how, if it were in her hands, she would speed up the Abbey ceremony! For Marie Willingdon gets things done.

The Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava

Three A.D.C.'s were in attendance upon her daily. No one man could equal her energy. At 5 a.m. in India, she would be out hunting. At eight she would return and rearrange the furniture in her private hall on entering, although the A.D.C. who would be with her, an Army man, would be dropping.

After a change, breakfast, and letters, her Excellency would open several hospitals; she was never afraid of the mid-day sun. Back to luncheon—always a large party at Government House—then special committee work for the development of new schemes until 4.30 p.m.

At five o'clock, a Purdah party of some thousand English and Indian women. She would know all their names and most of their family history. At 8 p.m. state dinner. And so it has gone on and on for twenty-three years.

She was fortunate in having met and married the one man who could have given scope to her organising abilities. And the Empire was fortunate that she was Lady Willingdon.

Her work it was that ended the feud between the women of great Hindu and Muslim houses, and brought these women out of purdah. Her notion that English and Indian should meet at one recreational club, commemorated by the Willingdon Sports Club at Bombay.

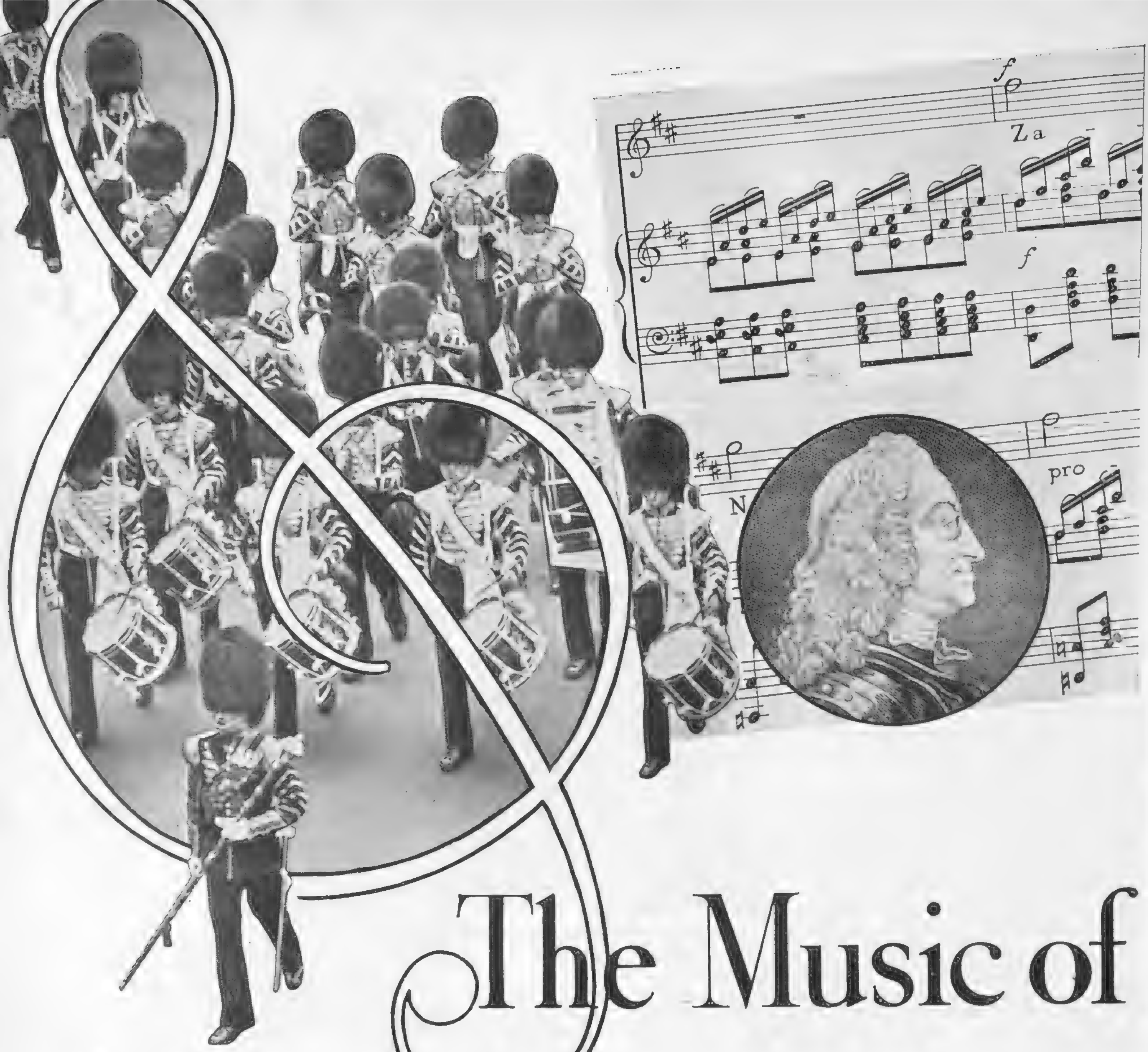
One feminine whimsy she has, the colour mauve. Everything around her is always mauve; so there will be more than a touch of it, I fancy, in her should-be crimson cloak.

Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava.

A tiara of shamrocks—diamonds set in gold—a white dress embroidered in diamanté shamrocks and silver and gold under her marchioness's cloak, and quite extraordinarily high heels, will be worn by (*Continued on page* 102)

The Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon

The Marchioness of Queensberry



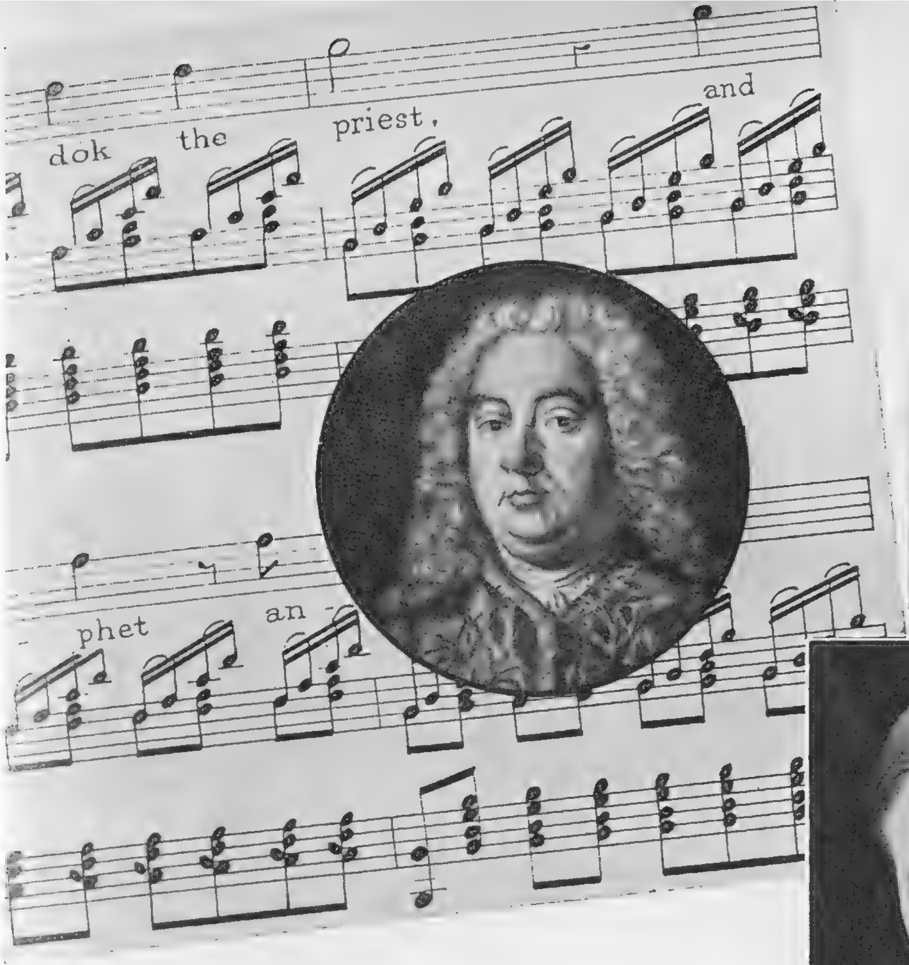
The Music of

FROM the deep solemnity of the religious ceremony to the general rejoicings of a loyal people, there has probably been no Coronation in the whole history of kingship with which the art of music has not been woven inextricably. It is not my purpose to trace that connection in detail. Early records are meagre, and later ones only too full; but not the least of the aspects of a Coronation in any age is that of a national festival, of which music is not the least expression.

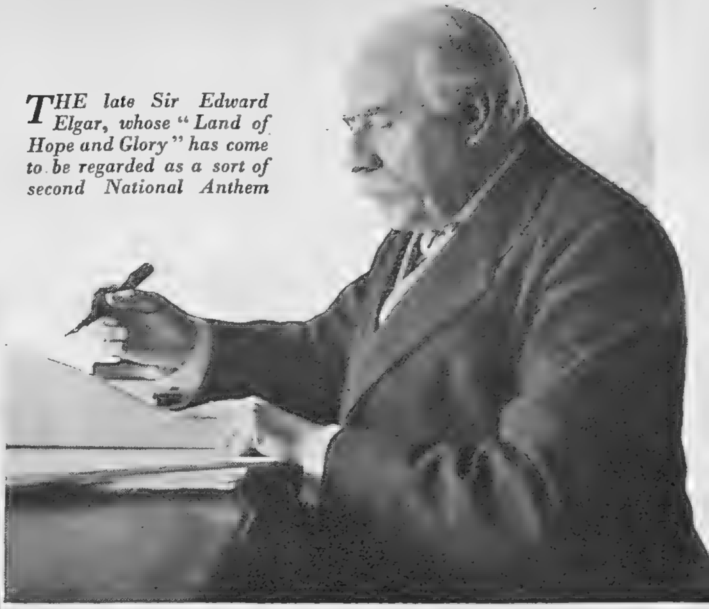
That expression differs in degree, in place, and in circumstance, but not in the essential feeling which prompts it. The stately musical ritual which will accompany the crowning in Westminster Abbey of His Majesty King George VI and of his Queen and the topical music-hall ditty or the sing-song on the evening of the great day in a remote village public-house have a common origin in loyalty to the throne and in a desire to display that loyalty, whether the occasion be sacred or secular, in a perfectly natural fashion—by music and song and even by dance. For dance must not be neglected just because the religious dance was a matter for Old Testament history or for the dramatists of Ancient Greece and has no place in modern official ritual. Dancing in the Abbey would seem distressingly pagan. Yet dancing directly or indirectly arising from the Coronation, from a Court Ball or a special ballet season at the opera to suburban "hops" or even alcoholic gyrations in the streets, has its importance in the scheme of things.

We do know that music was a prominent element in the crowning of kings in the very earliest times. The Bible tells us that at the coronation of King Solomon "all the people rejoiced and sang"; but it does not tell us what they sang, and we should not be any the wiser, in the absence of contemporary musical notation, if it did. Coronation musical programmes are of comparatively recent date.

Our own Queen Elizabeth was "crowned with the Latin service" and the "Veni Creator" and the Litany were sung, certainly to plain-song, but details are lacking. Less austere musical celebrations preceded the actual crowning of the Queen. The Coronation of Elizabeth took place on Sunday, January 15th, 1559, a chilly date for prolonged ritual in a draughty cathedral. On the previous day the pageantry was in the open air, which can hardly have been warm. Indeed, we learn that "it snowed a little." None the less, the Queen was carried in an open litter from the City of Westminster, the City authorities having at intervals in the journey "prepared pageants, each furnished with its noises of loud instruments, making a merry sound." During her passing through Fleet Street "a heavenly melody saluted Her Majesty, wondrous for all to hear." For anybody to hear "a heavenly melody" in Fleet Street in 1937 would indeed be wondrous. When the following day the Queen was presented to the people for their acceptance "such was the noise of organs, pipes, trumpets, drums and bells that it seemed as though the whole world had come to an end." Elizabeth must have been a happy woman at that moment, for she loved pageantry, she loved music—a taste she inherited from her father, a composer



HANDEL'S version of the famous anthem "Zadok the Priest," which he composed for the Coronation of George II and which has been used at every Coronation since. (Left) George II, who was crowned on October 11, 1727. (Above) George Frederic Handel, the great composer, who spent most of his life in England and is buried in Westminster Abbey



THE late Sir Edward Elgar, whose "Land of Hope and Glory" has come to be regarded as a sort of second National Anthem

DR. ERNEST BULLOCK, Organist at Westminster Abbey

SIR WALFORD DAVIES, Master of the King's Musick

Pageantry

By Philip Page

named Henry VIII—and, above all, she loved her people and doubtless rejoiced in that "acceptance."

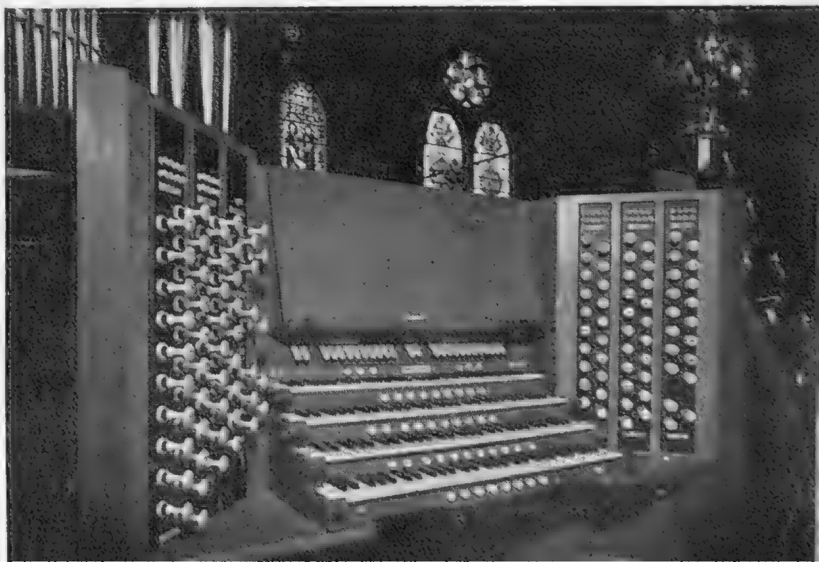
With the birth, exactly a century later and, appropriately, at Westminster, of Henry Purcell, more precise knowledge of English Coronation music becomes available. Purcell was a superb musician and, by reason of the posts which he held, something of a musical courtier. His father, though he had not the son's genius, was in the same line of business, for he was a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal, Master of the Choristers of Westminster Abbey, and a member of the King's Band of Music (which was finally dissolved only a few years ago). Henry Purcell became organist of Westminster Abbey in 1679, at the age of twenty, and began a series of loyal and royal compositions *ad hoc*, such as a choral work written to greet Charles II on his return from Windsor in 1680 and another ode "To welcome the Duke of York on his return from Scotland" in the same year.

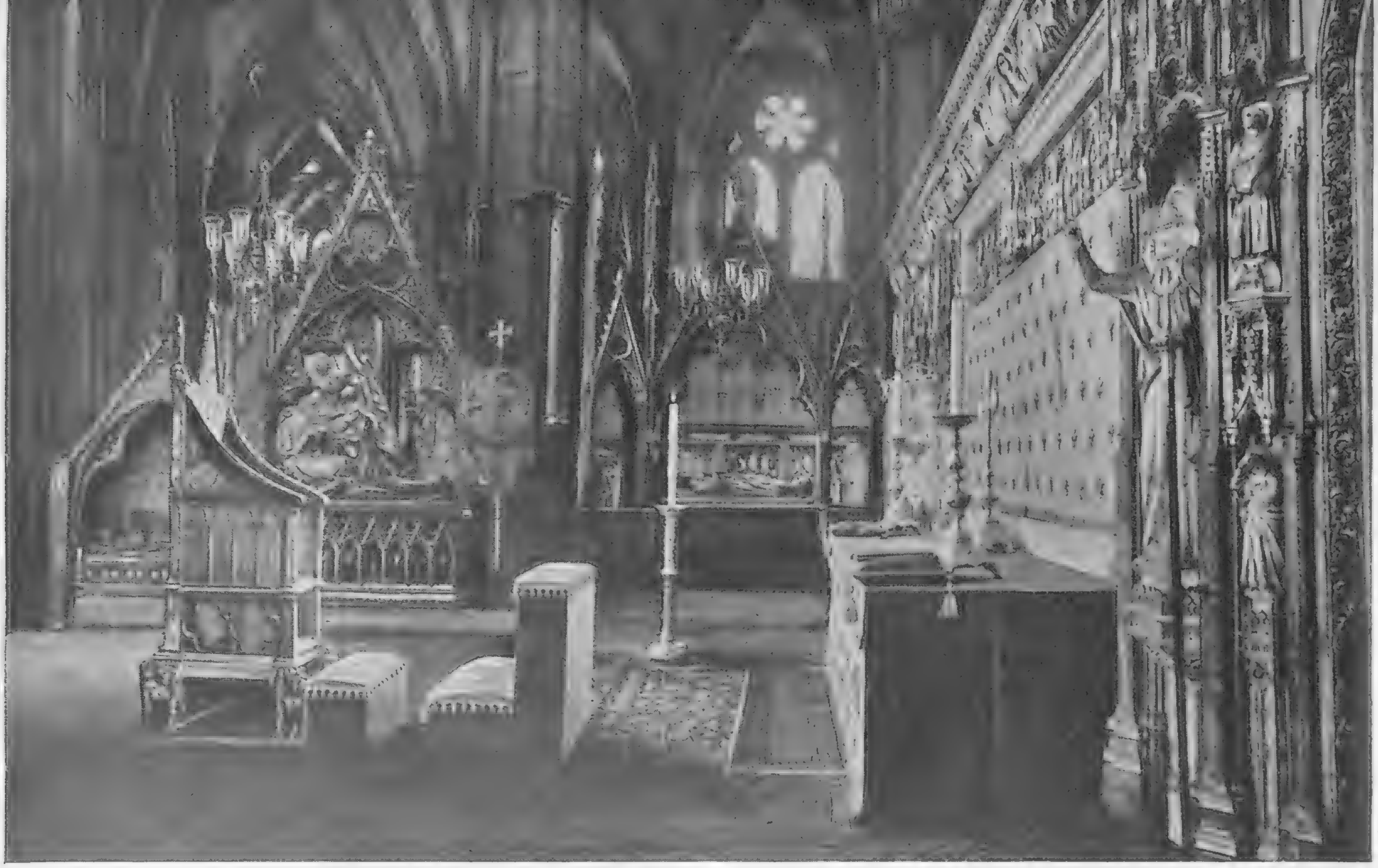
The Coronation of James II was of unprecedented magnificence, and music figured very prominently. Whether Henry Purcell actually played the organ on that occasion is not recorded, though it is highly probable that he did. What is certain is that he received the then considerable sum of £34 12s. from secret service funds for superintending the erection of a new organ for the ceremony. Thus does history repeat itself, for a new organ has been erected in the Abbey for the present Coronation, partly to mark an important occasion and partly because its predecessor was almost completely worn out. Two anthems by Purcell were composed for the crowning of King James, "My heart is inditing of a good matter" and "I was glad"; and very beautiful they are.

Purcell was also in charge of the music for the Coronation of William and Mary, which involved him in an unharmonious dispute. It seems that the seats in the organ gallery to view the ceremony were regarded as the

(Continued on page 183)

THE console of the new organ which has been built in Westminster Abbey and will be used at the Coronation of George VI





A COMPOSITE photograph of King Edward's Chair in the position it occupies before the Altar in Westminster Abbey. After being anointed with the Holy Oil the King seats himself in this chair, where his ancestors, save one, have sat in turn for the past 603 years

The Coronation Service

The World's most impressive Ceremonial

By Guy Heseltine

IT has been said, with a very considerable amount of truth, that the Coronation of an English King is the world's most impressive ceremonial. In form it has varied but little in 1,200 years. English is now used instead of Latin, one great fruit of the Reformation, but it is still a service of election and confirmation, and of the consecration of the monarch to the service of God and the people over whom he is called upon to rule. There is a tendency to-day, not unnatural, to regard a Coronation as a pageant or a picturesque anachronism, but the pageantry is merely the splendid setting for a great and peculiarly solemn service, the earliest date of which was probably 732.

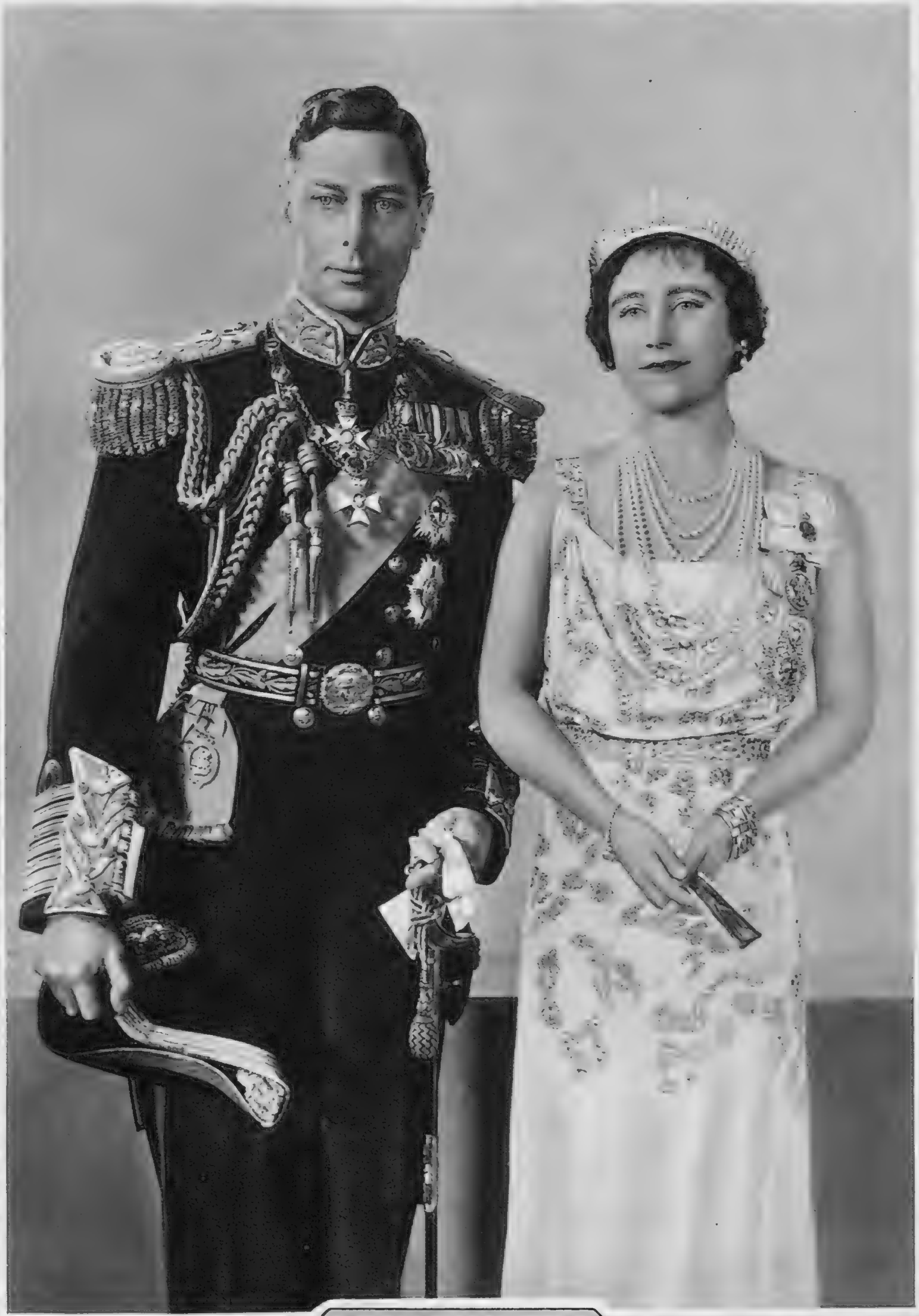
THE chairs used by King George V and Queen Mary during the second part of the Coronation Service. They are now in the Throne Room at Buckingham Palace

To glance around the crowded Abbey as one awaits the arrival of the principal figures, with its towering tiers of faces representative of every walk of life and composed of "all sorts and conditions of men," is enthralling in itself.

Here is an array of nobles of high degree, each in his scarlet robes and nursing the coronet he will presently assume at the moment that the Archbishop of Canterbury places the Crown of St. Edward upon the brow of His Most Gracious Majesty King George VI; there a gathering of peeresses, garbed as historic precedent lays it down, but with a sufficient concession to modern taste to enable them to display gorgeous gowns beneath their robes of State.

Below them are grouped distinguished guests from practically every civilised country in the world, stately Indian and other Eastern Princes wearing jewels of a value that runs into many millions of pounds sterling, together with Royalties, Ambassadors and Ministers representative of every race and every tongue. These are mostly in gorgeous foreign uniforms that provide a rare splash of colour as the sun filters through the great windows set at either end of the Abbey. Not far away are the Judges of the High Court, Chancery in sombre black, King's Bench in scarlet, and all clad with the added dignity of full-bottomed wigs. One feels that one is indeed assisting to make history.

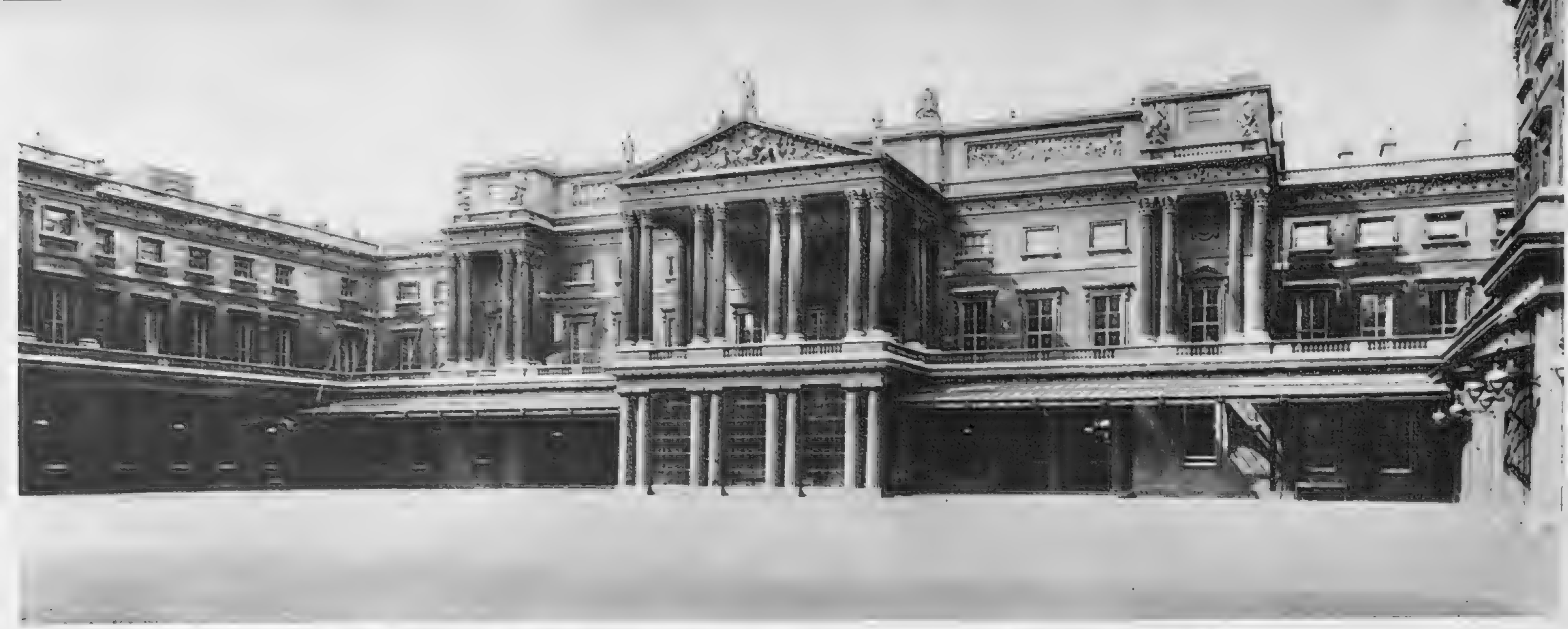
(Continued on page 25)



Their Majesties King George VI. and Queen Elizabeth

The King was born at York Cottage, Sandringham, on December 14th, 1895, and was christened Albert Frederick Arthur George. He married on April 26th, 1923, Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Strathmore and Kinghorne. The Queen, who is the youngest but one of ten children, was born on August 4th, 1900, at St. Paul's Waldenbury. She spent some of her early life at Glamis Castle

Copyright Dorothy Wilding

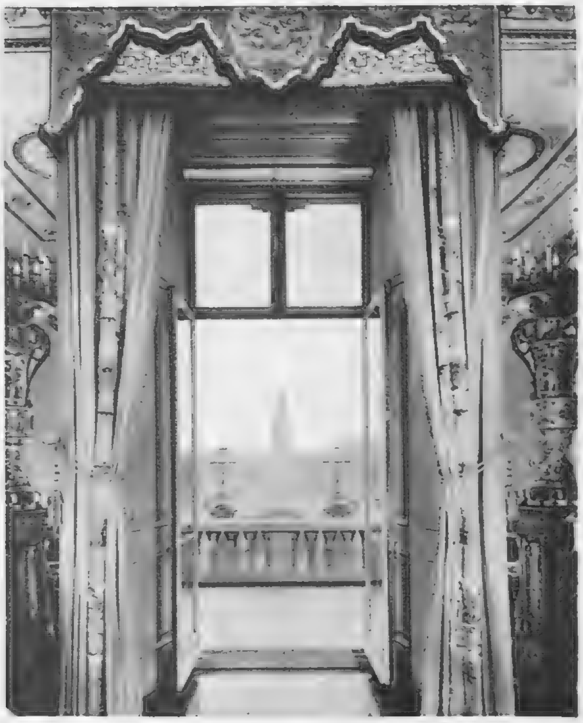


The Quadrangle, Buckingham Palace, showing the Grand Entrance from the north-east

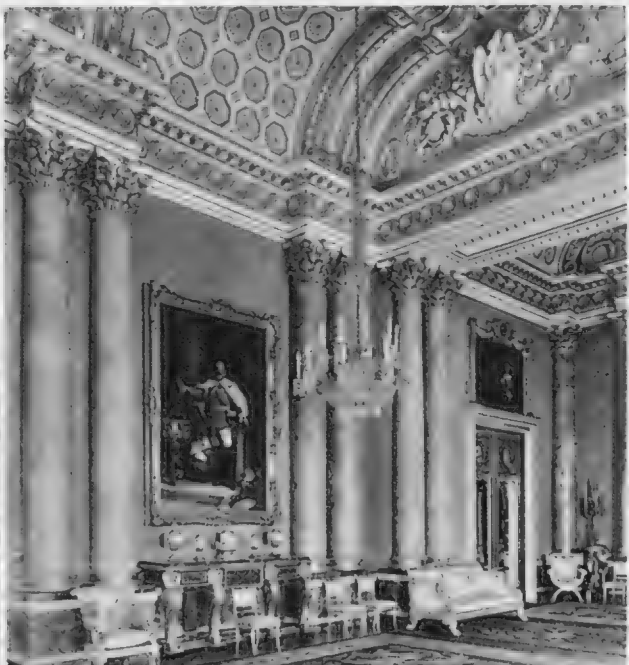
Buckingham Palace

Focal Point of the Empire's Loyalty

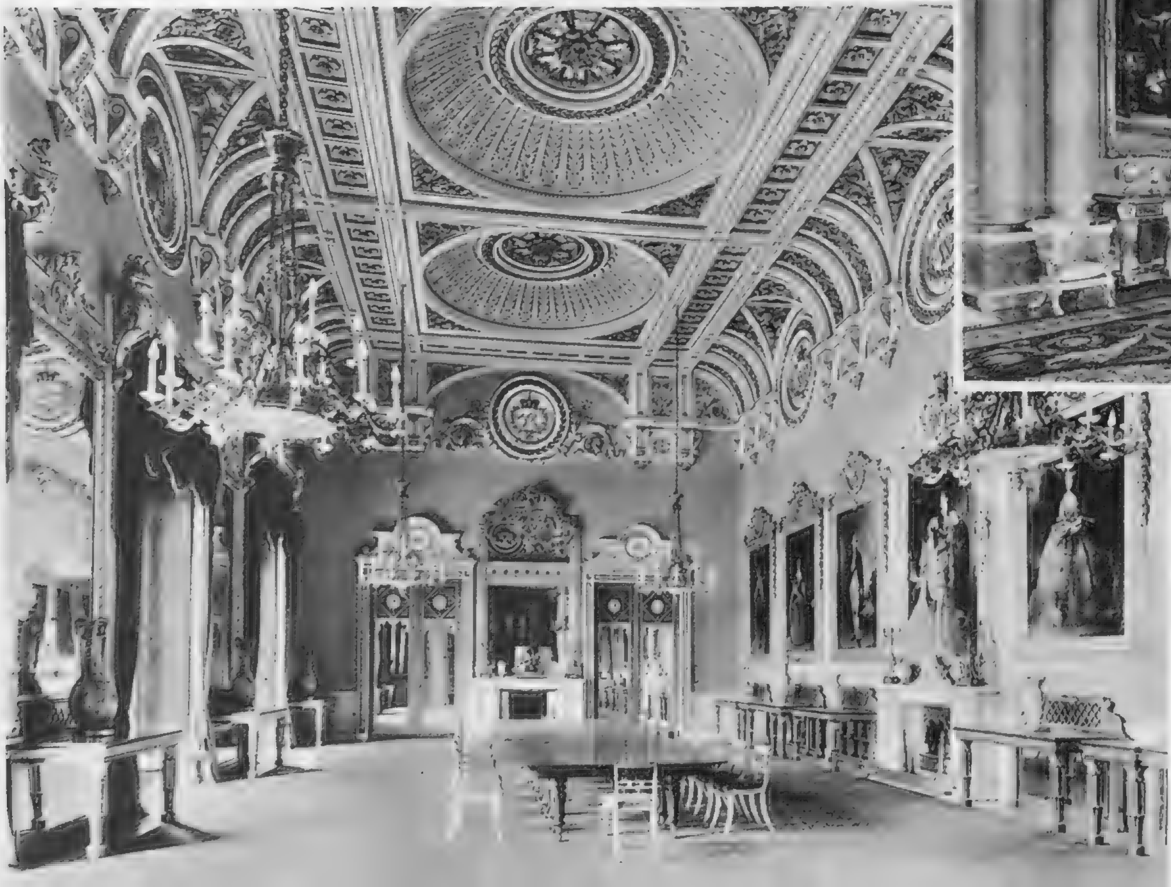
—Some little-known views



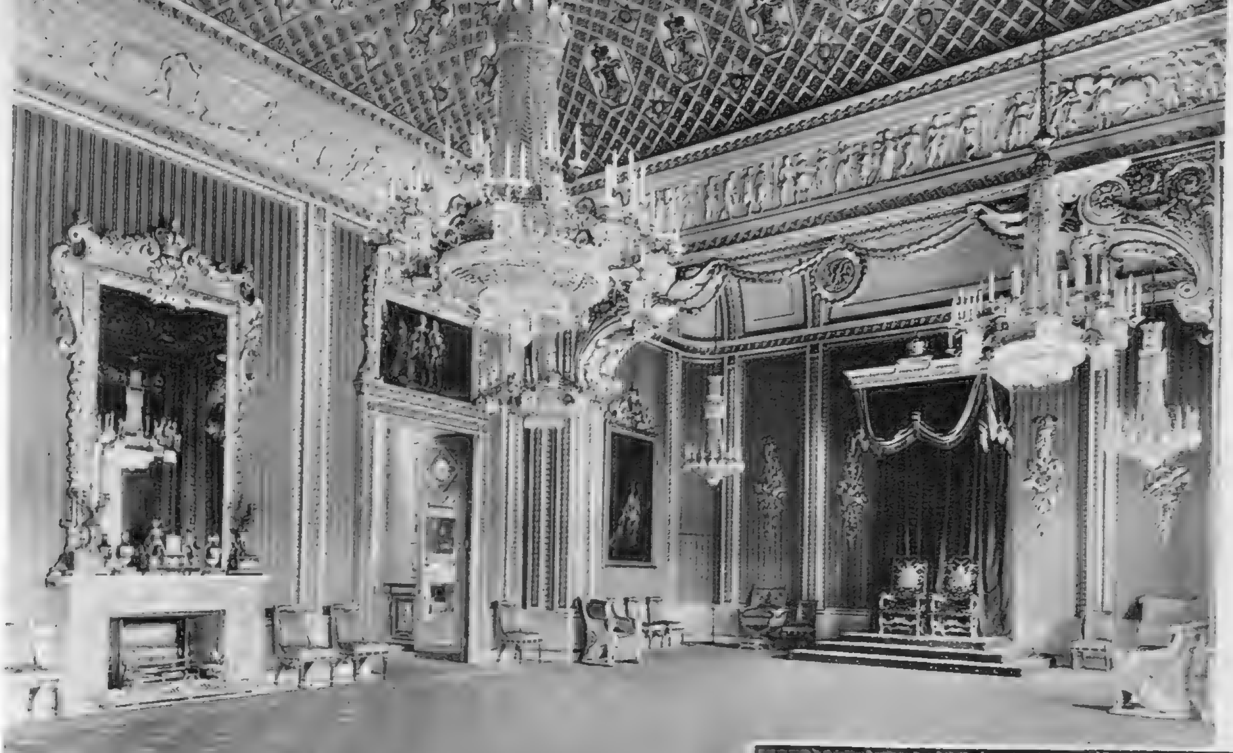
The Royal Balcony (from the centre room). Immediately above is the flagstaff from which the Royal Standard is flown



The Blue Drawing-Room, south-east corner, showing State portrait of King Edward VII. by Sir Luke Fildes, R.A.

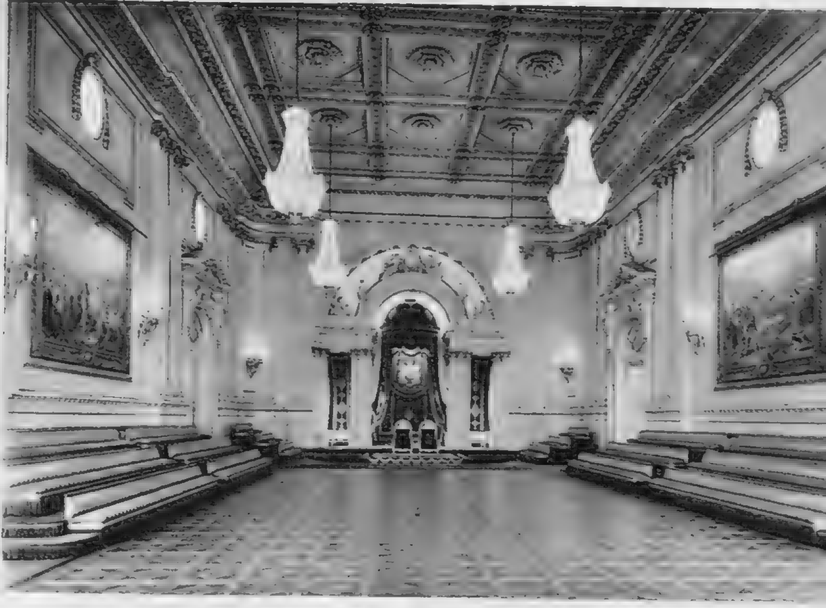


The State Dining-Room from the south, showing the series of full-length Royal portraits, and two glass-panelled doors giving access to Blue Drawing-Room and Picture Gallery

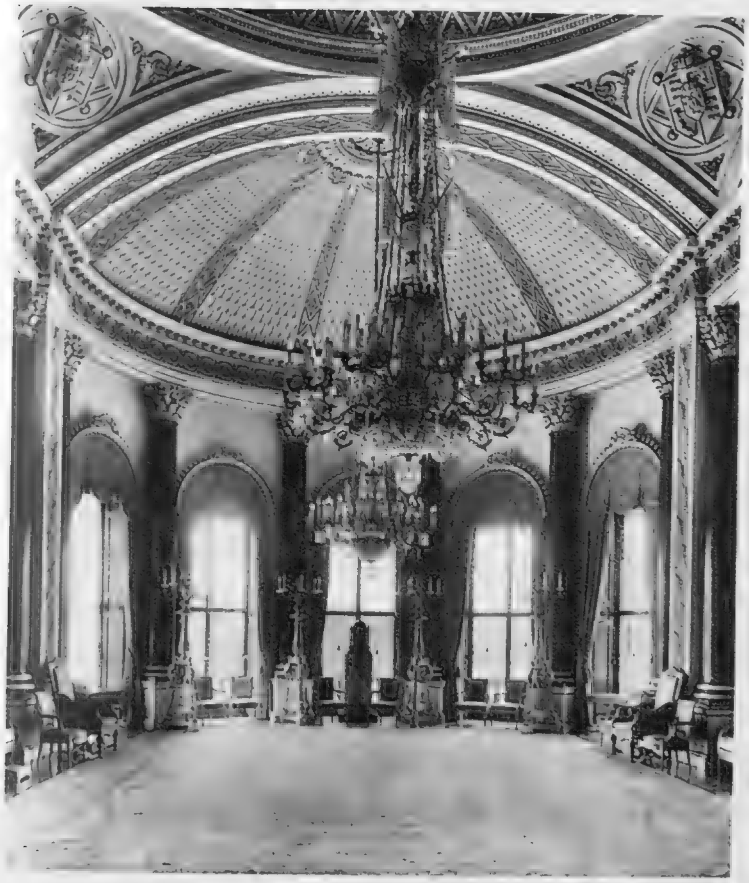


Reproduced by permission from "Buckingham Palace: Its Furniture, Decoration and History," by Dr. H. Clifford Smith

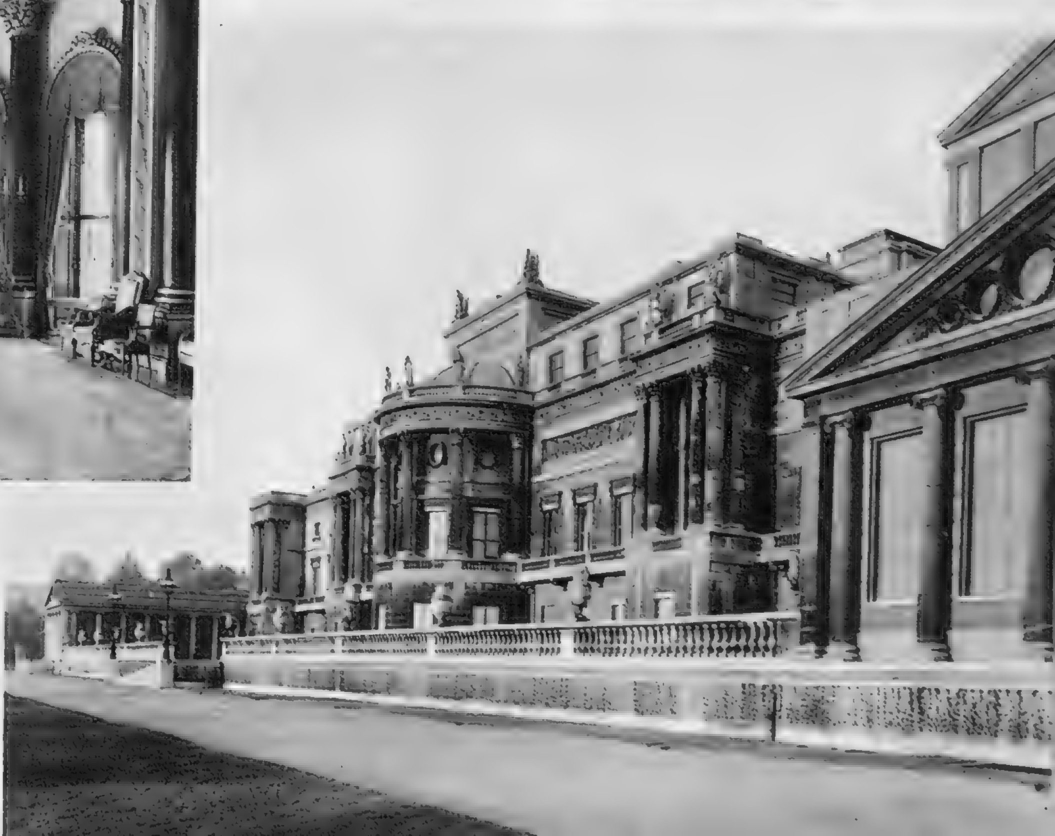
The Throne Room, showing the Royal Alcove and Throne Dais



General view of the Ball Room, showing the Throne Dais, and on left, the doorway to annexe gallery, and on right, doorway to West Gallery



The Music Room, showing the bay, with windows looking westwards over the Palace Gardens and Lake



The West Front of Buckingham Palace from the south-west

The King talking to Mrs. Wilson (Dominion Girl Guides Commissioner) at Wellington, New Zealand, during his tour to Australia and New Zealand in 1927

The King and Queen with a Maori chieftain at Rotorua during their visit to Australia and New Zealand in April 1927

(Right) The King, accompanied by the Queen, at a cocoanut shy when he attended a Fresh Air Fund outing to Loughton, Essex, in July 1923

AS THE YEARS GO BY—A VARIETY OF

At a Cup Final. The King shaking hands with the Aston Villa team before the F.A. Cup Final at Wembley. April 1924

The King as horseman. Riding to a meet of the Quorn at Kirby Gate, November 1926

Playing golf. The King driving off the third tee in a golf match with Mr. Frank Hodges, M.P., May 1924

ROYAL OCCASIONS

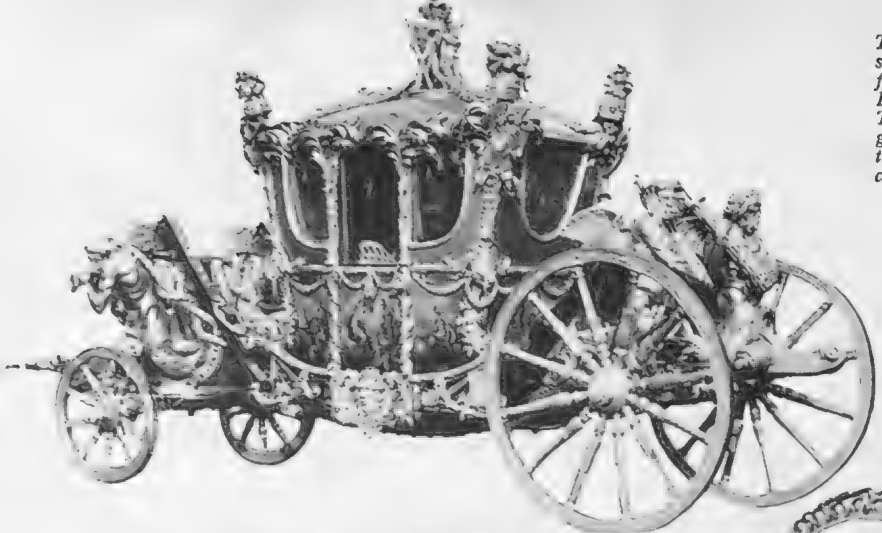
The King driving the engine of the miniature train on the Romney, Hythe and Dymchurch Railway. August 1926

The King and Queen with Princess Elizabeth at a Garden Party at Glamis Castle during the golden wedding celebrations of the Earl and Countess of Strathmore, August 1931

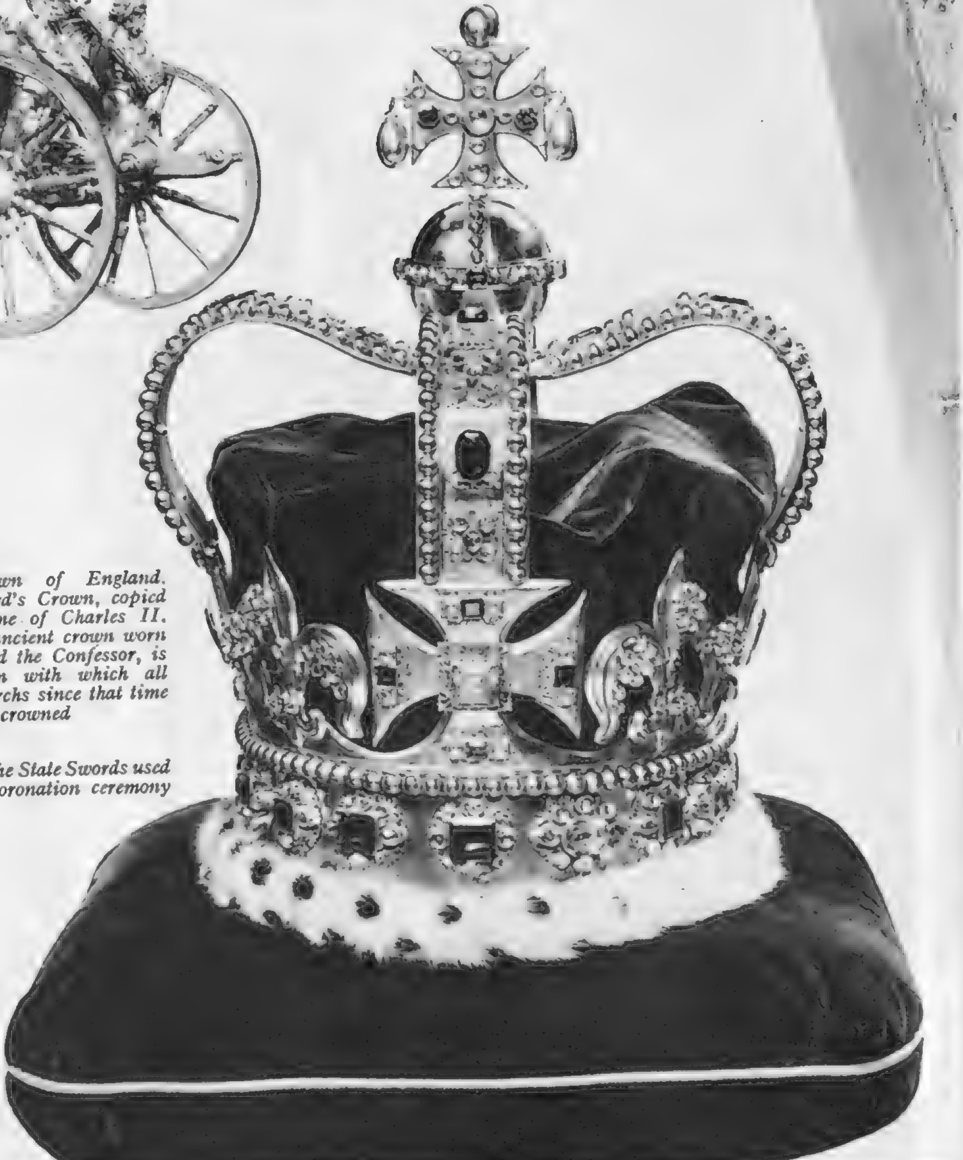
The King is a keen tennis player. He is seen here competing in the Wimbledon (London) Tennis Championships. June 1926

The King takes a great interest in his boys' camp at Jesson, New Romney. Watching aquatic sports during a visit in August 1927

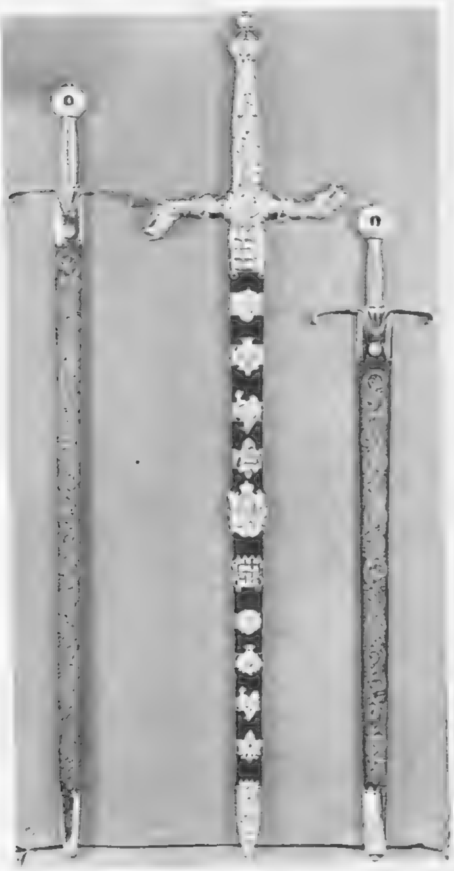
The State Trumpets. These are made of solid silver, and from each hangs a silk banneret magnificently embroidered in red and gold, bearing the Royal Arms and the Cypher of the reigning Sovereign. They are used for blowing fanfares on occasions of great state, such as Public Reading of Proclamations, and at certain points in the Coronation ceremony



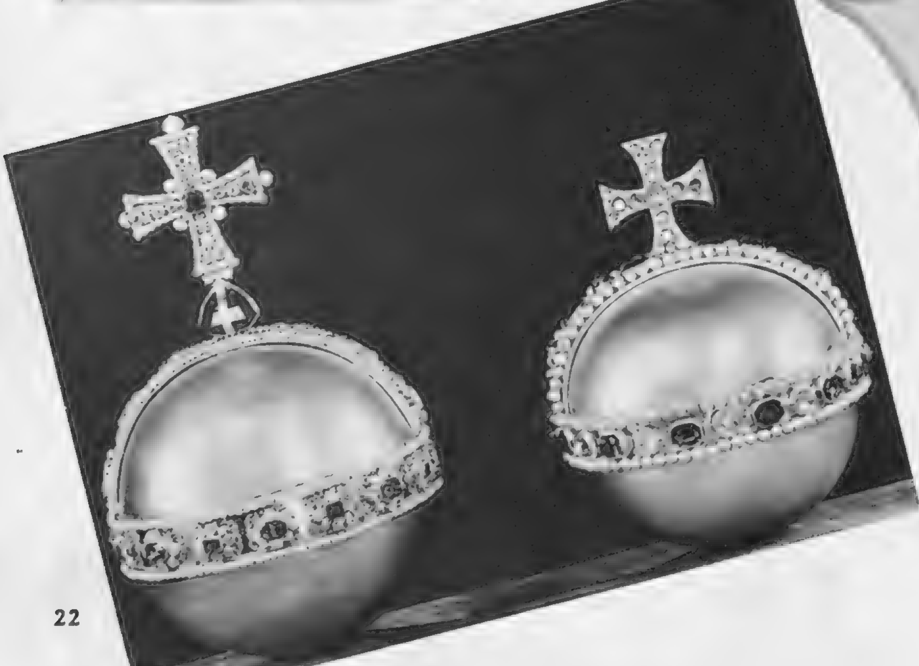
The Coronation Coach. This Royal State Coach was built for King George III. in 1762, at a cost of £7587 19s. 9½d. and used at the Coronation of every British Sovereign since



The Crown of England. St. Edward's Crown, copied in the time of Charles II. from the ancient crown worn by Edward the Confessor, is the crown with which all our monarchs since that time have been crowned

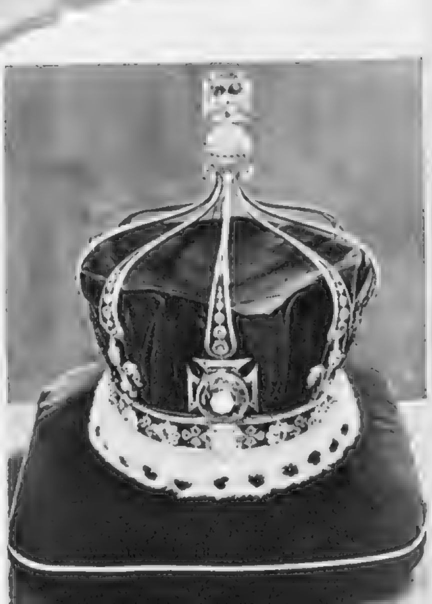


Three of the State Swords used in the Coronation ceremony



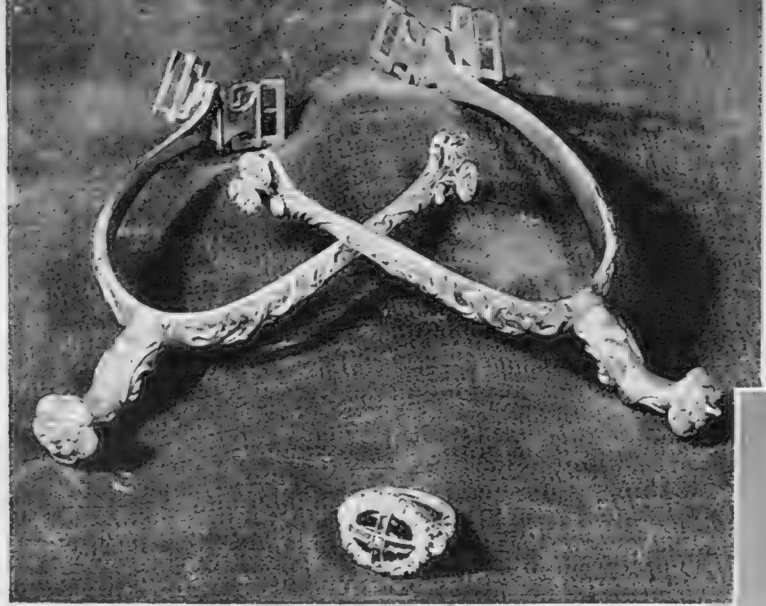
The Orbs. One for the King and the other for the Queen. This is placed in the King's right hand immediately the King has put on the Royal Robe

Symbols

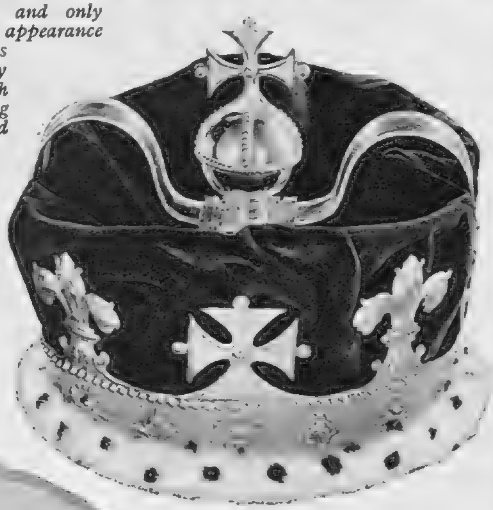


Queen Mary's Crown. This crown is the personal property of Queen Mary, and was made under her direction for the Coronation in 1911. Only diamonds are used, and in front is the famous Koh-i-Noor, weighing 108 carats

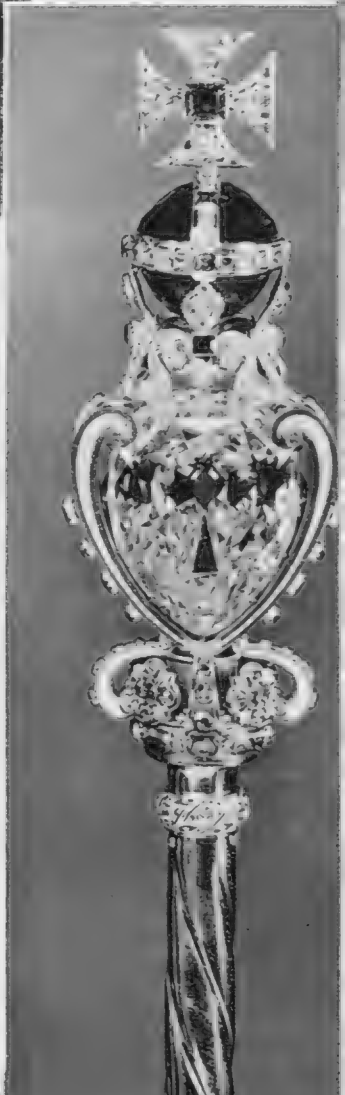
DIEU ET MON DROIT
DIEU ET MON DROIT



The Spurs and Coronation Ring. St. George's Spurs, the emblems of Knighthood and Chivalry, are of solid gold and richly chased. They were made for the Coronation of Charles II. The Ring is his Majesty's private property, and embraces a very valuable sapphire and four long, narrow rubies. Round this is a circle of diamonds, the general design being to represent the Cross of St. George

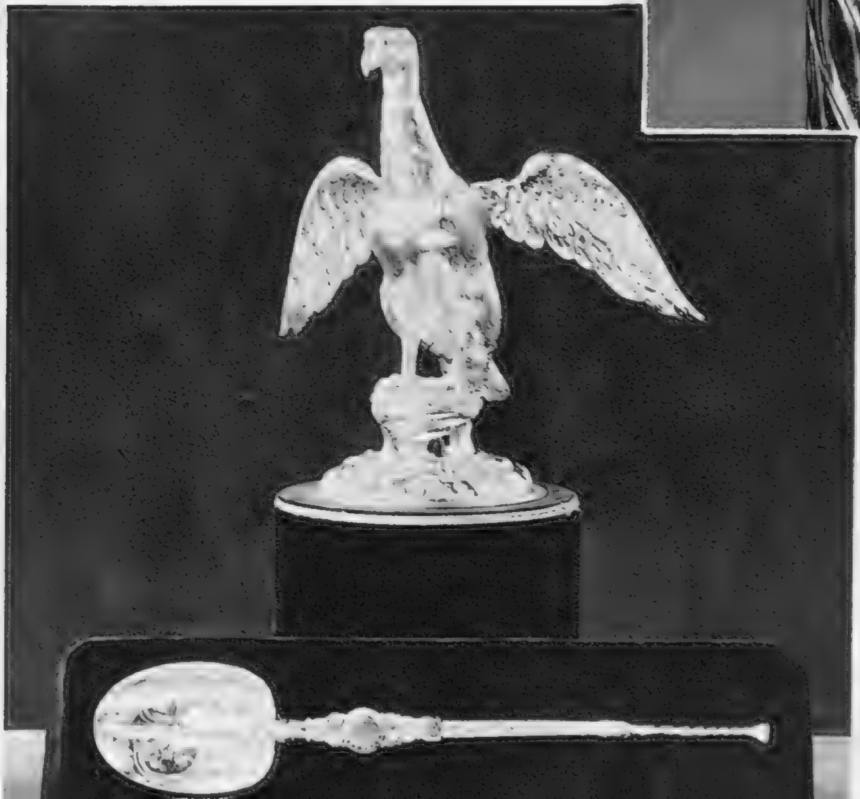


The Prince of Wales's Crown is very simple, and only differs in general appearance from the coronets of some peers by having one arch over it supporting a gold monde and cross

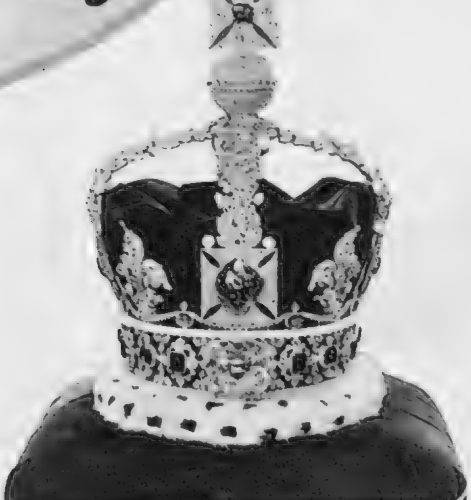


The head of the Royal Sceptre, containing the Great Star of Africa, cut from the Cullinan Diamond

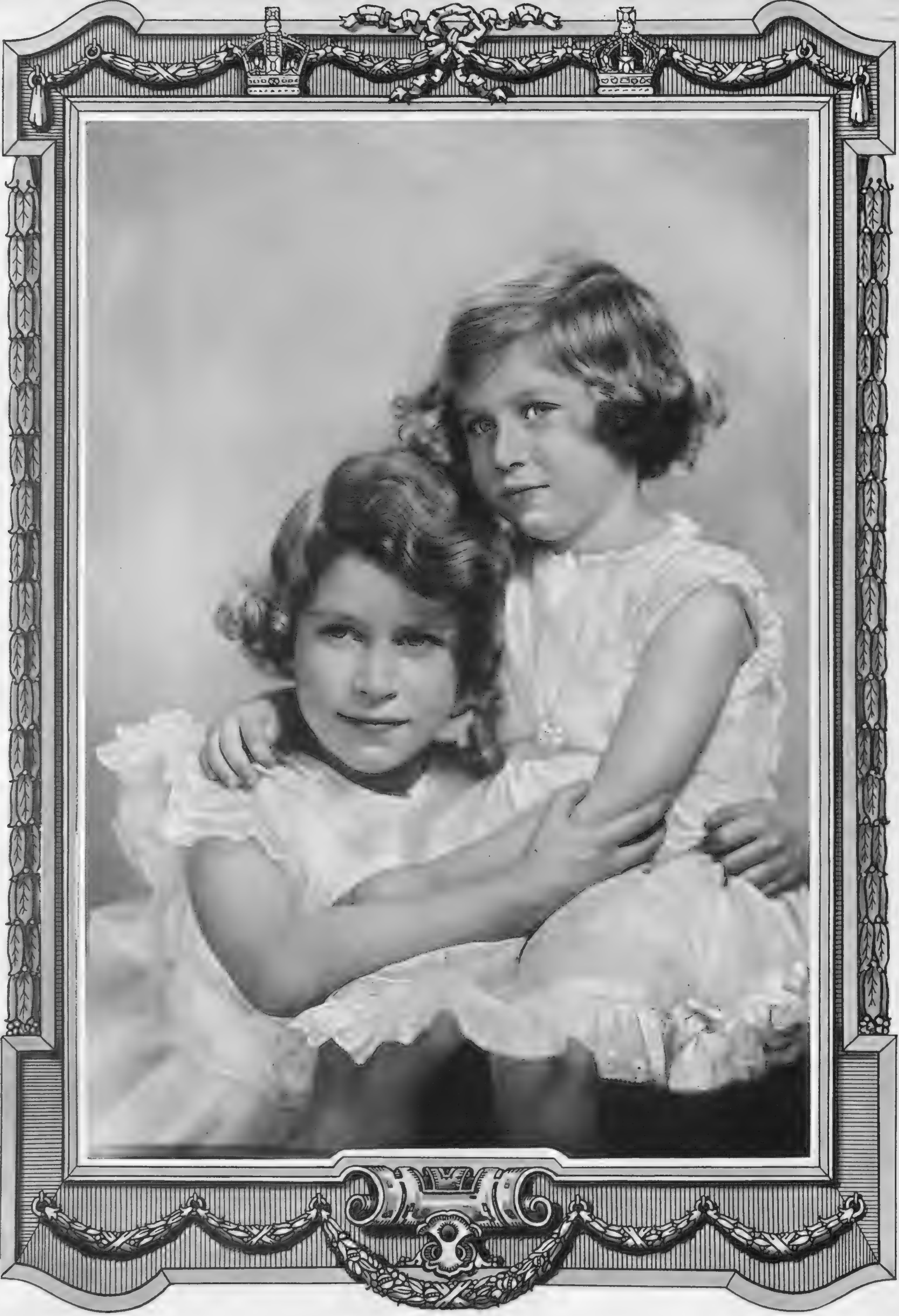
# of Royalty



The Ampulla and Spoon used for the anointing of the King in the Coronation Service



The Imperial State Crown. This crown is worn by the Reigning Monarch on all State occasions, such as the Opening of Parliament. In front is the Second Star of Africa, cut from the great Cullinan Diamond



T.R.H. Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose

Princess Elizabeth, the elder daughter of the King and Queen, was born on April 21st, 1926, and Princess Margaret Rose on August 21st, 1930

Copyright Marcus Adams

The Coronation Service

(*Continued from page* 16)

A solitary figure, but one to whom it is inevitable that all eyes should turn from time to time, occupies a plain chair apart from the rest in the south-west corner of that part of the Abbey in which the actual ceremony takes place, and has been known for ages past as "The Theatre." This is the Prime Minister of England, Mr. Stanley Baldwin. Probably he is himself recalling that until shortly before the last Coronation, twenty-six years ago, his predecessors in his high office had no statutory place in the Table of Official Precedence, and were, therefore, lost among the Peers or the members of the House of Commons as the case may have been.

Somehow, as one's glances wander around, one misses the presence of the "faithful Commons," as the formal phrase goes. No longer do they attend the crowning of the King as a right and in a body. To-day they are well content to be represented, worthily enough, by "Mr. Speaker."

Silent and almost eerily still is this vast assembly. Conversation is obviously going forward in undertones between neighbours, and such murmurs are lost in the great spaces of the Abbey, which on this occasion is transformed almost beyond recognition even by those who know it most intimately.

A rich carpet of Garter Blue, upon which is woven the intertwined cyphers of the King and Queen, "G.E.," covers the floor, and one particularly notices that the thrice-honoured tomb of The Unknown Warrior has been specially shielded from all possibility of desecration or damage.

This tomb is an innovation since the last Coronation. There was no Unknown Warrior in 1911.

Such portions of the bare and gaunt walls of the edifice as are not hidden behind the tiers of seats are covered with priceless tapestries, gladly lent for the occasion by scores of proud collectors throughout the realm, while the Royal Dais is covered with a wonderful old Persian carpet offered for the purpose by the Duke of Buccleuch, brother of the Duchess of Gloucester, who is herself seated, together with the other members of the Royal family, not very far away. There is another similar carpet, equally rich, but of even older manufacture, before the Altar at which the Sovereign and his so-gracious Consort will soon be kneeling.

During the earlier portion of the period of waiting there is but little to attract attention on the floor of the Abbey once the congregation has been seated. One catches sight now and then of one of the three hundred or so Gold Staff Officers who are on duty, moving silently about intent on some errand, clad either in full dress uniform or, more rarely, in the black velvet with cut steel buttons which constitutes the civilian masculine full dress at Court to-day, while occasionally in the distance is to be descried a white-robed priest.

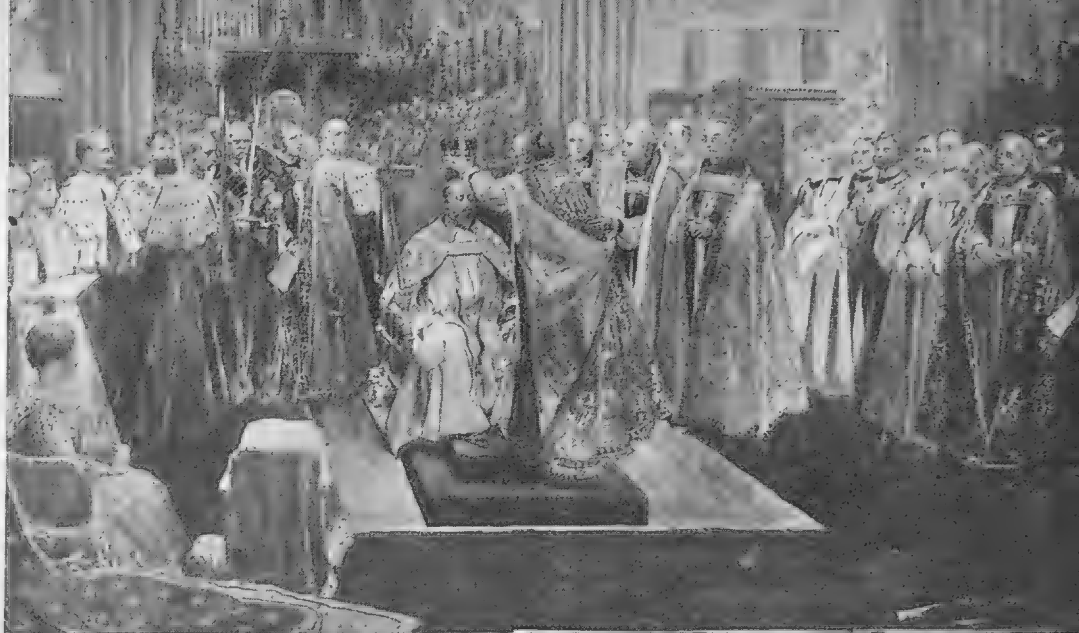
But the silence is so intense that it has been well said "one feels one could almost cut it with a knife." Ladies, too, have been heard to confess later that this complete absence from noise so unnerved them that it was only with difficulty they could refrain from screaming, so greatly were they overwrought.

Therefore when the first note of the great organ suddenly breaks there is a general start, almost of consternation, throughout the crowded congregation.

The first movement is when a little procession moves forward, mainly composed of boys from Westminster School hard by, bearing the various emblems of sovereignty that comprise the Royal Regalia, presently to be laid in the places assigned to them upon and round the Altar Table.

These boys are destined, by Royal favour going far back into the Middle Ages, to play a very important part in the day's ceremonial, and it is their fresh, clear young voices high up in the triforium with their jubilant cries of "Vivat! Vivat Rex!" that tell the majority of those present that the King and Queen have actually entered the Abbey, and are

(*Continued on page* 186)



AN artist's impression of the crowning of King Edward VII

A CLOSE-UP view of the High Altar in Westminster Abbey, showing the gold plate used at the Coronation Service

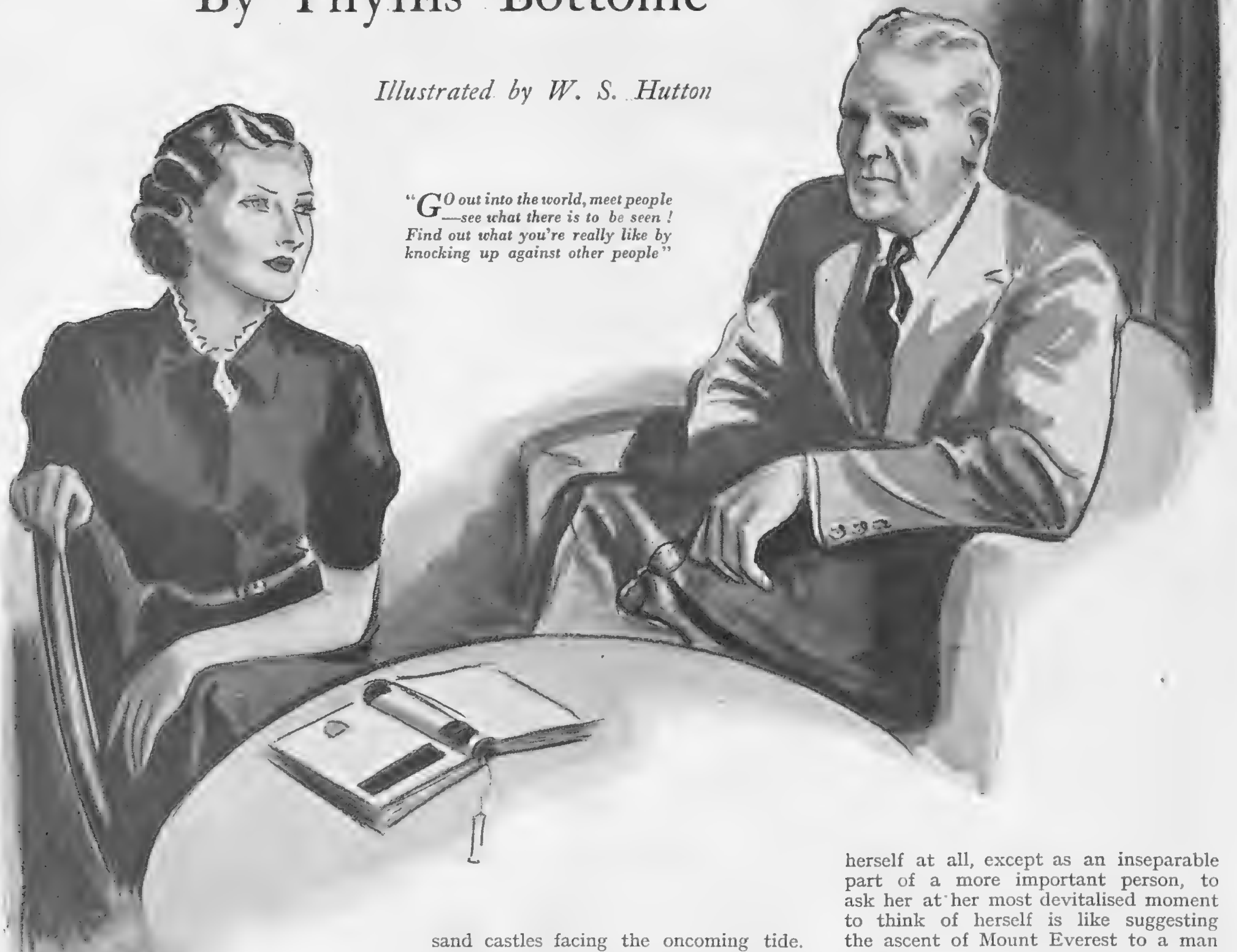
A TRIO of the Standard Bearers at the Coronation of King George V. These follow the clergy in the order of procession. They are, left to right: Standard of Union, borne by the Duke of Wellington; Royal Standard, borne by the Marquess of Lansdowne; Standard of England, borne by Frank S. Dymoke, Esq.

A Breath of Ozone

The Story of a Girl who missed Life, met Death face to face and found Love and Happiness

By Phyllis Bottome

Illustrated by W. S. Hutton



"GO out into the world, meet people—see what there is to be seen! Find out what you're really like by knocking up against other people"

WHAT really seemed odd to Alice Devine was that the doctor should have called to see *her*.

Didn't he realise that her mother was dead? The end of thirty years' love and of five years' intensive nursing was over. Nothing was left of them except the half-filled medicine bottles on the table upstairs.

This man, who had been their anchor and their refuge, was no longer necessary. It was not that Alice had lost her trust in Dr. Martlett. She knew her mother's illness was mortal, and that doctors and nurses, drugs and appliances, were mere sand castles facing the oncoming tide. The tide had come on; and why should this particular sand castle, once overthrown, bob up again?

Alice gazed at Dr. Martlett with dull, sleepless eyes. She felt like an imprisoned goldfish butting its head against glass walls.

Didn't this man know that he would be paid? she asked herself bitterly. That was one thing there was no trouble about. She had six hundred a year now, having never had a penny of her own before, and was rich for life—if there had been any life to be rich *for*.

"You see, Miss Devine," the doctor continued earnestly, "you must begin to think of yourself now!" This seemed such a silly thing to say that Alice did not even attempt to answer it.

When a person has never thought of herself at all, except as an inseparable part of a more important person, to ask her at her most devitalised moment to think of herself is like suggesting the ascent of Mount Everest to a man with a broken leg. Such a man would not thank you for having overlooked his infirmity.

"You have had a terribly prolonged and exhausting experience," the doctor went on, "and naturally you have come to a point where everything seems to have stopped. But, believe me, you're a young woman, and free for the first time in your life. Everything hasn't stopped; it's just ready to start!"

He wasn't only, Alice thought, appallingly stupid, he was infernally cruel as well. Why should she make an effort (and starting things always meant efforts) when there was nothing to make an effort for? And what a cold thing freedom is to offer to a person who has just lost love!

Alice lifted one of her capable but

empty hands, and let it fall again, as if it were too much trouble to make even a gesture of refusal.

"You have relations, I know," Dr. Martlett went on, without noticing her uplifted hand. "Your mother told me—an aunt and cousins at Cheltenham, but you don't seem to have been on terms of great intimacy with them."

"I never had an intimate relationship," Alice told him rather dryly, "except with my mother. We knew other people, of course, but they didn't count. We were all in all to each other. My aunt and cousins will be at the funeral, of course, and I dare say they will ask me to stay with them afterwards. My aunt is my mother's eldest sister; her children are all married. She might even like me to stay with her permanently."

"That's just it!" Dr. Martlett explained, "that's just what I'm afraid of! Miss Devine, you're only thirty! Excuse me for mentioning it, but your mother told me your age, and from the look of you—when you're not worn out—you might be much younger. Have you ever asked yourself what life is *for*? Is it to be chucked—bound body and soul—into an old lady's sickroom? I dare say your nerves are worn to a frazzle now—they should be with what you've been through. But you've got a young healthy body, and you ought to have a husband; children; a job—any strong interest of your own—so that your life could feel itself used! Don't look as if I were insulting you! I'm a middle-aged man with a family of my own, and it's not a personal matter to me what you do with yourself; but it's a *human* matter, and I shouldn't be worth my salt if I didn't warn you. I've watched you for years; you've got into the habit of giving way all the time to an older person, who had a strong will and concentrated all of it on her relationship to you as her daughter. You've lived hitherto a daughter's life—not a woman's! Oh, I know you were her only child and she was a war widow, and that you adored each other! And I know you're feeling as cold and hard as a peeled potato! But can't you see that her having died is just your chance? Go out into the world, meet people—see what there is to be seen! Find out what you're really like by knocking up against other people! Don't go and stay with your relations after the funeral! Go on one of these cruises by yourself!"

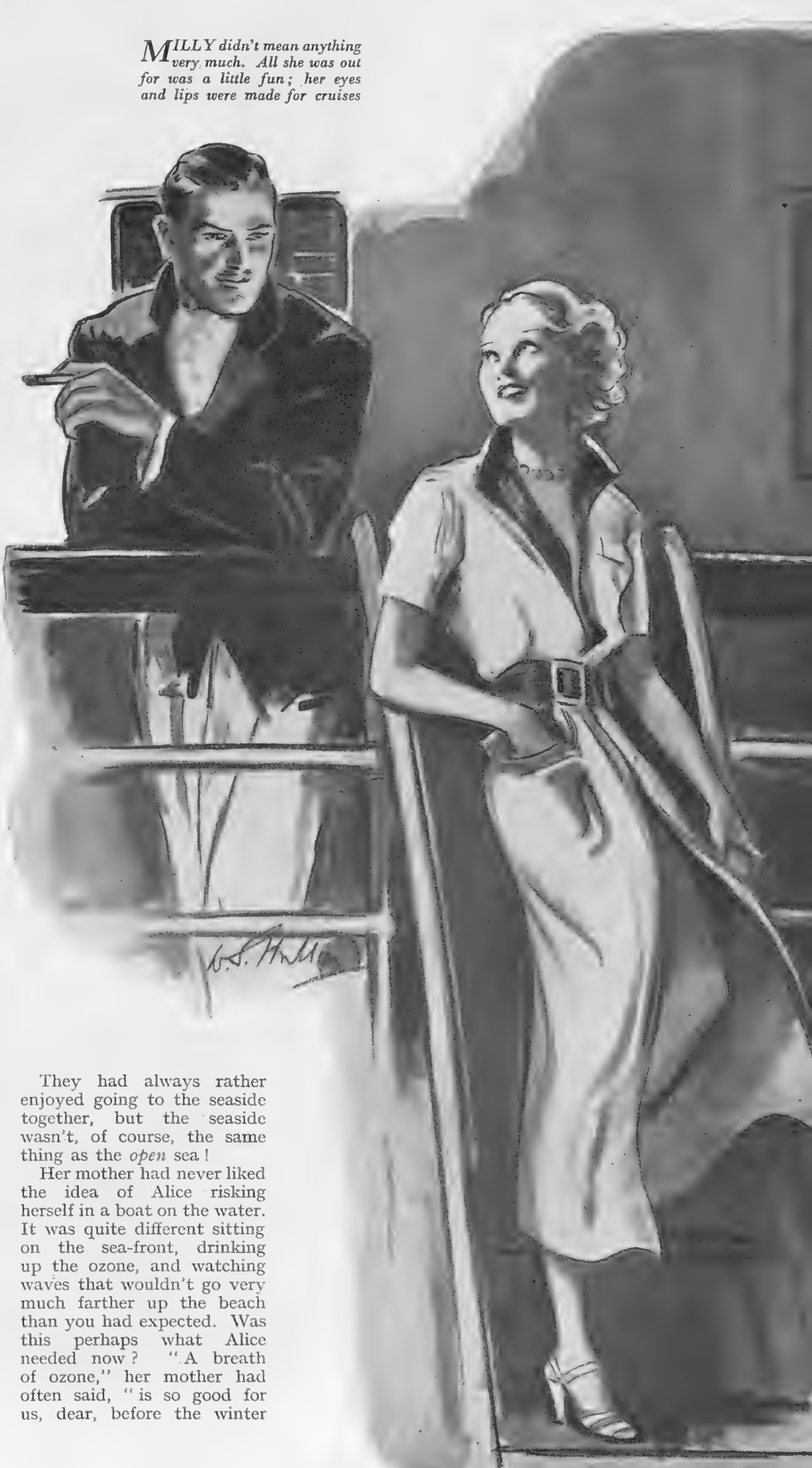
"Go on—what?" Alice gasped. Her head went round and round. Had their good Dr. Martlett, so kind, wise and attentive, gone suddenly mad? A cruise—straight from her mother's deathbed? Her heart beat fast with a curious urgent sense—anger, of course, but not unlike that rather odd sensation she had felt run through her when she first realised that her mother's illness was mortal, and not that mild chronic ailing they were both used to. The feeling that had shot through Alice had been a curious sense of acceleration; all her pulses had bounded forward, she had thought: "Fear, then, is the most thrilling of all the emotions!" and now she thought anger was. But had it been fear then, and was this anger now? Did she really want to go and live with her Aunt Frances at Cheltenham?

Would a cruise be any stranger than sitting still without anyone to attend to? Could any place that she might travel to be more foreign than where she came from?

THE doctor, having thrown his bombshell, bustled off, without waiting to see what had been blown up in Alice. He did not even ask to go upstairs and see the cold, peaceful form of his patient—a form that could make no further claims upon anyone, and lay a waxen mask surrounded by living flowers.

What would her mother have thought about a cruise? Alice asked herself.

MILLY didn't mean anything very much. All she was out for was a little fun; her eyes and lips were made for cruises



They had always rather enjoyed going to the seaside together, but the seaside wasn't, of course, the same thing as the *open* sea!

Her mother had never liked the idea of Alice risking herself in a boat on the water. It was quite different sitting on the sea-front, drinking up the ozone, and watching waves that wouldn't go very much farther up the beach than you had expected. Was this perhaps what Alice needed now? "A breath of ozone," her mother had often said, "is so good for us, dear, before the winter sets in." Well, the rest of her life, Alice thought, would be the winter setting in; perhaps it would be a good thing to get a breath of ozone first. A large ship—and cruises, Alice knew, were always taken on large ships—might not be so alarming after all.

Before her aunt arrived for the funeral Alice had bought a ticket for the South Sea Islands. Naturally, it hurt and shocked her aunt very much; but having bought a ticket, Alice felt safe, for she belonged to a family that went to entertainments, and to places for which tickets had been bought.

At first it seemed to Alice as if this cruise was a mistake. She felt more lonely on this strange ship than she could ever have felt at Cheltenham.

The sea, too, seemed unnecessarily big; nor, having once got on it, could you easily get off. The people on board were stranger than the ship; they played games and laughed; ate and drank too much; danced in the evenings; and even when they weren't young, behaved as if they were. Worse still, they made love. Now, Alice had no real objection to love being made, provided that it was done at a safe distance from herself, and respected the proprieties.

She realised that unless love were made, the world would not go on; mankind, at any rate, wouldn't. Even her mother—well, there it is—all very mysterious, Alice thought, and a little repulsive, but God knew best; and it didn't much matter to Alice one way or the other as long as it never happened to her.

But people on cruises apparently make love all over the place, and without considering propriety.

They made it most obviously and inconsiderately in or about the swimming pool. Alice had learned to swim and swam rather well. Swimming, she told herself severely, was what swimming pools were for! Still, partly owing to the swimming pool, and partly on account of Ray Vincent, Alice began to overlook lovers and to enjoy her cruise.

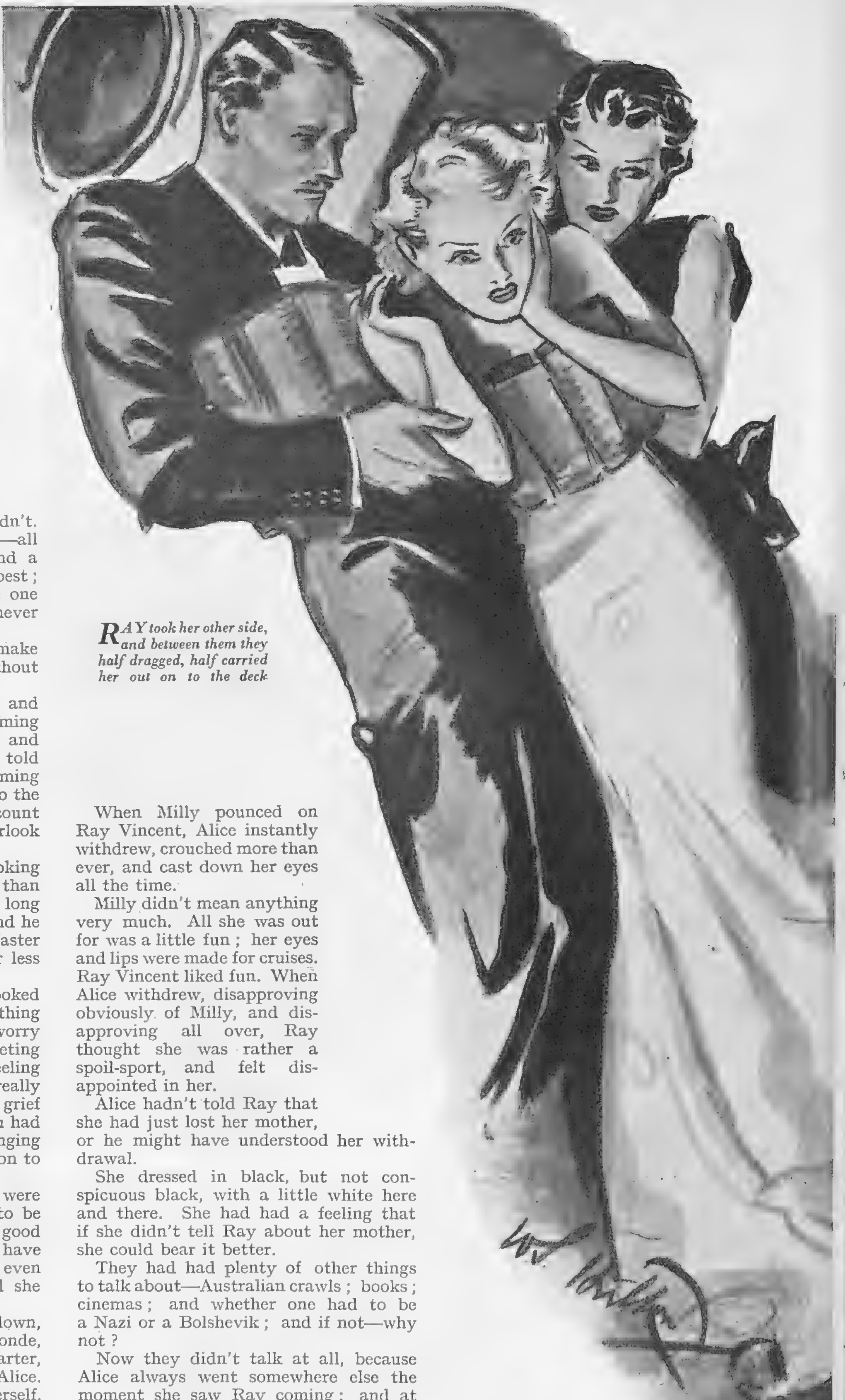
Ray Vincent was a tall, tidy-looking young man who "crawled" better than Alice did, his head under water for long and apparently peaceful periods; and he helped Alice to crawl harder and faster than she already did, and with far less spluttering.

He had nice grey eyes that looked straight at Alice as if they had nothing to hide, and nothing whatever to worry about. Once or twice after meeting Ray Vincent's eyes, a strange feeling came over Alice, as if there *were* really very little to worry about! Her grief still possessed her, but, after all, you had to take your mind off grief while arranging about your deck-chair and holding on to things that slid about.

The first few days of the voyage were rough, and Alice, who turned out to be an unexpectedly good sailor, saw a good deal of Ray Vincent. She might have gone on seeing a good deal of him, even when the sea became smooth, had she been less well brought up.

Directly the weather calmed down, however, a peach-like predatory blonde, with pillar-box lips, called Milly Carter, appeared and made short work of Alice.

Alice was not bad-looking herself. She would have had a particularly good figure if she had not crouched; her upper lip was short and her nose had a certain finish (quite denied to Milly Carter, who simply carried her nose off). Alice's eyes were dark and velvety; unfortunately she had not learned how to use them, and generally cast them down.



RAY took her other side, and between them they half dragged, half carried her out on to the deck

When Milly pounced on Ray Vincent, Alice instantly withdrew, crouched more than ever, and cast down her eyes all the time.

Milly didn't mean anything very much. All she was out for was a little fun; her eyes and lips were made for cruises. Ray Vincent liked fun. When Alice withdrew, disapproving obviously of Milly, and disapproving all over, Ray thought she was rather a spoil-sport, and felt disappointed in her.

Alice hadn't told Ray that she had just lost her mother, or he might have understood her withdrawal.

She dressed in black, but not conspicuous black, with a little white here and there. She had had a feeling that if she didn't tell Ray about her mother, she could bear it better.

They had had plenty of other things to talk about—Australian crawls; books; cinemas; and whether one had to be a Nazi or a Bolshevik; and if not—why not?

Now they didn't talk at all, because Alice always went somewhere else the moment she saw Ray coming; and at table Milly sat next Vincent, and Alice opposite to them; so that Alice only spoke to an elderly clergyman on one side of her—whom she didn't like—and to a maiden lady on the other—who didn't like her. Few people can talk well to those who dislike them, or whom they themselves dislike; and Alice was not one of the few.

Unfortunately the less you talk, the more you have to hear what other people are saying.

Alice had to listen to a good deal that Ray and Milly were saying to each other; and she liked none of it.

Once she even overheard them by accident, when they had no idea she was on the other side of a lifeboat. Ray Vincent said: "Let's ask Miss Devine to play deck tennis with us—I'm sure she could; she's as active as a fish in the pool!" And Milly Carter said, "And about as dull as a fish too, isn't she?"

Ray Vincent answered slowly, but still he answered:

"Well, yes—I suppose she is rather on the dull side!" He only supposed it; but it was enough for Alice. She went to her small neat stateroom, and cried herself sick.

WHILE everybody was thinking what an exceptionally calm, hot, reliable day it was—quite the kind of day agents for cruises hawk about as chronic certainties and expect once in a lifetime—the crew began to tie up everything loose on deck and put it away.

Things were said about the barometer that meant nothing at all to Alice, but appeared to mean a good deal to the ship's officers.

The sky was an unearthly radiant blue, pock-marked with little white balls of cloud, like cream puffs lightly frosted. These innocuous cloudlings swirled up from all directions at once, as if summoned from a witch's cauldron, until they became one immense and luminous mass. There had been very little air all day; now there was an occasional hot puff that drew, like the claw of an invisible animal, a little puckered path across the oily blue floor of the ocean.

People who were playing bridge said for the first time what they really thought of each other's game. Even people who didn't drink wanted one; while those who did drink wanted more than one. Children behaved worse than the savages they always are; and the French chef gave the purser notice.

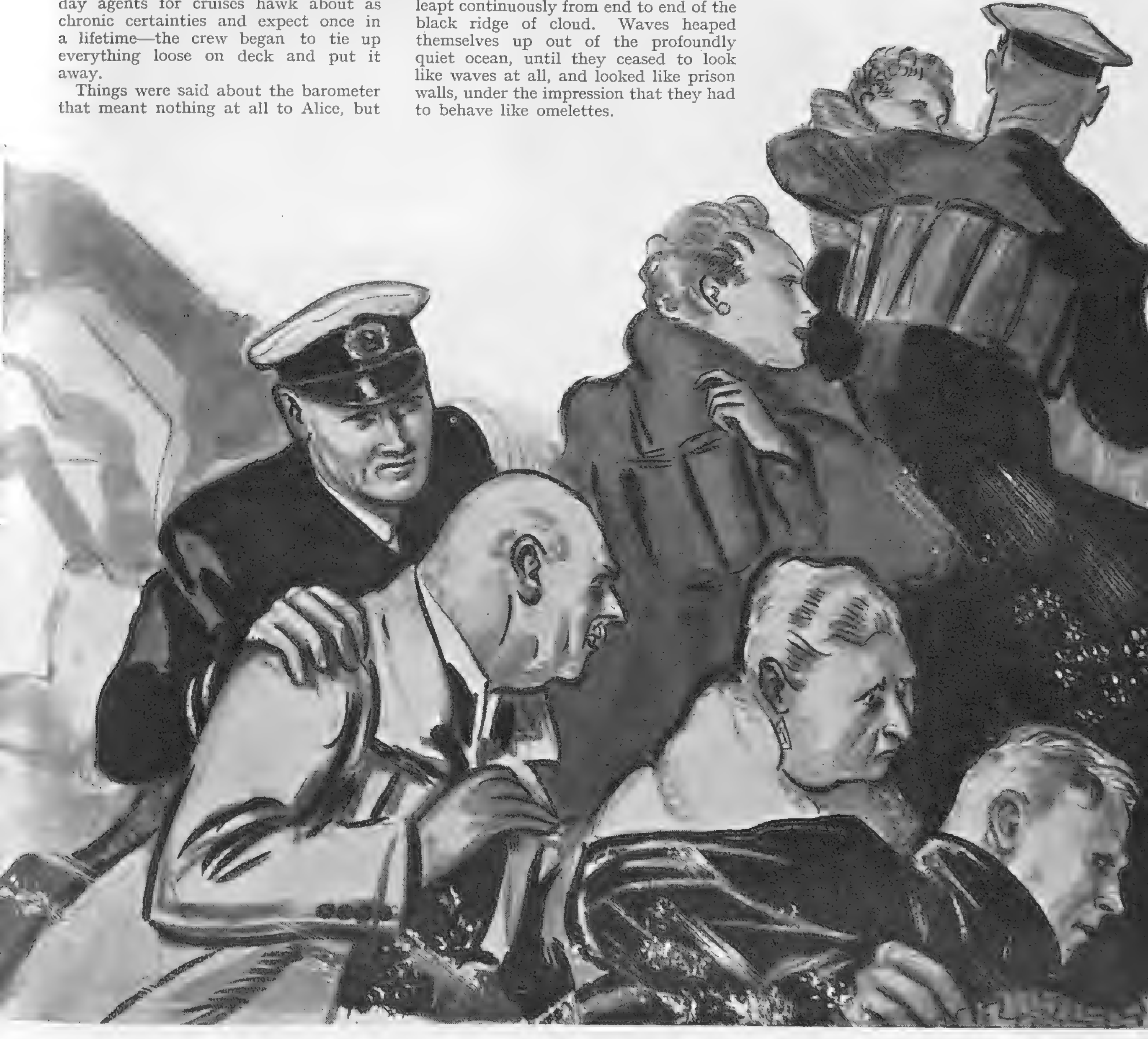
By sunset the brilliant clouds had turned black. The storm broke, like the sudden rip of stout calico. Lightning leapt continuously from end to end of the black ridge of cloud. Waves heaped themselves up out of the profoundly quiet ocean, until they ceased to look like waves at all, and looked like prison walls, under the impression that they had to behave like omelettes.

Alice, gazing at the sea from the glass verandah, wondered what it would feel like to have to climb up and down these inverted hollows—puffing themselves up to gigantic proportions one moment and sinking into chasms the next.

It was, of course, quite incredible to Alice that anything should, as people put it, "happen." Here she was one moment academically watching a storm at sea and wondering how she could, had her mother been alive, have described it to her in a letter, and the next the glass verandah got up, whistled violently, and vanished out to sea, very nearly carrying Alice with it.

A set of verandah chairs and tables, pushing Alice in front of them, jammed themselves against the outside wall of the smoking-room; while the rest of the verandah furniture, including the much-advertised potted palms, hurried out to sea.

After a palsied (*Continued on page* 154)



At Home with Ministers Hostess

The Dining Room at No. 10 Downing Street. This is the official Dining Room as is used only on the most formal occasions

Mrs. Baldwin

Mrs. Neville Chamberlain

Mrs. Anthony Eden

The Drawing Room at No. 11 Downing Street. This room is on the ground floor and the colour scheme is green

The Dining Room at 17 Fitzhardinge Street, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Eden

THEIR names are constantly in the minds of everyone; upon their doings in the daily round of home affairs and diplomacy rest the fate and future of Britain and the Empire. They are the principal Ministers who form the British Cabinet.

But for a few hours a day they can shed the cloak of officialdom which they must wear in Whitehall and at Westminster, become ordinary humans and seek the comfort of their own homes. You all know well the atmosphere of their public lives. Let me take you to visit half a dozen of the most familiar of them in their domestic spheres. It is their London homes I mean, not those in the country; for the surprising thing is that although transport has revolutionised our ways of living, these men who look after our destinies spend a great deal more time on the doorstep of their offices than ever their predecessors did. That, of course, is because life and things at home and abroad have been so incredibly speeded up. Our present-day Cabinet Ministers have to work far harder, and give far quicker decisions, than their forerunners did, even, shall we say, at the opening of the century.

For this reason these London homes have become homes indeed, and not merely halting places, or just a *pied à terre*.

An instantaneous impression one gathers from these houses, chats with their hostesses, and glimpses of the social scenes there, is one of atmosphere created by charm and simplicity. There may be lovely period furniture, some of it big and bulky, and suggesting Georgian and Victorian stuffiness and convention, but in some curious way these things have been redeemed from their past, when they were set in the midst of ornate, heavy decoration that characterised town houses even in the immediate pre-war years.

All that is gone from these homes which I have been visiting, and as I was entertained in them and shown over them I wondered, incidentally, if this is anything to do with the definitely brighter and snappier speeches which now mark the proceedings in Parliament when Ministers of State are on their feet. Those who support the theory of environment would, I suppose, definitely say yes. Perhaps they are right! But you may all judge for yourselves from what I am going to tell you.

YOU may smile, but I confess I like Downing Street. Those houses Nos. 10 and 11, in which live the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, may look drab and dismal enough from the exterior—which is, I know, all that most of you see of them—but behind those bare brick walls and uncurtained windows is something so attractive as to cause sighs when Ministers and their wives must leave. Pass through the front

Six Cabinet *and their* Wives

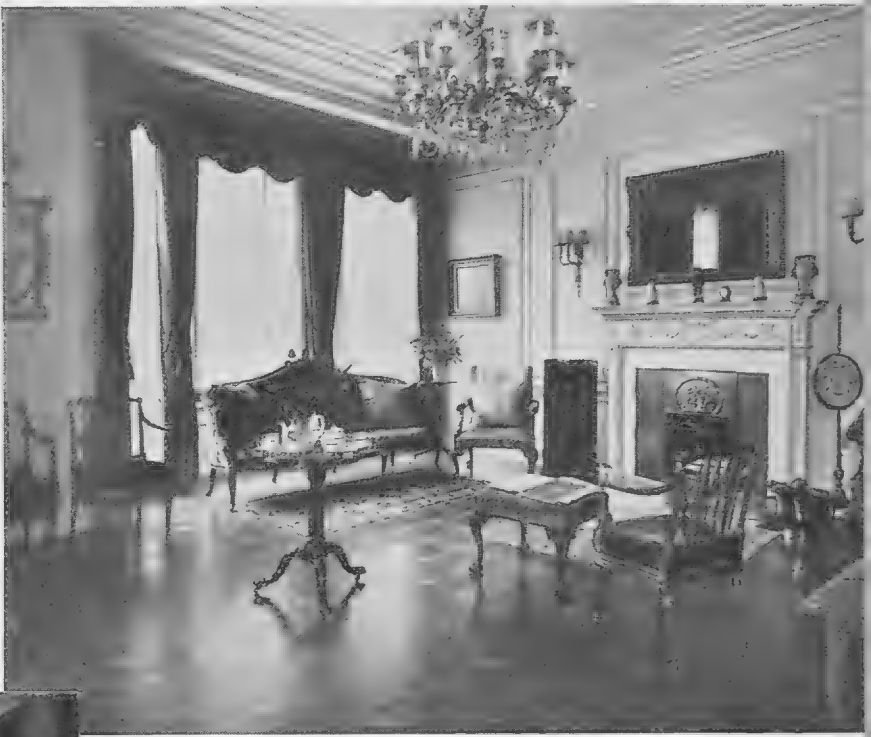
Lady Swinton

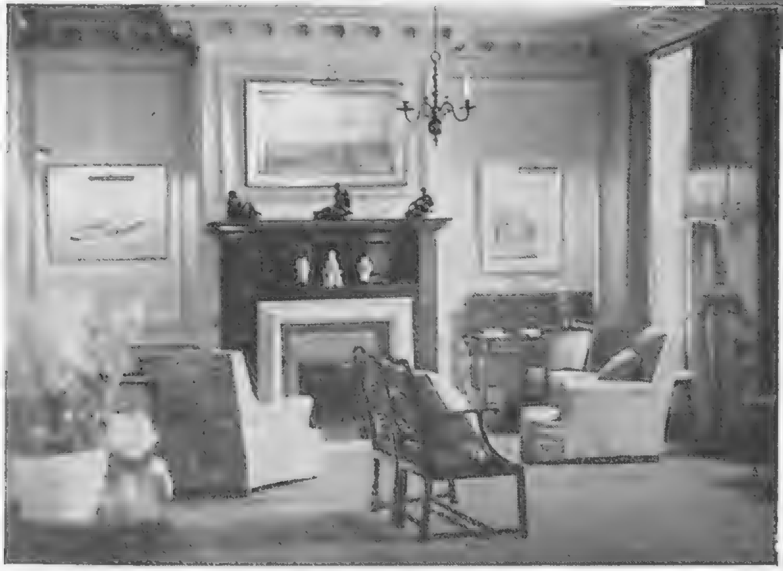
Lady Simon

Mrs. Walter Runciman

By Betty Wilson

Below:
Chippendale furniture strikes the dominant note in the Drawing Room in Lygon Place, the home of Lord and Lady Swinton





A view of the L-shaped Drawing Room in the home at Barton Street of Mr. and Mrs. Runciman

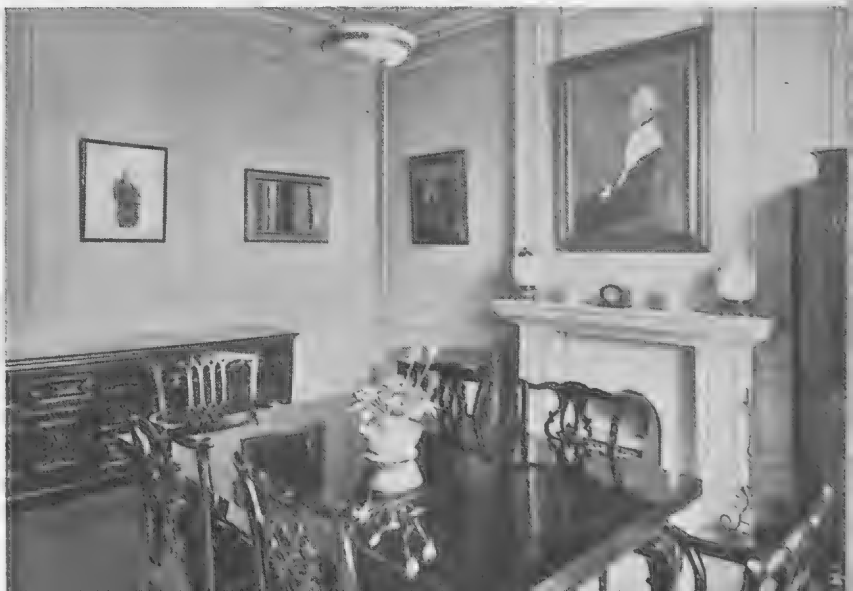
door of No. 10 into the square, pillared hall, walk along that vista of passage right through the middle of the house, peep into the Cabinet Room, most important chamber of secrets in the Empire, and you will, if you are like me, be more chilled than thrilled. The Cabinet Room, I allow, is a fine one, long and still with its four beautiful classic pillars, its large table, around which the bigwigs sit in conclave, and the heavy bookcase-lined walls. There are, as one ascends the staircase, some arresting pictures of former Prime Ministers to be seen, and the really noble official dining-room, with its dark, oak-panelled walls and again more magnificent pictures of the famous, is, I suppose, quite duly impressive.

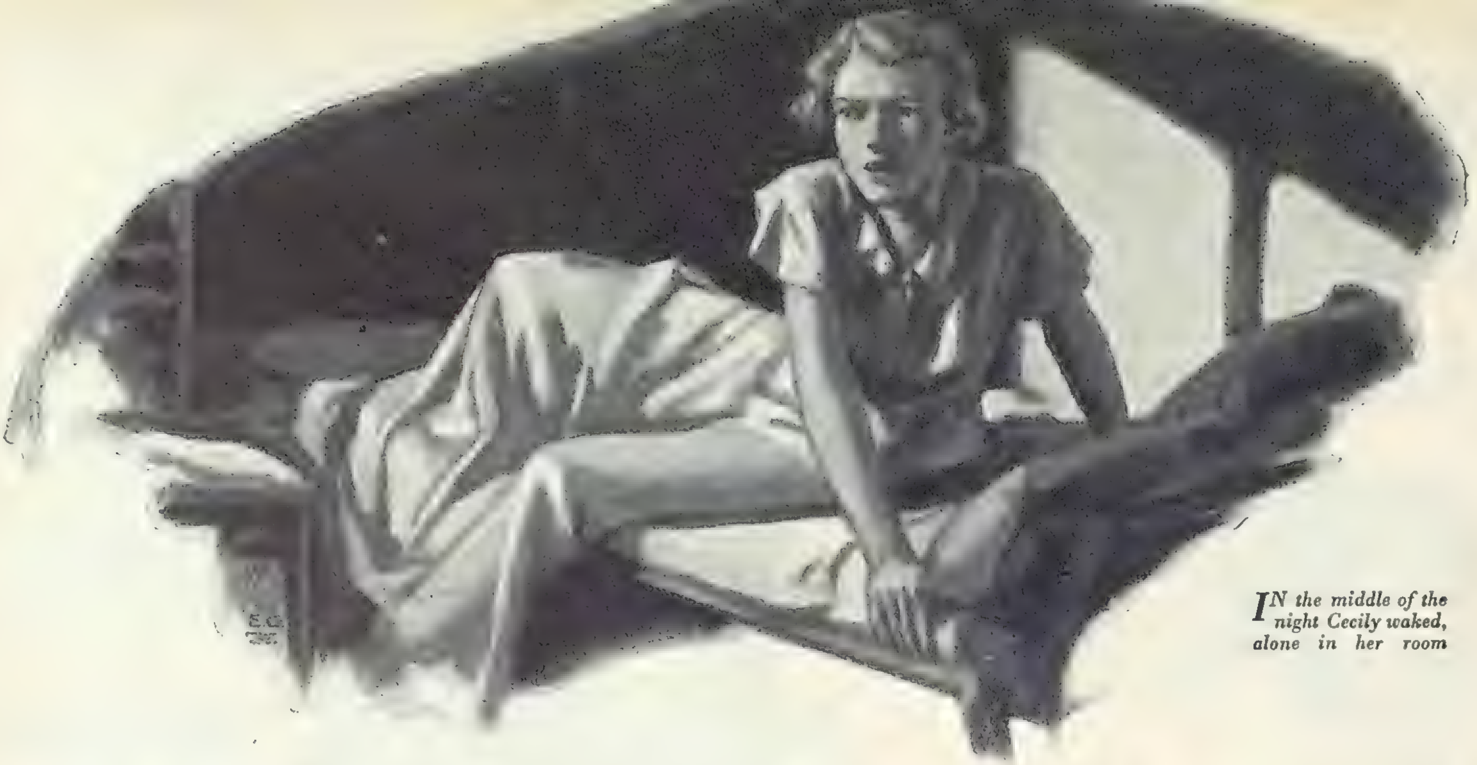
As a matter of fact, it is far too impressive for Premier Stanley and Mrs. Baldwin, as, I believe, both Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. and Dame Margaret Lloyd George, also found it; indeed, the Baldwins use it only on the most formal occasions, and not even for family assemblies.

The Baldwins take their meals in the small private dining-room nearby, and a bright, cheery room it is, with light-oak panelling, furnished in the old style—an oak refectory table and wheel-back Windsor chairs. It might, in fact, be the dining-room of many a good class home amid the suburbs of a typical British city—no grandeur, but real, solid comfort. In almost incongruously close juxtaposition to this quite informal room which any family would love, is the enormous official drawing-room, typically Georgian, with two pillars at one end. It seems friendly and pleasant enough when filled with a crowd, but terribly chilling and formal when in it only one or two are gathered together. Of course, there are some lovely things here—the windows have curtains of old rose and gold brocade, toning with the upholstery of chairs and settees, and the walls and paintwork of ivory white display to advantage more of those portraits of former statesmen. This is a house where you pass from one room to another through communicating doors, and

(*Continued on page* 164)

The Dining Room of Sir John and Lady Simon's house in Addison Road, Kensington. The portrait over the mantelpiece is that of the late Mrs. Simon, Sir John's mother





IN the middle of the night Cecily waked, alone in her room

The Keys *of* Bluebeard

Drama for Three on a South Sea Island

By Beatrice Grimshaw

BIRDS had been known to dash themselves against the tall cliffs of Takau, wildly, inexplicably, falling to their death. There were native tales about ghosts that haunted the island and did a mischief, sometimes, to unwary men.

Yet it was beautiful; loveliest, perhaps, of the twin islands, set in the blue Pacific, that belonged to Leo Gamble. Tinomana, across the strait, was lower and more accessible than Takau; it was feathered with tall palms, planted with fruit trees; it had a bungalow, and a boat-jetty, running down the wide white shore. Takau, tall and steep, broke off short above the sea in precipices masked by uncleared bush; its coral beaches were narrow as the sides of a saucer too small for the cup; on the summit stood, open to all winds, a shack that was weatherproof and little more.

There were no other islands near to these. The port of entry for the Laka group, Meitaki, could just be seen on the horizon, serrated, pale and purple, like a hyacinth flower afloat. From Meitaki you travelled to Leo's islands by occasional launch, and your stores and your mails and your visitors—if any—went by the same route.

On the day that Leo and Cecily came to Tinomana—Cecily drugged with happiness, chloroformed by sun and sea airs, so that she no longer felt the sting of the Puritan conscience that had tormented her all along the cold New Zealand coasts and up from Australia; Leo Gamble, dark, inscrutable, calm as he had always been calm, even in those moments of fierce danger that had been common in his explorer's career—they stood together on the top of the island, looking towards the illimitable sea-line that lay before them, clear as the rim of a lens, or as the ring that Leo held in his hand and showed to Cecily.

"Two rings of eternity," he said to her, and set the gold ring on her hand. He had kept it for this hour.

"What is the inscription?" she said, looking at it closely. It was an Egyptian scarab ring, of great age and value.

"Translated," he said, "it's this—

'I found thee,
I keep thee,
The gods give thee to me for ever.'"

Cecily drew a long breath of delight. It was not the moment to remember—but she could not help remembering—George Grant, her husband, away down in Dunwoodie, at the cold Antarctic end of New Zealand. George, twenty years older than herself, a solicitor with no interests beyond his practice, had been "sensible" about the engagement ring. It was a standard pattern half hoop of very small diamonds, like—except as to size—every ring that every girl in Dunwoodie had ever been given. He had said, as he put it on her hand, "Now don't go dropping it down the wash-basin, or losing it along the beach, for you won't get another. . . ."

That ring was at the bottom of the Antarctic Ocean, where Leo Gamble, adventurer, explorer and famous man, had thrown it, with her wedding ring, the night they ran away to the steamer.

It had been a whirlwind courtship. Leo, coming back from the Antarctic, had met the little yellow-haired wife of his solicitor at a dinner given in honour of the exploring party; had been told by interested friends that Grant kept her shut up in a box, and wouldn't even let her go to the pictures, because he was jealous of everything and everybody, jealous even of Gary Cooper and Clark Gable; had felt, the moment he saw her, that she was too good for such a fool. . . . Leo Gamble, lover of many women, knew, if Grant did not, that no woman, married or single, can be cheated for ever of the one thing that matters more to her than anything on earth—her dream.

ON that dream has Hollywood been founded; have the innumerable picture palaces been built; have the colossal fortunes of producing firms been made, and the names and faces of dream lovers, dream projections of unsatisfactory selves, gone flying round the world.

Leo knew well how the screen slaked the thirsts of frustrated people; how pictures took the place of opium and hashish with unsatisfied wives; and here was an unsatisfied wife, pretty as the frail pink Arctic poppies in her garden, without so much as the shadow of an Adolphe Menjou "to content herself withal."

She told him, moreover, in the first of their stolen talks, that George wouldn't even let her read anything he hadn't censored, and that she had been enjoying so much the life of Sir Richard Burton, the lover of beautiful Isabel, the great explorer, " with the brow of a god and the jaw of a devil," when George took the book away and sent it back to the library. Also that he had gone about whistling the day T. E. Lawrence died, because Cecily had seen the Arab pictures of Lawrence, and liked them, so that, of course, she cried a little over the news. Leo, who was considered to be, and considered himself, not unlike the Burton and Lawrence type, saw his chance, and seized it with the dash and determination that had already carried him through the adventures, amatory and geographical, of thirty stormy years. This golden Cecily, with her New Zealand clove-pink bloom, and the wasted, defeated youth of her, like the spilled scent of the clove-pink, crying out, " Take me, take ! " was clearly meant for him.

The day they came to Tinomana he said to her, after he had put the priceless scarab on her hand and kissed it, " This is our home, for as long as you like, but remember that other island, Takau, isn't for you. You must never go on it, for any reason or any excuse."

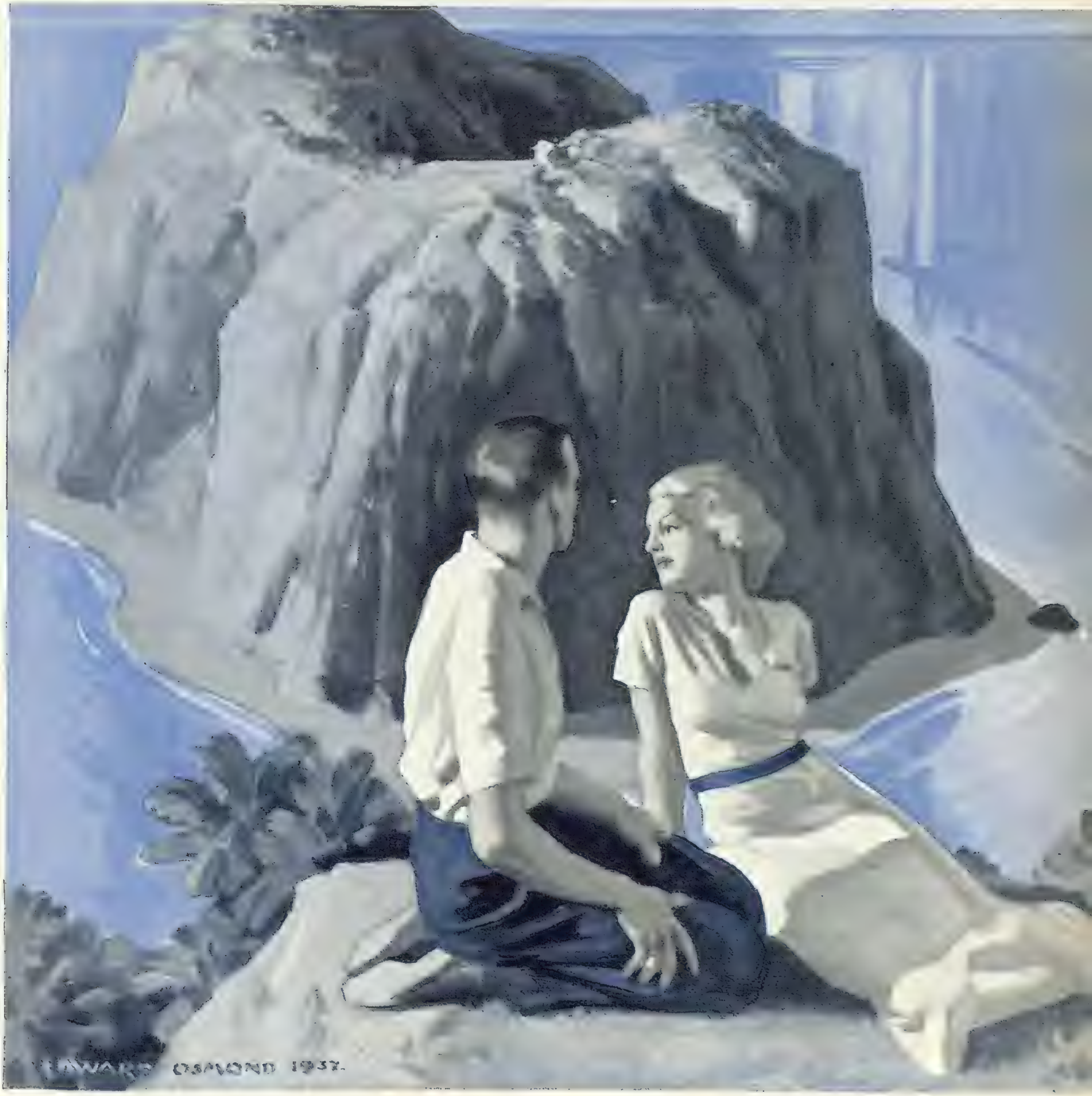
Illustrated by Edward Osmond

" Why, my Lord Bluebeard ? " she asked him, and he said, " No matter. Call me Bluebeard if you like——"

" You're dark enough," she said, looking again at the dusky, deep-set eyes, the black-dotted " jaw of a devil," that likened him, in the opinion of many, to his nineteenth-century prototype, Richard Burton.

" Call me anything ; call Takau Bluebeard's chamber, if you choose, but let the keys alone." His eye wandered to the native canoe that lay on the low beach of Tinomana.

Cecily would have given him, on demand, her head upon a charger, if such a gift had been anatomically possible. " I promise," she said.


EDWARD OSMOND 1937.

" THIS is our home, for as long as you like, but remember that other island, Takau, isn't for you. You must never go on it, for any reason or any excuse "

It had been hard to keep the promise, when she saw that Bluebeard was in the habit of visiting his own secret chamber, almost daily; that he picked up things on the beach, brought them back, wrapped in bagging, and stored them carefully underneath the living-room floor. For a good while he had tested her patience, her obedience, by saying nothing at all about this treasure-trove, whatever it might be.

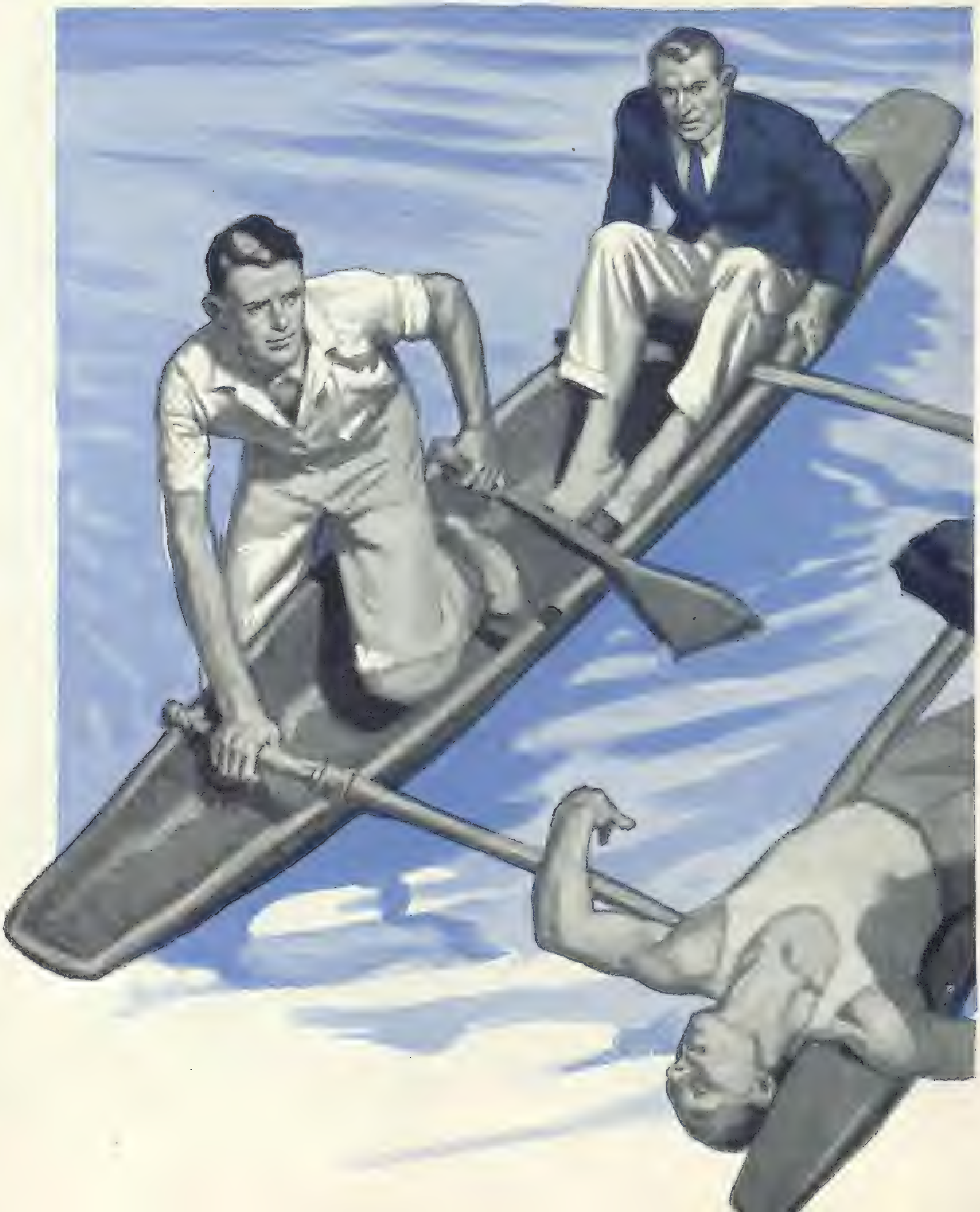
But one day, when she had come upon him unexpectedly, as he was storing away a bag of some yellow-brown substance that spilled out and fell upon the floor, he had said, cocking a mischievous eye at her, " What is it, Madame B. ? "

Cecily sniffed fastidiously. " It's ugly," she said, " and it smells like—like something toasted—toast gone a little bad and spread with baddish butter. If you ask me."

" That," said Leo, " is ambergris."

" What ! the thing they make the perfumes of ? "

" The thing that's used in perfumery. Yes. Less of it in the world every year, as the big whales are killed off. Nobody knows much about the big sperm whales and how and why they produce ambergris—it's really a disease—but I've picked up some information most people haven't got : worked out for myself their routes. Between two of the Solomons is one, east coast of New Caledonia is another, *and* that last is a sick whales' bay, nobody knows why; but they get lots of ambergris, and, being French and practical, say mighty little about it. Well, this is another. Between these islands, at certain times of the year, you'll see the flukes and the black backs of them coming up as they go through. *And* when they're sick they come. Must be so, because it's a real mine of ambergris ; that's why I took up the islands. The currents seem to land it mostly on Takau. But here's the catch " (he was stowing away treasure as he spoke—rough lumps the size of a fist, worth as much as a motor-car ; lumps as big as a man's head, worth a fine town house). " I couldn't keep it, if anyone found out. Law of flotsam and jetsam.



Thrown up on the beach or floating about —anyone's." He put by the last of the greasy, burnt-smelling stuff, and clamped down the movable floorboards over it.

"So that's the Bluebeard secret?" Cecily demanded eagerly. She did not care much about the treasure-trove, but very much about being in Leo's confidence.

Leo didn't answer her at first, and then, as he walked out on to the verandah, sending his keen-sighted glance up and down the quiet seas—a thing he always did when he had finished working in the cache—he said: "What I told you about Takau still holds—Madame Bluebeard."

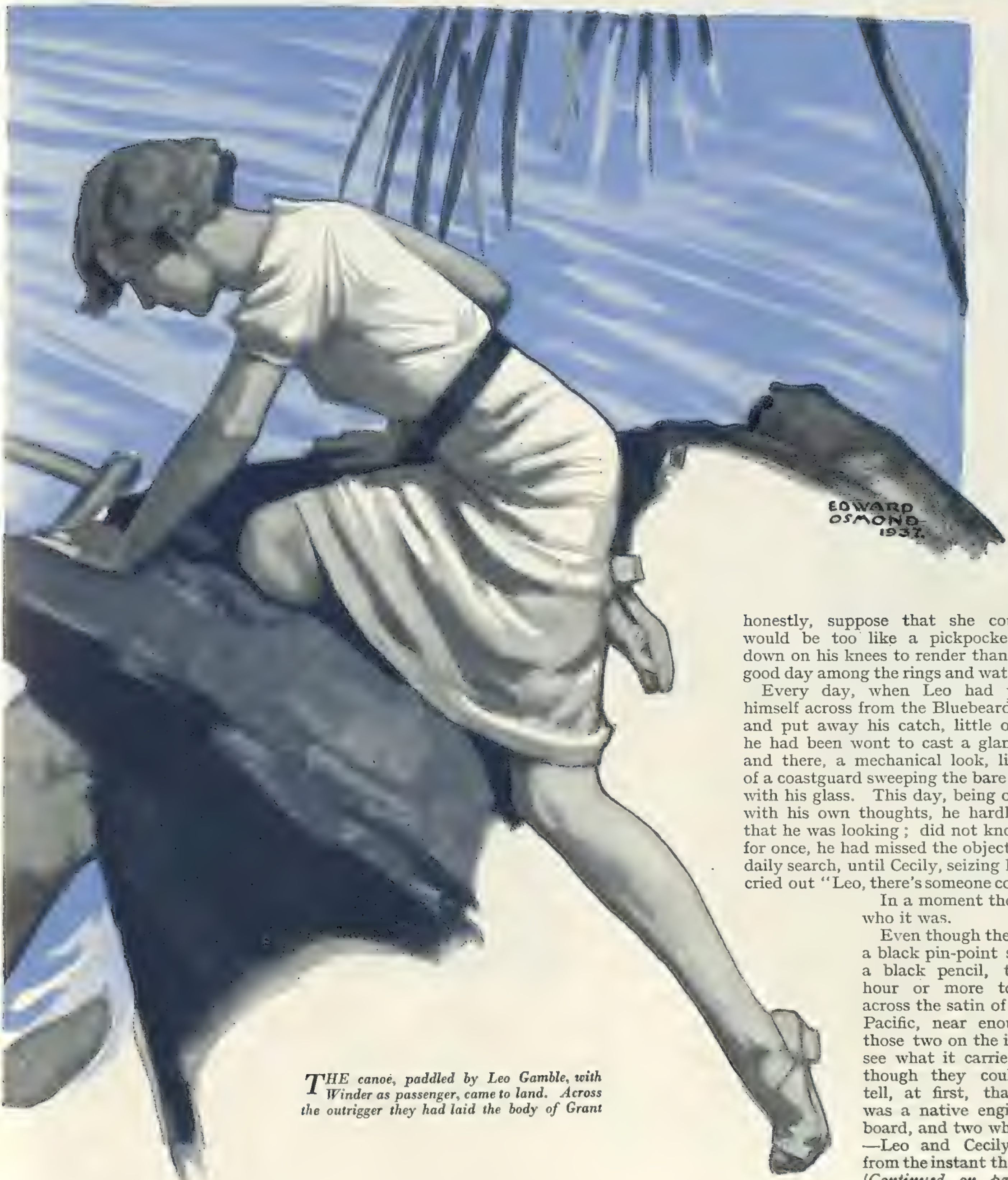
"It's nothing that matters," she thought. "The dear likes his little secrets. Men must have toys, and secrets are Leo's."

BUT she was astonished at his keenness, his almost greediness, over this treasure-trove of the seas. She hadn't thought him so very fond of money.

Gamble was not fonder of it than, perhaps, you or I. But neither you nor I, maybe, has ever had the special reason for wanting money, money in large heaps, that Leo Gamble had—after he stole away the wife of George Grant, solicitor. After he realised that Cecily's Puritan conscience might be scotched, but could not, altogether, be killed. After he guessed that she couldn't be kept, for always, unless Grant divorced her—which was the last thing a man of Grant's type was likely to do.

Money was the only chance. Money that would buy them both a position in some sort of society, after the islands of the blest had palled, as even blest islands do. If you have money enough, you can get away with murder, Leo thought. Or without money—sometimes . . . He passed his hand across his cat-moustache, and smiled. Only the earth's waste places knew what Leo Gamble had got away with in the buried years.

Beside him clove-pink Cecily stood, like a coloured angel off a birthday cake, wishing from her heart that she could sufficiently thank Heaven for the priceless gift of Leo's love. But she did not, honestly, suppose that she could. It would be too like a pickpocket going down on his knees to render thanks for a good day among the rings and watches . . .



THE canoe, paddled by Leo Gamble, with Winder as passenger, came to land. Across the outrigger they had laid the body of Grant

Every day, when Leo had paddled himself across from the Bluebeard island and put away his catch, little or large, he had been wont to cast a glance here and there, a mechanical look, like that of a coastguard sweeping the bare horizon with his glass. This day, being occupied with his own thoughts, he hardly knew that he was looking; did not know that, for once, he had missed the object of that daily search, until Cecily, seizing his arm, cried out "Leo, there's someone coming!"

In a moment they knew who it was.

Even though the launch, a black pin-point stuck in a black pencil, took an hour or more to creep across the satin of the still Pacific, near enough for those two on the island to see what it carried—even though they could only tell, at first, that there was a native engineer on board, and two white men —Leo and Cecily knew, from the instant the launch

(*Continued on page* 144)

Friend of the Emperor and Eye-witness of the Habsburg Tragedies—

Katharina Schratt

The Villa Felicitas, the residence of Katharina Schratt, where the Emperor was a daily visitor

A portrait of Franz Joseph taken during the latter part of his reign, one of the longest in history. The Grand Old Man of the Habsburg dynasty was frequently pictured in Tyrolean costume

IN one of the quiet side-streets of the Vienna suburb of Hietzing, where the squat old houses dream placidly like the sentinels of a bygone age abandoned by their master, far from the clangour of the tramcars and the hooting of motor-horns, where in the springtime the air is fragrant with the scent of jasmine from the neighbouring park of Schönbrunn, there lives in solitary retirement from the world an old lady.

Her name was once familiar to all the world. To-day she is forgotten.

But she is still " the " celebrity of the peaceful little Hietzing backwater. The oldest inhabitants of what was formerly the Court district of Vienna reverentially raise their hats when they meet this white-haired old lady in the street. And then the memory of a vanished and, for her, far happier time glistens in her eyes. As the old lady makes her slow progress along the street, stopping every now and again to give a lump of sugar to the horses of the delivery vans, they stare at her with wonder. Sadly their eyes follow the pathetic figure in her old-fashioned clothes of the woman who once occupied the most envied position in the old Austro-Hungarian Empire, the woman who was the friend and confidante of the Emperor.

She gave him her true and loyal friendship throughout the troubled years. She comforted Franz Joseph for all the blows Fate dealt him, for all the sorrows which he was called upon to bear. And they were not slight nor few.

His brother Maximilian was executed, his sister-in-law burnt to death, his son Rudolf committed suicide, his wife was assassinated by an anarchist, his favourite nephew succumbed to a dreadful disease, and his heir was foully murdered. Amid these catastrophes Franz Joseph stood like the hero of a Greek tragedy, humbly bowing his head beneath the blows of Fate. Truly he was spared nothing.

Katharina Schratt in the heyday of her youth. She is here pictured as Lorle, a leading rôle in the play "Village and Town"

Only one harmonious, happy relationship remained to him until the end of his life, running like a glad and hopeful thread through all these sinister disasters: this was his friendship with Katharina Schratt.

She was the only person in whom Franz Joseph had confidence. And she proved herself worthy of this trust.

Through all the years she was modest and retiring; she never pushed herself forward into the limelight, always remaining in the background and the shadow.

And so she continued after the Emperor's death. She who knew more about the tragedies within the House of Habsburg than

An early portrait of the beautiful Empress Elizabeth. When she was 51 years old she had been living apart from the Emperor for some time, and invited Katharina Schratt to the Hermes Villa, as she wanted to see the woman who had made such an impression on the Emperor

The Archduke Franz Ferdinand with his wife (Countess Sophie Chotek) and their three children. On account of this marriage he had to renounce all rights of succession to the throne of Austria for any of his children

Katharina Schratt as she appeared on the stage as Maria Theresa. She is wearing the original jewels which belonged to the Empress

(*Below*)
A recent portrait of the Emperor's friend Katharina Schratt, who is now 84 years old

The beautiful Baroness Marie Vetsera, who was found dead in the Hunting Lodge at Mayerling, with the Crown Prince Rudolf

The Crown Prince Rudolf, heir to the throne of Austria, who was found shot dead at Mayerling

The Crown Princess Stephanie, who had complained to the Emperor of the dissolute life the Crown Prince Rudolf was leading

Her True Life Story, in all its Completeness in Connection with the Emperor Franz Joseph, is told for the First Time

By Stefan Lorant

any other preserved her silence. She wrote no memoirs, she gave no interviews, she did not let herself be photographed.

She lived, and still lives to-day, a quiet life, cut off from the world, aloof from noise and bustle, a life filled with splendid memories. She wishes to see no one. She loves her solitude.

Nevertheless a friend of mine succeeded in being received by Katharina Schratt. He wanted information from her for an historical work on the Emperor Franz Joseph. He asked her many questions, but she was only silent.

My friend got up to go. He was already at the door when Frau Schratt, after a moment's reflection, said with a sudden impulse of communicativeness: " Dear me, how fond he was of cabbage ! "

And this was all that she vouchsafed concerning the private life of the Emperor Franz Joseph.

How much more could Frau Schratt reveal if she could be induced to talk. Her friendship of over a quarter of a century with Franz Joseph sounds like a romantic fairy-tale of a vanished era which is past, never to return.

SHE met Franz Joseph for the first time in 1888. At that time she was still a young actress at the Vienna Burgtheater.

She was a member of the stock company of Vienna's National Theatre, a proud title in the old imperial Austria. Fräulein Schratt was ambitious: she wanted to play great parts. Producers put her off with promises, the director gave her a few polite words of encouragement, but the

(*Continued on page 128*)

By Barbara Hedworth

GARLA had been so silent all the evening that Jane, her mother, thought there must be something wrong. Perhaps she hadn't received Jerry's daily letter. Perhaps . . . Jane sighed quietly. She had had a heavy and bothersome day at her dress-shop; she didn't feel in the mood to involve herself in Garla's worry, which was probably an imaginary one anyway. Ever since four o'clock that afternoon, when one of her assistants had brought her tea-tray and Jane had given herself a moment to relax, she'd thought with weary eagerness of home. This small, convenient flat overlooking Kensington Gardens . . . her easy-chair . . . putting up one's slippered, aching feet, and listening idly to Garla's gay prattle.

And Garla hadn't made a single remark of her own accord since Jane's return a little before seven. She'd answered Jane's questions as to her doings of the day with brief absent-mindedness.

Well, there must be something badly wrong . . . Garla was biting the left corner of her lip—a sure sign that she was bothered.

Jane braced herself and asked:

"Anything the matter, Garla?"

Garla raised her eyes from the magazine she'd been pretending to read. Her clear blue eyes were so troubled.

She said:

"I've a favour to ask you, mummie . . ."

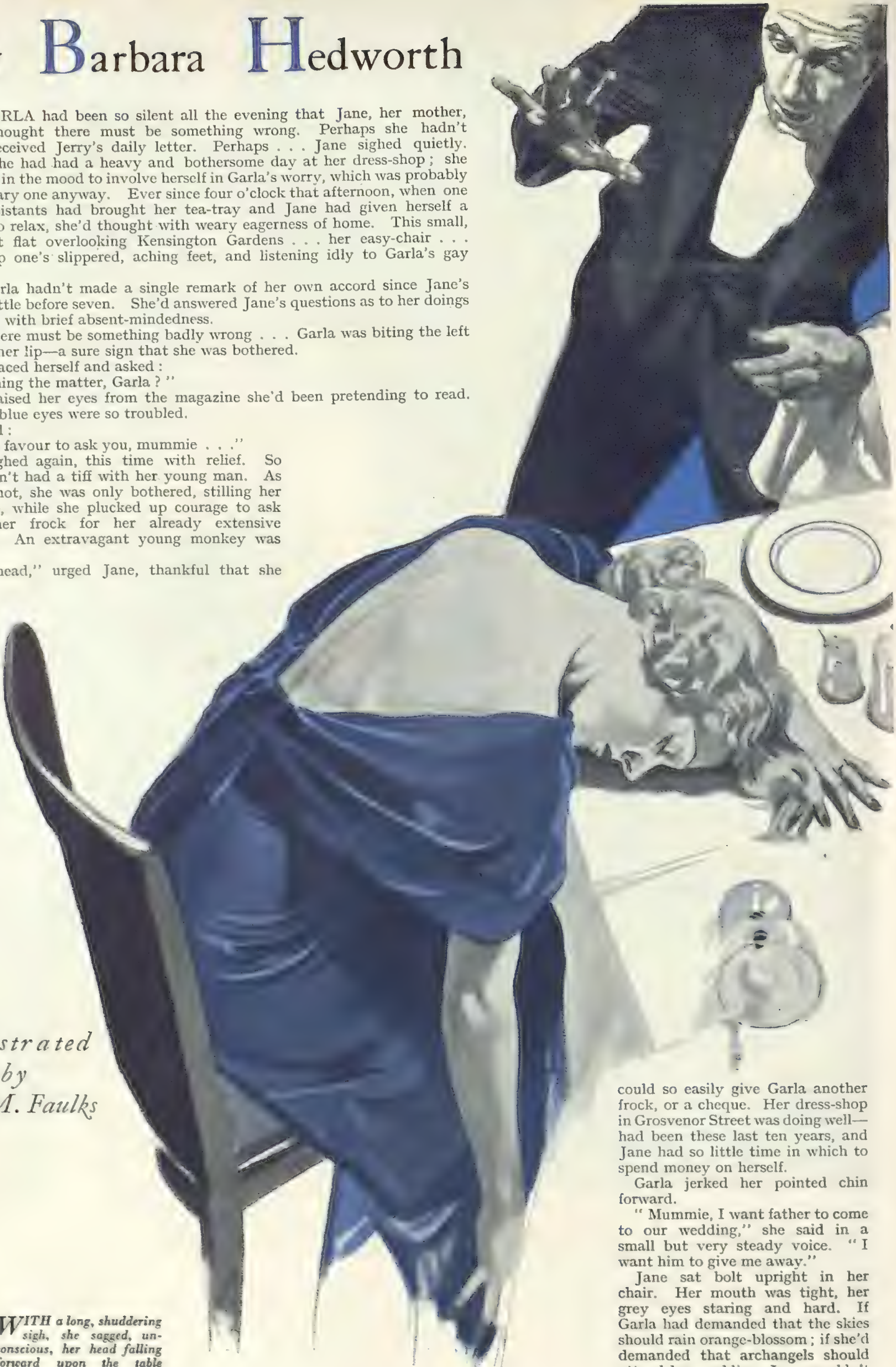
Jane sighed again, this time with relief. So Garla hadn't had a tiff with her young man. As likely as not, she was only bothered, stilling her conscience, while she plucked up courage to ask for another frock for her already extensive trousseau. An extravagant young monkey was Garla.

"Go ahead," urged Jane, thankful that she could so easily give Garla another frock, or a cheque. Her dress-shop in Grosvenor Street was doing well—had been these last ten years, and Jane had so little time in which to spend money on herself.

Garla jerked her pointed chin forward.

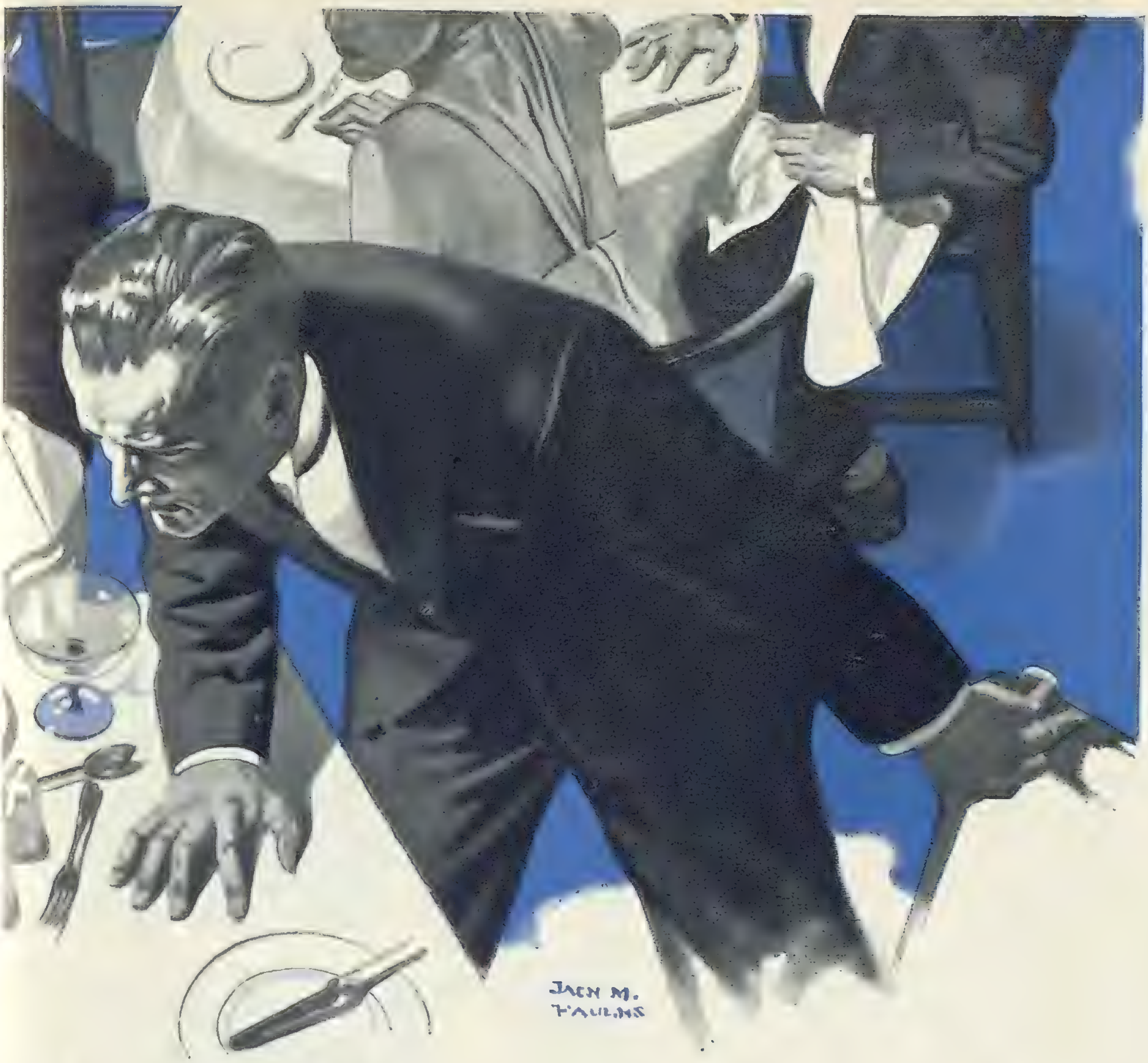
"Mummie, I want father to come to our wedding," she said in a small but very steady voice. "I want him to give me away."

Jane sat bolt upright in her chair. Her mouth was tight, her grey eyes staring and hard. If Garla had demanded that the skies should rain orange-blossom; if she'd demanded that archangels should attend her wedding, Jane wouldn't



WITH a long, shuddering sigh, she sagged, unconscious, her head falling forward upon the table

Illustrated by Jack M. Faulks



The Wedding *of* Garla

And what it meant to Garla's mother

have felt more impotent against the child's request.

"I was afraid you might be a bit upset, mummie," said Garla, calmly.

Jane steadied herself, asking:

"Just why would you want your father to give you away, Garla?"

Garla's face, transparently white, with her tilted nose powdered with fine, golden freckles, wore a strangely resentful expression. Her rouged lips were pouted.

"Chiefly because I've lied."

Jane said sharply:

"Don't talk in silly riddles, my dear." And then, with a sneaking triumph: "Your father wouldn't come, anyway."

"But, mummie, I know he would," contradicted Garla. "You see, I've asked him, and he says it depends entirely on you."

"Of all the ridiculous nonsense."

Jane sank back into her chair. She simply hadn't the energy to argue with Garla this evening. It had been such a beast of a day at the shop, with every blessed thing going stubbornly wrong since nine o'clock that morning. The series of catastrophes had started with her designer's wife telephoning that he was too ill to come to work. 'Flu, she thought, and Jane's spring dress show was only three weeks away.

Then a mannequin had fainted. Jane had been sorry for the poor girl, but she couldn't help thinking what a pity it was that she should have had to flop into a huddle on the floor while showing an evening gown to Lillie Green, the film star, who was always in such a hurry, and who had rushed away at the faint, promising vaguely to come back later.

Jane had no sooner arranged for the mannequin, Marguerite, to be sent home in a taxi, when her buyer stormed in upon her, frantic because an urgently needed delivery of silks from France had been held up at the customs.

The star customer, Lady Vivien, had sent back her hats saying nothing would induce her to wear them, and Jane spent twenty minutes on the telephone, convincing her ladyship that others could be made for her within a few days, if only she could spare the time to come and choose them. What maddened Jane mostly was the fact that she'd warned

Lady Vivien against that idiotic dunce-cap and the exaggerated halo. They'd been designed for women who preferred looking conspicuous to beautiful.

There had been a host of trivial worries besides. Irritating pin-pricks to one's nervous system. Yet nothing which had happened at her shop worried Jane so much as her daughter's alarming request that a father, who, until two years ago, had been merely a name to her, should give her away at her marriage to Jeremy Peters a fortnight hence.

Garla began to explain of her own accord. " Mummie, it's like this." Jane wished she wouldn't fidget with her hands. " I haven't told Jerry about . . . you two . . . you and daddy . . . he thinks you're just like any ordinary married couple."

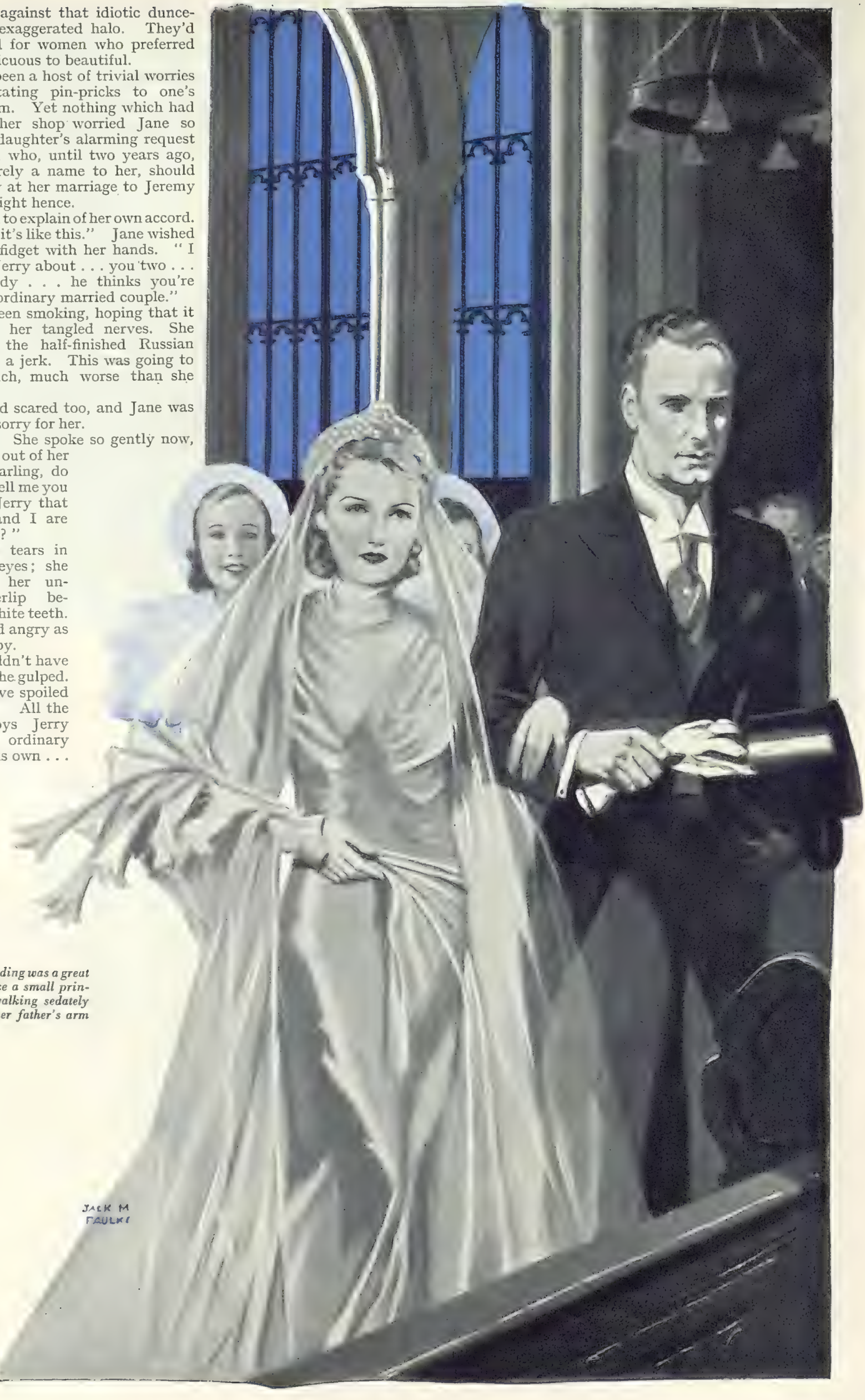
Jane had been smoking, hoping that it would soothe her tangled nerves. She stubbed out the half-finished Russian cigarette with a jerk. This was going to be worse, much, much worse than she had expected.

Garla looked scared too, and Jane was all at once so sorry for her.

" Darling." She spoke so gently now, coaxing Garla out of her distress. " Darling, do you mean to tell me you haven't told Jerry that your father and I are divorced . . . ? "

There were tears in Garla's blue eyes; she was holding her unsteady underlip between even, white teeth. But she looked angry as well as unhappy.

"Jerry wouldn't have understood," she gulped. " It might have spoiled everything . . All the girls and boys Jerry knows have ordinary parents like his own . . .



GARLA'S wedding was a great success. Like a small princess she looked walking sedately up the aisle on her father's arm

Don't you see, mummie, it might have spoiled everything if I'd told him things at home weren't . . . that way . . . with me ? "

Jane said very quietly :

" I see . . ."

No, she supposed Jerry Peters, the son of a country parson, wouldn't have understood. Jane, with her smart London background, and all the confidences she received from customers who discarded a husband as casually as a last year's hat, had forgotten that there were still people in England to whom divorce was still something shameful, something tied up with all the ugly sordidness of seaside hotel bills and legal hagglings about alimony and the custody of the child.

Only it hadn't been like that with her and Roger. A dissolution of partnership, that's what Roger had called it, and he was perfectly right.

" We don't get on any more," Roger had said.

And he'd been right again.

They'd started to bicker, Jane and Roger, to whom passion had come like an immense tornado, sweeping away their reason, their sanity almost. Just before the end, even, they'd still found a certain ragged solace in their physical delight of each other.

Only that hadn't been enough. Jane's kisses, the sharp tenderness of her, didn't compensate Roger for the lonely hours he'd spent, evening after evening, in their flat at Golders Green, waiting for Jane to come back from work. (She'd been a sales-girl then, at Varise in Bond Street ; keen on her work, with dreams of the day when she should have her own shop.)

Poor Roger, eating solitary dinners cooked by Maggie, the little maid-of-all-work, and keeping his own nerves trim and taut, so as to be able to deal with Jane's weariness.

But there'd also been Jane's side to the question. She'd warned Roger from the start : " Darling, I love you and I'll marry you, only I'm going to keep on with my job."

Roger had known, in those short, rapturous weeks before their marriage, all about Jane's aching, swollen feet, her irregular hours, and how much of herself she gave to her work.

They had needed her money, too. Roger had reluctantly agreed upon that. They could have lived on his pay, but only just, and there wouldn't have been anything over for the snappy clothes Jane wore, her powders and hair-sets, and the occasional bottles of perfume which came out of the commission cheque at the end of the month.

Jane had been angry when she discovered she was going to have Garla. That was a year after her marriage. She and Roger had been quarrelling violently in those days, but making it up so quickly. They assured each other at the end of each row that their love was of the same ardent quality ; they only quarrelled, they said, because their nerves were on edge, and it didn't mean anything really.

JANE paid for her confinement out of her own savings. She was making almost twice as much as Roger, who was in the printing business. She'd thought he'd be as thrilled as she was when she came home from Varise with the news .

" They're going to keep my job open for me, Roger."

But Roger had sulked and chewed the corner of his lip as Garla did when she was bothered about something. He'd muttered :

" Who's going to look after the baby then ? "

He got his first big rise soon after Garla's birth. A trained nurse was hired for the baby and Roger paid her wages. A year later, Jane inherited a legacy from an aunt and sank it all in a dress-shop in Kensington.

Then she was coming home later than ever, and more and more exhausted. Her business was under-capitalised, and she had to look to every penny. But at the end of the first year she could show a small profit, and already she was talking of the day when she would be able to move to the West End. But already her home life was crumpling up. Roger, holding down his job . . . just that . . . started staying out late. He never explained his absences, and Jane never questioned him. Each had enough money to be independent of the other. On the rare occasions that they spent an evening together, they bickered about Garla . . . Jane's shop . . . the dinner . . . Roger's taste in ties, and Jane's make-up. Roger was often bitter about the way he considered she neglected her baby.

Garla was three when Jane discovered Roger was taking out a small blonde girl from his office. And that was the end. Roger had defended himself half-heartedly :

" A chap has got to have feminine society . . . and precious little I get of yours, my dear."

Jane still loved Roger then, more than Roger imagined; only her love was so choked with the other less important things in life that she hadn't put up the smallest (*Continued on page* 173)

ROGER was standing beside Jane, watching them out of sight

By Olive Randall

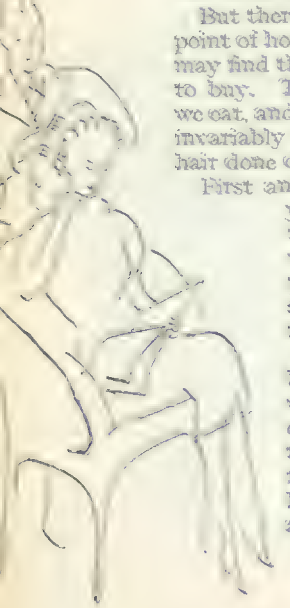
UP FOR THE CORONATION

There's one thing wrong with Guides. They are so busy giving you the low-down on things that happened centuries ago that they never tell women any of the things that are important now.

Every one of them will start by affirming that London is the gayest place in the world. But none of them will break it to you that, if you want go get around to doing even half the things you have planned, you will have to develop a special Coronation technique. You won't get by on the strength of your marvellous constitution. You will need to have the quiet determination of an elephant and the wiliness of a serpent.

So long as you don't waste hours each day in dashing heedlessly from place to place, you—and everybody else—will be all right.

But there are certain things that have become almost a point of honour with women, no matter in what place they may find themselves. There are always things they want to buy. There is the inevitable question "Where shall we eat, and where can we take the Blanks?" But almost invariably the first vital demand is, "Where can I get my hair done decently?"



First and foremost, what exactly is your idea? Do you want a new, exciting, talk-starting coiffure that will carry you through a grand evening with *éclat*—or do you want something that is practical and just sufficiently different to show you afresh to yourself and to your friends?

If you want a real thrill, go to Antoine. To begin with, you will find all the rest of the smart world in his Dover Street place at some time or another, and you will be able to talk intimately afterwards about various well-knowns, for you learn a lot about a woman when you have seen her emerging dripping from a basin and sat opposite her for an hour or so when she is lulled into a sense of false security by the hum of a dryer. Your hair will have the trim it has waited for all its life. Your set will look gorgeous.

Antoine is not cheap, but what is that's good?

There is Francis, in Hanover Street, and Emile, in Conduit Street. Vasco, in Dover Street, is liked for his originality, and so is Raymond, of Grafton Street. These are all top-notchers.

If you are fighting a losing battle with time and want to have your hair, your nails, and your feet done while you eat your lunch, try Phyllis Earle, of Dover Street, or the newly-opened hairdressing department at Harrods.

All the big hotels have resident hairdressers, but wherever you decide to go, remember to ring up and book your appointment in good time. Good hairdressers are going to be greatly in demand.

The next most pressing problem is where to eat—and when. If you are lunching with a woman, go to the Berkeley Buttery—and get there early.

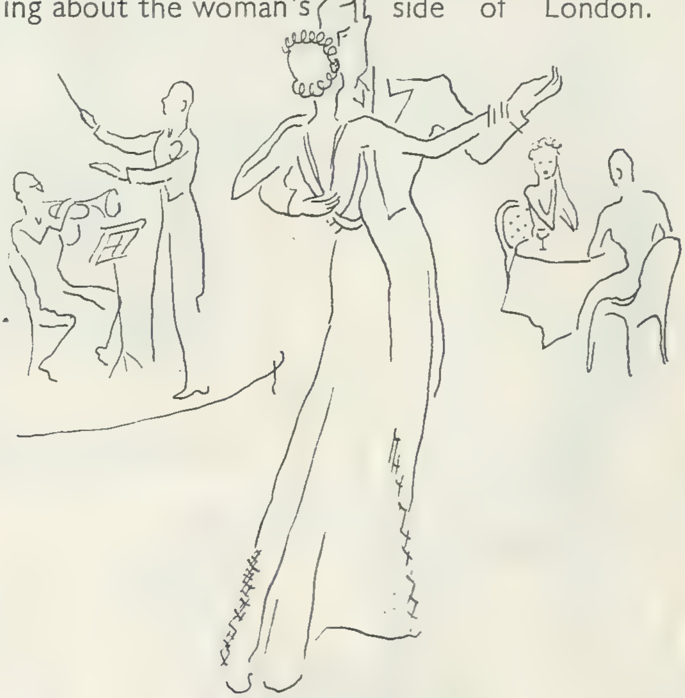
Just before one is the best time, for during the next half-hour the smartest young women in town will crowd in until there is hardly room to move. It is gay and casual and noisy, and better than any dress show. The food is light and delicious, and your bill for two need not be any more than twelve shillings, including wine and coffee.

Just over the road, next door to the Mayfair, in Stratton Street, is the Viking. Here you will find piquant Danish food and an atmosphere a little less hectic than the Buttery. The prices, too, are slightly lower. Quite definitely it is a place to go to for a light meal before the theatre, for the service is good, and the people are amusing.

If you want to make up an impressive luncheon party, go to the Ritz if it is a fine day, for it is pleasant to look out across the park. Or to Quaglino's. They are the top, and everybody knows it. In either of them your bill for

If you are a woman and a stranger in these parts you will want to know. . . Where to go for a good hair-do. . . Where to get the right facial. . . Where to lunch quickly or smartly. . . Where to buy clothes. What shows to see. . . What windows to gaze at. . . This know-all article tells you everything about the woman's side of London.

BOVRIL
SCHWEPPES
GINGER ALE



two will be in the neighbourhood of 25s., including cocktails and wine.

Monseigneur, in Jermyn Street, is an excellent place for a family party. There you will find an astonishingly good 5s. 6d. lunch, and an atmosphere of quiet luxury.

But there are bound to be days when you want to eat by yourself. The sort of sandwich meal that women love. Off, then, to the Workhouse. It is in Maddox Street, and is the haunt of the mannequins from the big-shot dressmakers round about.

The Majorca, in Brewer Street, is a new Spanish place, good and inexpensive. Soho you must explore for yourself, but Escargot Bienvenu and Romano's, next door to each other in Greek Street, should be added to your list.

That is enough about food for the moment. You will be getting mental indigestion if I add any more names to this varied *carte gastronomique*, so I'll talk about dining, dancing, and supping later.

It is obvious that this hectic life is going to be hard on your looks—that is, unless you take special care of them.

Have you ever wondered how it is that some women always manage to look fresh and charming, no matter how busy they may be ? And do you ever realise on your way to keep an important appointment, when it is far too late to dash back to your hotel, that your skin is looking clogged and heavy from constant repowdering ?

Don't despair. It is almost certain that Bond Street will not be far out of your way. Then all you have to do is to walk into the Yardley salons. There, you will find a perfectly appointed dressing-table, replete with all their preparations.

They *want* you to go in and experiment with them, and they will leave you alone or give you their advice, just as you prefer. There is no charge at all—and you needn't feel embarrassed, because you will be only one of hundreds who regularly show them how much they appreciate this helpful courtesy.

There is also the Soignee Beauty Bar, in Bond Street. There you can test for yourself all their specialities and have a complete make-up under the guidance of an expert for 2s. They believe in a healthy-way-to-beauty, and the practical advice of their woman doctor is extremely interesting.

If you believe in simplicity you will like their ideas, for they do not advocate any elaborate system of home treatment.

One of the best things in this world is the Cyclax treatment for tired eyes. You know those days when you look in your mirror and find that your make-up, your hair, everything is overshadowed by the heaviness of your eyes and the deep rings beneath them ?

They were rapidly becoming one of the major problems of my life when I discovered that, in under half an hour, Mrs. Anthony could take ten years off my age. It isn't only that she improves your looks—she takes away that feeling of strain against which you are so powerless to help yourself. Grand before a party or whenever you are tired. Ring her up at the Cyclax place in South Molton Street.

Before you leave London there is one thing that you *must* do. If you enjoy spoiling yourself, you will do it many times. Go to Elizabeth Arden and let her smooth and flatter you into loveliness. There is nothing quite like the soft scented luxury of her rooms, the richness of her preparations, and the sure but delicate manipulation of her girls' hands to straighten out jangled nerves and to induce the complete relaxation that is even sweeter than sleep. Scientifically she can work wonders. Mentally she changes the world for you.

Two last tips. If you are worried about your throat or about the contour of your face, make a point of seeing Helena Rubinstein. After devoting years to the study and treatment of the skin she has created scientific corrective preparations which, she is convinced, make it possible for anybody to re-sculpture the outlines of face and throat.

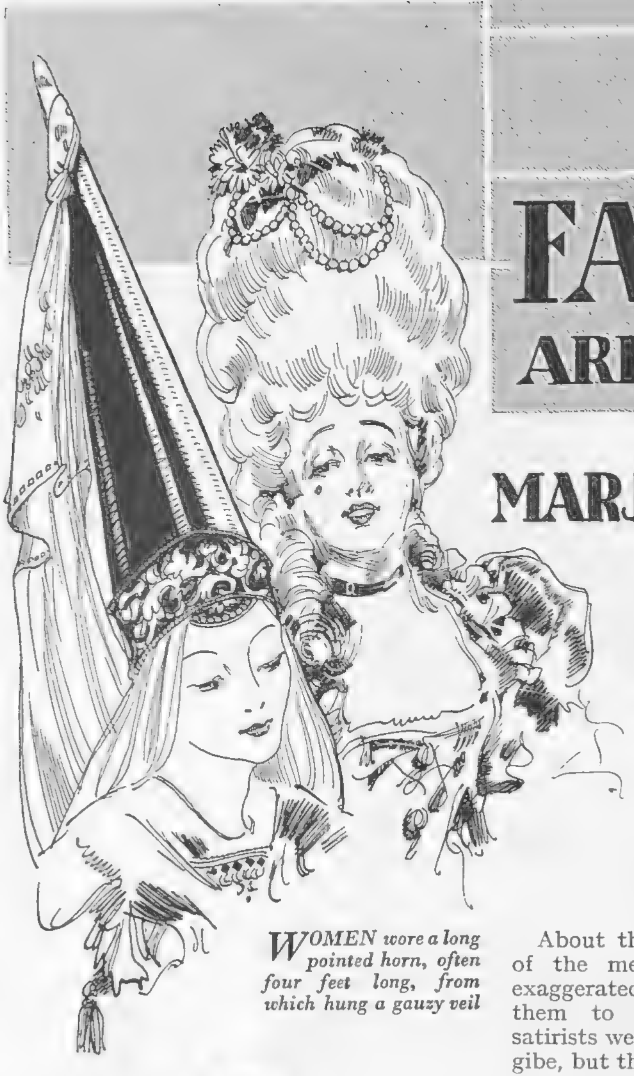
She is a most sincere and stimulating person, and she promises that after two weeks her preparations will produce unbelievable results.

(*Continued on page* 102)

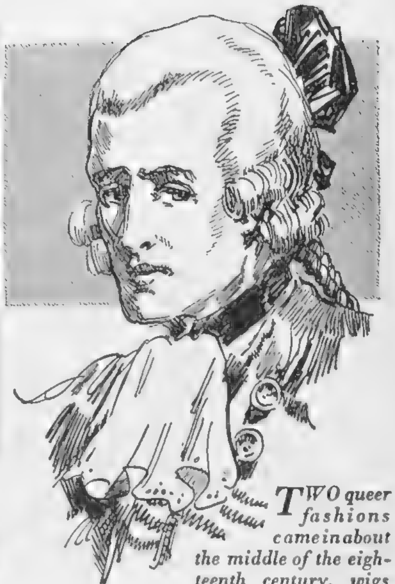
Fools of FASHION ARE'NT WE ALL?

by

MARJORIE BOWEN



WOMEN wore a long pointed horn, often four feet long, from which hung a gauzy veil



TWO queer fashions came in about the middle of the eighteenth century, wigs and powdered hair

IN the late middle ages costumes began to be very eccentric. High foreheads, often reaching to the middle of the head, were much admired, and to set them off women wore a long pointed horn, often four feet long, from which hung a gauzy veil; not a scrap of hair showed and the eyebrows were plucked or shaved.

About the same time the long points of the men's shoes reached such an exaggerated length that they had to tie them to their knees. Puritans and satirists were kept busy with reproof and gibe, but these things have never affected idle fashionable people who cheerfully followed the devices of the tailor and dress designer.

Very often some disease or deformity in a leader of fashion set a mode that lasted for years.

A striking instance of this was the shoes made popular by the gouty toes of Henry VIII; when his Majesty had to ease his pain by wearing gashed shoes, all the courtiers followed suit, and for years nothing was worn but these splayed-out footwear with velvet gashed over satin.

The accession of Scotch James I made "tawny" fashionable, because it was supposed to be the colour of the Scotch lion and the Scotch beard.

This king lived in terror of assassination, and thus made popular the heavily quilted doublet, velvet or satin over cotton wool, that made the wearer look twice his natural size. Coloured starch was introduced in this reign, and for some obscure reason was considered indecent; ladies with coloured starch ruffs were at one time forbidden to attend church.

A famous dress designer, Mrs. Ann Turner, introduced this fashion. She was hanged for murder and the hangman wore, in ill-timed pleasantry, collars and cuffs of yellow starched linen; this, however, did not send the fashion out of favour. Ruffs and collars were monstrous at this time and supported on pins or sticks called "*pickadil*"; one of the shops where they were sold gave the name to Piccadilly—surely the most famous street ever named after an article of dress. The handsome Duke of Buckingham introduced the fashion of a long ringlet over one ear, and a long earring hanging from the other.

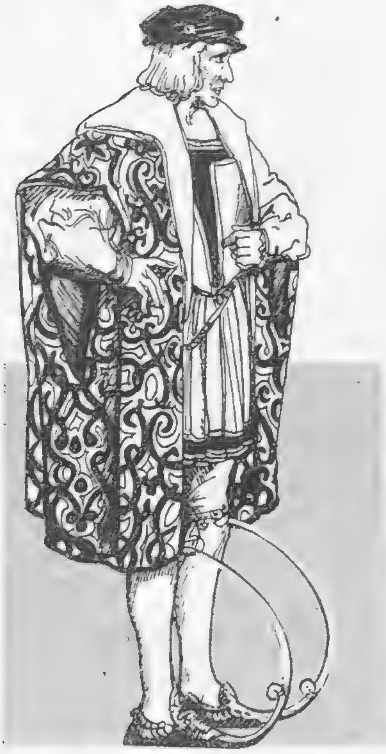
One of his suits was ornamented by all the needles that had been used for embroidery, which were left hanging at the end of each thread; on another the seed pearls were loosely tacked on that they might fall off and disdainfully be left behind.

ANOTHER piece of ostentation consisted in having extremely costly cloaks, folding them up to serve as cushions in friends' houses or public places and leaving them behind. Two queer fashions came in about the middle of the eighteenth century, wigs and powdered hair.

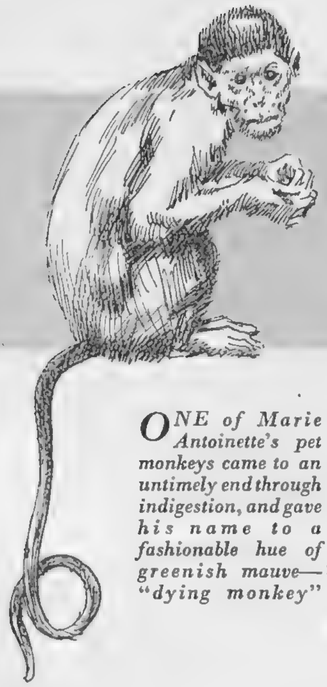
At first the wigs appeared furtively on the heads of those who could no longer produce natural Cavalier curls, then were gradually worn for their own sake until they became monstrous, sometimes rising two feet above the forehead; hats were never worn with these, but carried under the arm. These wigs were very costly; a famous highwayman was hanged in one that cost fifty guineas.

Powder superseded the peruke, a custom nearly as inconvenient and unsanitary. The hair was smeared with a thick pomade, then powder was blown on it from a bellows, while the victim sat with his or her face in a cone of paper. Special closets were built for powdering, as the mess made by the powder was so considerable. This shows how long the fashion lasted; it was, indeed, "in" for nearly a hundred years.

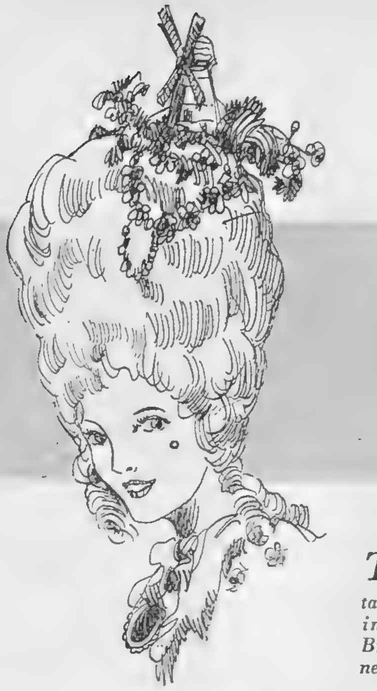
It was one of the mob cries of the French Revolution that flour needed for bread for the poor was being made into powder for the rich. The most absurd fashions were prevalent just before the fall of the French monarchy; ships, little gardens, windmills and models of animals were worn perched



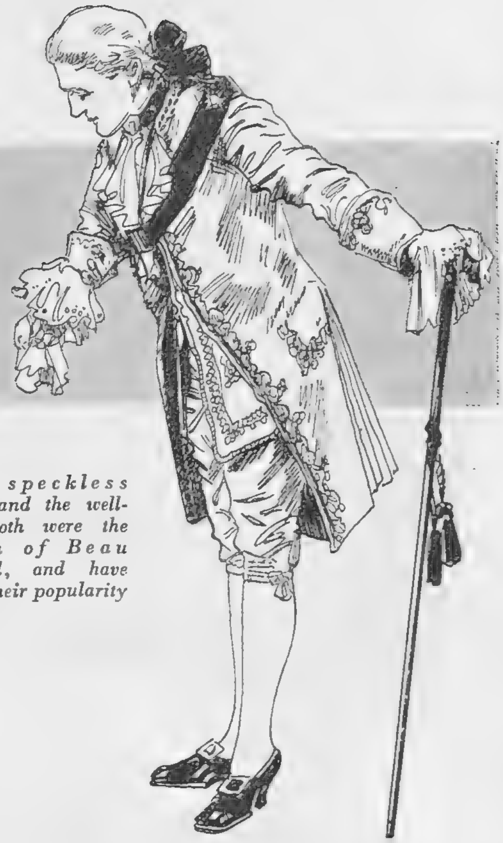
IN the late middle ages the points of men's shoes reached such an exaggerated length that they had to tie them to their knees



ONE of Marie Antoinette's pet monkeys came to an untimely end through indigestion, and gave his name to a fashionable hue of greenish mauve—"dying monkey"



THE most absurd fashions were prevalent just before the fall of the French monarchy. Little gardens and windmills were worn perched on the enormously high headdresses



THE speckless linen and the well-tailored cloth were the invention of Beau Brummell, and have never lost their popularity

on the enormously high headdresses, and the height of oddity was reached by the "Kitchen" coiffure.

A scrubbing brush, some carrots, onions, a knife and fork were laid on a kitchen cloth that was folded on the top of the powdered curls. One of Marie Antoinette's pet monkeys came to an untimely end through indigestion, and gave his name to a fashionable hue of greenish mauve—"dying monkey."

ON another occasion one of the courtiers killed a flea; the King admired the colour of the defunct insect, and "puce" was invented. A patriotic attempt to popularise the potato led to the white flowers of this plant being used as buttonholes by the court.

After the Revolution there was the most violent change in fashion ever known in history; for awhile everything was covered with revolutionary emblems and portraits of the great demagogues of the moment. Then there was a furious classic revival and women caught deadly chills wearing one garment of damped muslin moulded closely to the figure.

This was in sharp contrast to the hoop and the "pouter pigeon" bodice, where the women could not see over their own chests, and for the first time in about four hundred years the natural shape of a human being became visible. Guillotine necklaces were fashionable just after "the Terror"; a row of red beads at the base of the throat, or a scarlet ribbon tied higher up, showed the relative of a victim of "the little widow"!

ENGLAND contributed a fashion that spread all over Europe in the first years of the nineteenth century—the loosely swathed muslin cravat introduced by the Regent, George IV, to conceal his goitre. This neckwear lasted for years. Correctly worn, it made a straight line from the tip of the chin to the chest; it is difficult to see how they were kept up. The speckless linen and the well-tailored cloth as the hall-mark of a gentleman were the invention of Beau Brummell, and have never lost their popularity; his influence ended for ever gaudiness, bright colours, grand materials in the attire of the well-dressed Englishman, though the Scotch revival introduced some oddities in the shape of plaid trousers, coats and caps.

Never were men's costumes so strange as in France during the Romantic revival under Louis Philippe, when it was fashionable to be Byronic, Gothic and Satanic.

Frenchmen, clean-shaven for a hundred and fifty years, grew flowing beards like Frankish kings, and sported brilliant colours in imitation of the courts of the Valois. Crimson, "the colour of hell," and purple, "the colour of damnation," were much patronised.

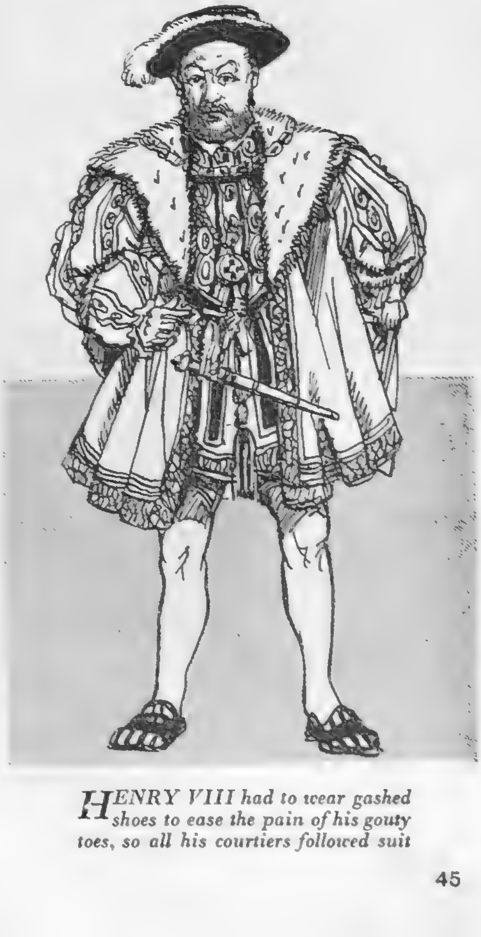
Enthusiasm for "Gothic" styles led one man to go to a dance in full armour; he fell in a fit and nearly died before a blacksmith could be found to release him.

The women of this period tried to dress themselves like "heroines of romance," often with queer results. Lead pencils were sucked and vinegar drunk to obtain pale complexions, and "slimming" caused many a girl to die of downright starvation. A romantic idea of modesty mingled with alluring mystery introduced the veil—a little curtain of lace or net drawn across the poke bonnet; on mourning costumes this was long, thick and black, and made a woman look like a mute at a funeral.

"Varnished" boots were very smart for men, so were very tight *glacé* gloves. Louis Philippe introduced the umbrella and the "toupee"—a knot of curls on the top of the head; soon no respectable family man was complete without both. So associated was the King of the French with the toupee that when he fled to England in 1849 it was quite sufficient disguise for him to take it off; no one recognised him in bald-headed Mr. Smith.

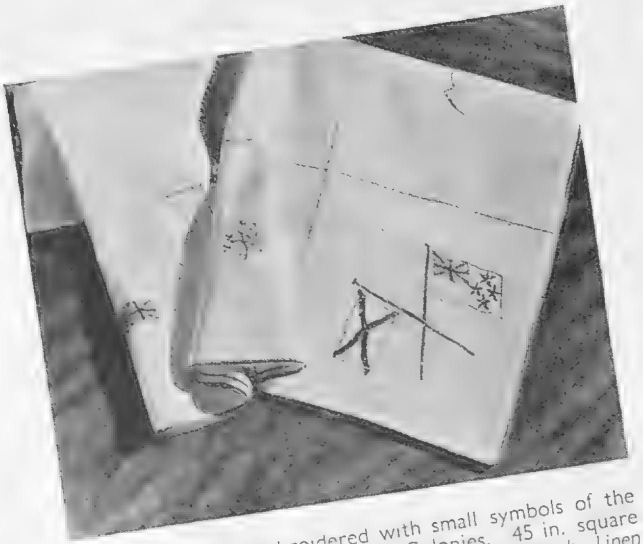
To what did the queer fashions of Victoria's reign owe their origin? What an insidious decorum the motive for the clumsy, voluminous shawl, the crinoline merging into the bustle, the full skirts sweeping the ground, and that extraordinary oddity, the "matron's cap," an unction of lace and ribbon worn on the head after marriage?

Even some modern shops cling—subconsciously, one supposes—to the label "suitable for matron" or "young matron"! Did Prince Albert invent elastic-sided boots to wear with a kilt? A very popular fashion, anyhow, as were carpet slippers—really made of carpet, or woolwork that exactly copied carpet—and round pillbox hats with tassels for men to wear while smoking—an "Eastern" touch, probably. Are we going about to-day in fashions as queer as any of these? One thinks not, but it is impossible to tell what posterity will think of us.



HENRY VIII had to wear gashed shoes to ease the pain of his gouty toes, so all his courtiers followed suit

SOUVENIRS . . .



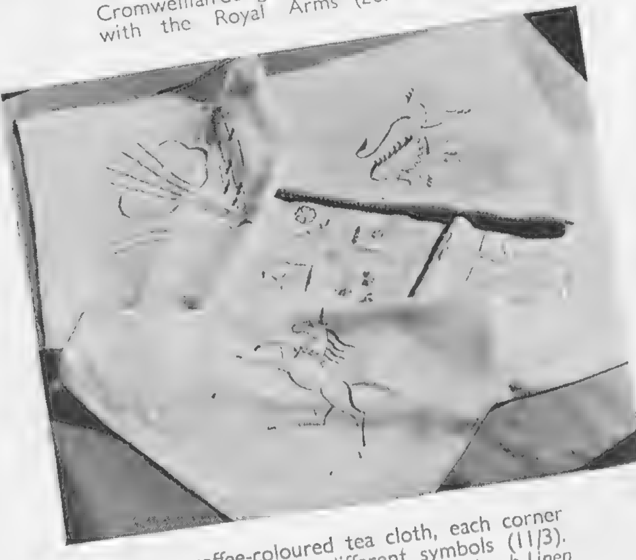
White linen cloth embroidered with small symbols of the United Kingdom, Dominions and Colonies. 45 in. square (11/6). Matching napkins (1/3 each) *Old Bleach Linen*

Peach-coloured shade and glass lamp-stand, gold edged, with gold crowns (8/11). Gold starred stand (14/11)

Magnificent double-handled glass bowl with commemorative lettering on one side, and, on the other the Royal coat of arms in gold (£4. 9s. 6d.)

Glass cigarette box with shamrocks, thistles, leeks and roses engraved on the sides (£3. 9s. 6d.). Star-studded tankard bearing Royal monogram (19/6)

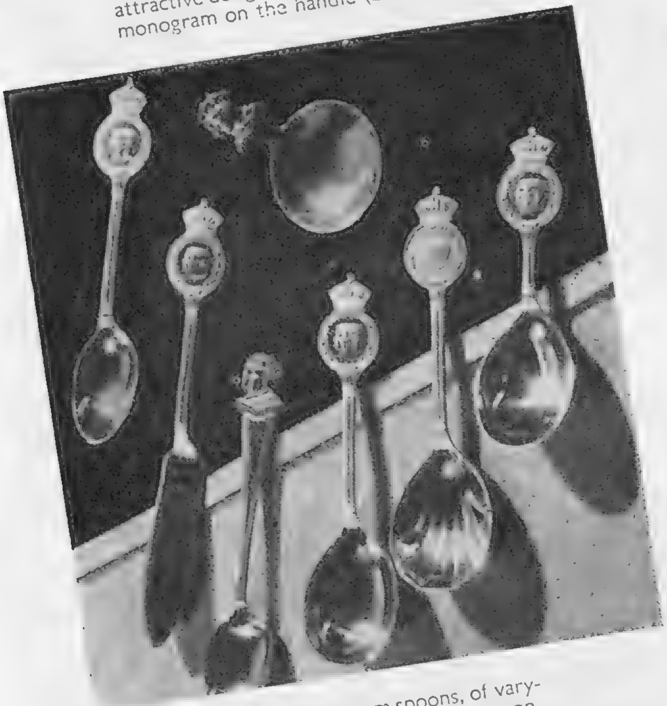
Brass clock, adapted from a Cromwellian design. Face engraved with the Royal Arms (£6. 6s.)



Light coffee-coloured tea cloth, each corner embroidered with different symbols (11/3). Matching napkins (1/3 each). *Old Bleach Linen*

Heavy silver tankard in an attractive design with a crown and monogram on the handle (£5. 5s.)

The white guest towel embroidered with Buckingham Palace is one of a series showing St. Paul's, Tower of London, etc. (2/11). *Old Bleach Linen*



Tea spoons and jam spoons, of varying design, a tea caddy spoon, and a butter knife. From 1/- each

Royal Doulton vase with a richly coloured design of St. George in relief. The reverse side shows the Royal pair. Limited edition (£2. 10s.)

Glass goblet beautifully engraved with emblems (£1. 6s. 9d.). The small glass has a lucky silver token in its stem (16/6)

An attractive pair of Coronation trays, festively beflagged and bearing a likeness of Their Majesties. Nickel plated (1/6), chromium plated (3/-)

Whether you see the Coronation from an Abbey seat or on a news reel, you will want to remember this eventful year.

Artists, craftsmen and manufacturers have put the spirit and pageantry of England, 1937, into household linen, silver, glassware.

No less than you, your children's children will treasure such souvenirs.

Further details on application with stamped envelope, to the Editor, Woman's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

FASHIONS: BY

Jean Burnup

Editor,
Women's
Department

Starred ensemble from now until September is the long coat and silk dress.

Every year we see it, of course; but this time it is different. No longer need you stick to long, dark coat and subdued print dress, though these are still, and always, smart.

This year you can throw away all inhibitions about colour and have a light, bright coat. It can be tan, orange, yellow, turquoise, jade, hyacinth blue. The dress can be quite dark, can tone, can be in a clashing contrast or a vivid print; as, turquoise over a toning print, pale raspberry over navy, yellow over black, beige over olive green, hyacinth blue over deep plum.

In every case see that both coat and dress are interchangeable, the coat to go over other dresses, the dress to wear alone or cut so as to conform with a short contrasting bolero. If the dress is plain, have a vivid patterned or vertically striped bolero, with a matching sash. If it is print, have a pique bolero or one in plain viyella, or fine flannel. A boxy reefer jacket for over the dress is another good outfit. If you bought a woollen pastel suit on the first promise-of-sun day, that jacket over the dress makes another variation. Still another will be the bolero and sash over the suit skirt.

The suit jacket will probably have been collarless, reverless, fitting to the hips with slanting flap pockets high on the yoke and on the hips. The dress will have a moulded bodice with a straight skirt or a flaring one, or gored, or with half a dozen half-stitched front and back pleats, or all round pleats.

It might be a fitting beltless dress, with a centre seam running from throat to hem, the skirt faintly flaring. Have a little matching fitting jacket with the dress. Then this becomes a dressy afternoon suit.

The coat should be a redingote with most of its movement at the back, deep pleats from the yoke, gathered fullness into the waist, pleats from waist.

So. From a dress (and matching jacket), coat, bolero, sash, and a spring suit there are the following outfits: Coat with dress. Coat with any other dress. Dress alone. Dress with bolero and sash. Dress with its own jacket. Dress with suit jacket. Suit skirt with bolero and sash.

The whole idea in colour is clashing contrast, but it must be a matching clash, if you take my meaning, like a discord in modern music. For instance, plum with coster pink, maroon and turquoise, hyacinth blue and fuchsia, sulphur yellow and violet.

Prints can go to any vivid limit, mixing, say, orange, purple, white, black, green. The most popular are brightly shaded flower prints arranged in straight or wavy horizontal rows.

It is 1937 to have gloves dyed to match dress, scarf or shoes . . . to wear flat flower-trimmed sailors, varying their size with the weather and the occasion . . . to have a striped coat, a striped organza flowing evening dress, vertical or diagonal . . . to wear a butterfly in the hair, on the lapel, on glove wrist . . . to wear ground length house coats and slacks suits about the house (slacks, jacket, jumper) which later on go on cruise or beach . . . to have a black alpaca suit.

Spray of white parma violets, shaped to accent and trim a low evening neckline. One guinea. Harvey Nichols

Flower spray of silk poppies, cornflowers and yellow daisies, with pale green poppy leaves. For an evening corsage. 39s. 6d. Harvey Nichols

Felt belts, obtainable in any colour combination. 12s. 6d. Jaeger

Mustard suède handbag with brown initials, luxuriously fitted. Matching suède gloves, stitched in brown. Beatrice Dawson

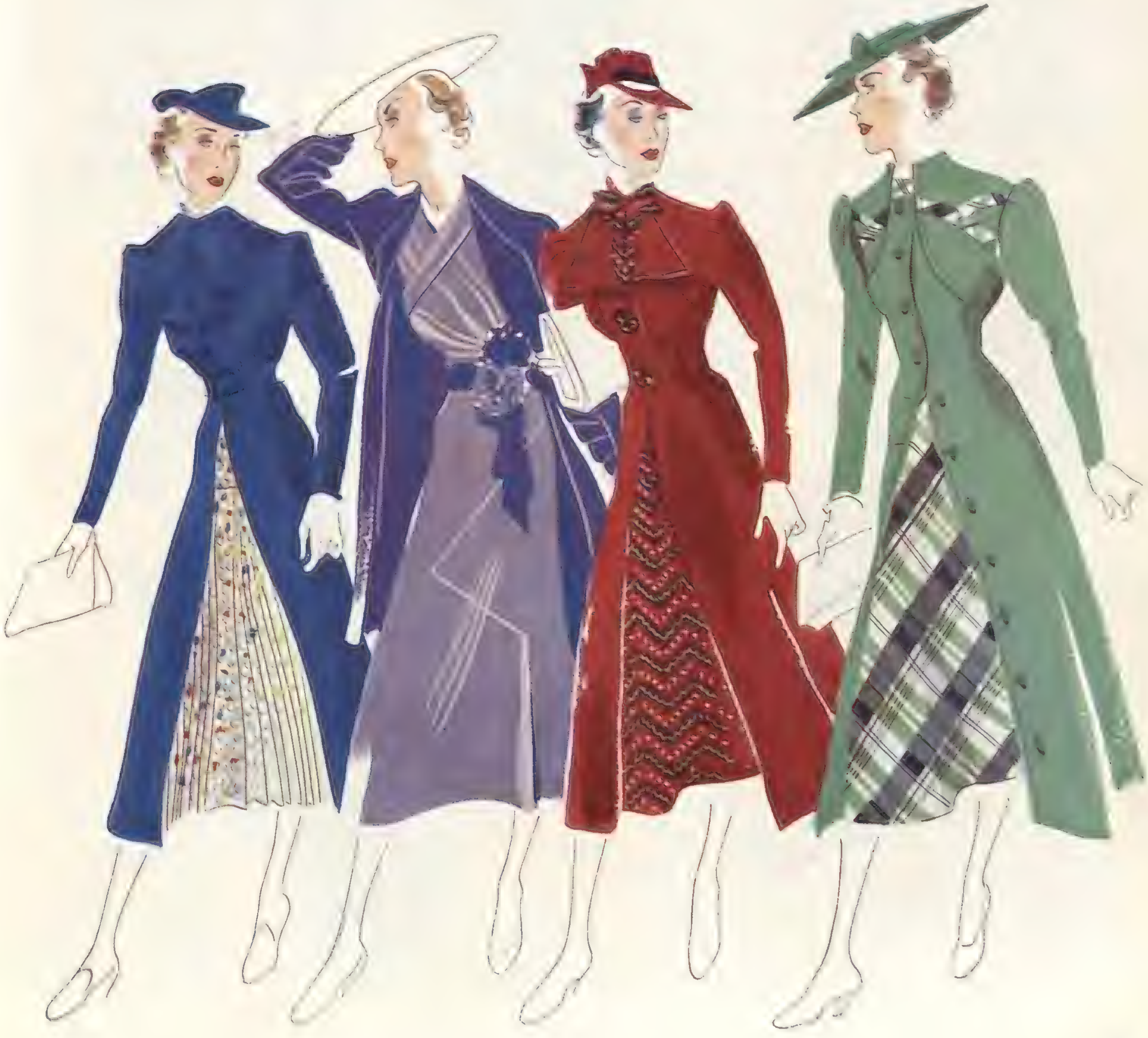
TOWN UNIFORM

Read from left to right. Bright blue cloth coat with a jabot neck. The crêpe dress, with its knife-pleated skirt, is printed with a crowd scene, white with red, yellow and blue. Pacquin.

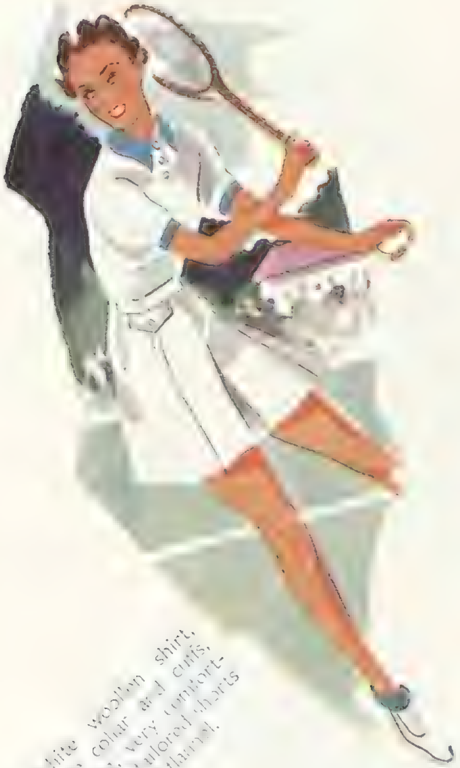
Violet crêpe in two tones makes the next outfit, a heavier weight for the loose three-quarter jacket. Two bunches of violets at the dress waist. Hartnell.

Raspberry red woollen coat with wide revers, fastening at the high-fitting waist with two seahorse buttons, then flaring. The dress is in the favourite print of the year, a horizontal, symmetrical, wavy design. Schiaparelli.

Bright green woollen coat, high waisted, full skirted, buttoning from throat to hem, worn over a plaid taffeta dress. The taffeta accents the coat's high yoke. Marjorie Castle.

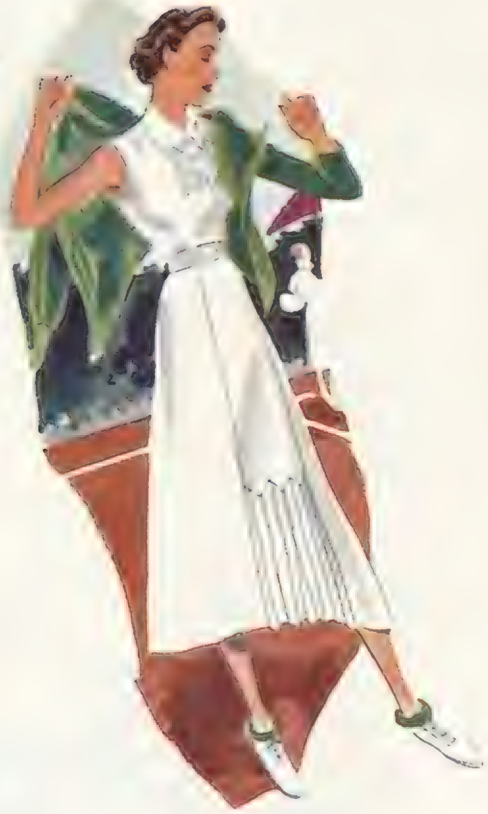


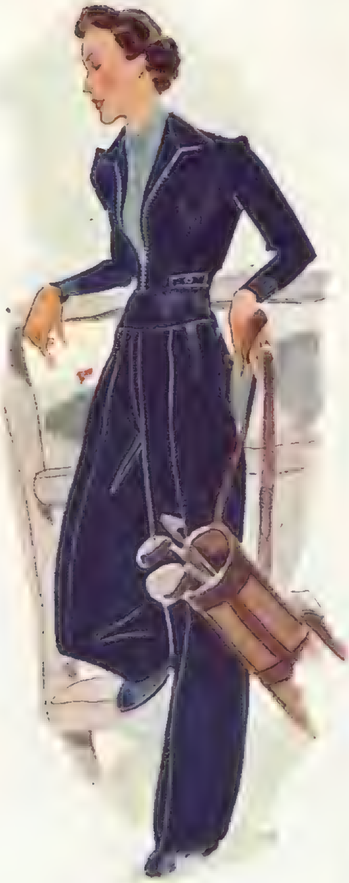
PLAYING THE GAME –



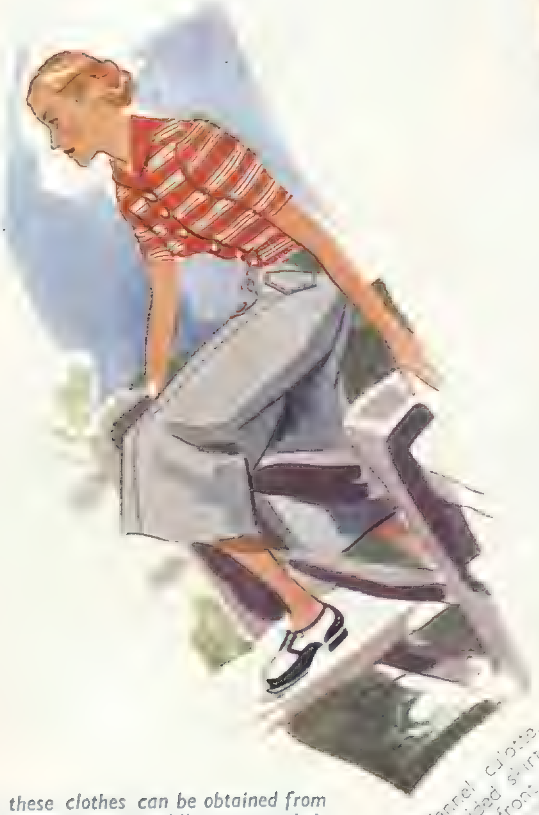
Soft white woollen shirt, with blue collar and cuffs, loose fitting, very comfortable. White tailored shorts of worsted flannel.

Tennis frock in white tricoline. Pin tucking trims the shirt bodice, interesting pleats give skirt freedom.

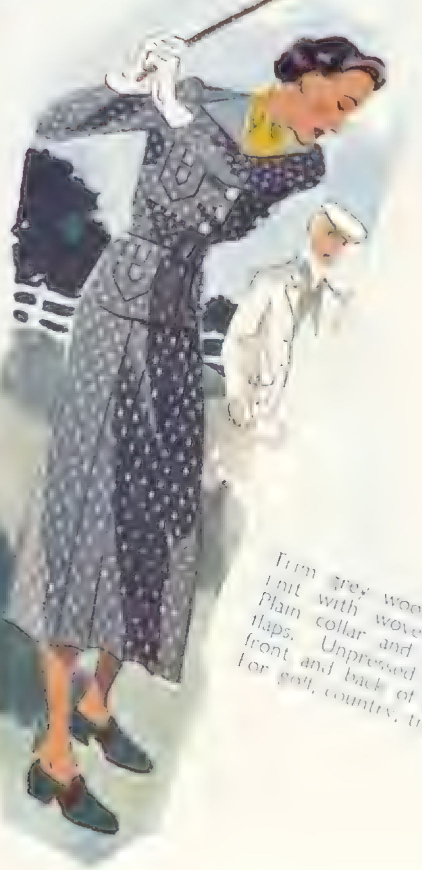




Navy ribbed woollen jacket, zipping to waist. Navy serge trousers, with side buttonings adroitly cut to hang straight at back. Short sleeved shirt of blue green jersey.



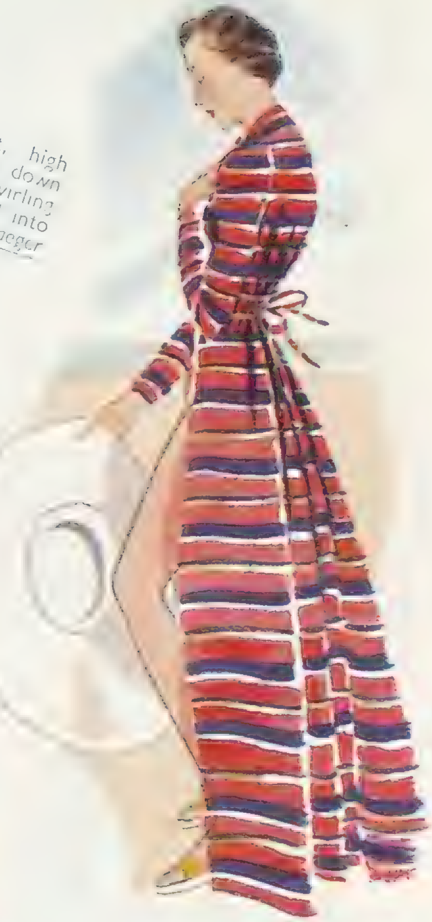
Grey flannel culotte, a c[illegible] [illegible] divided skirt, buttoning at centre front, with flap pockets. Short sleeved cardigan jersey in tangerine and white stripes.



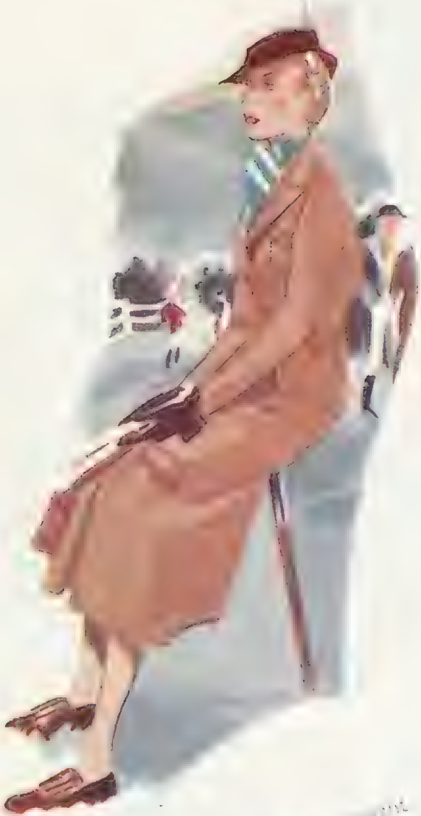
Trim grey woollen suit knit with woven spot. Plain collar and pocket flaps. Unpressed pleats front and back of skirt. For golf, country, travel.

All these clothes can be obtained from Lillywhites, in Piccadilly, or at their new sister store in the Brompton Road. More details about this on page 75.

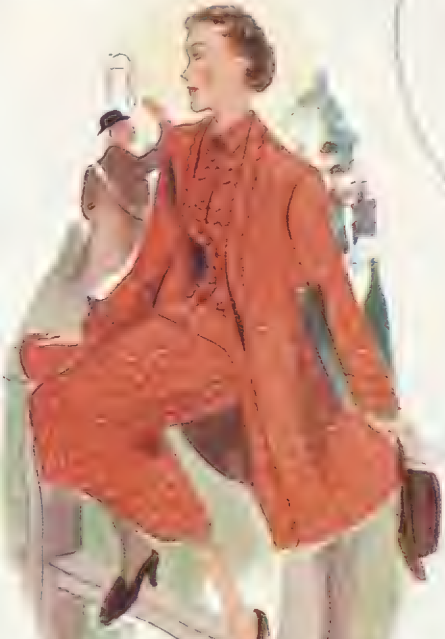
WATCHING THE GAME



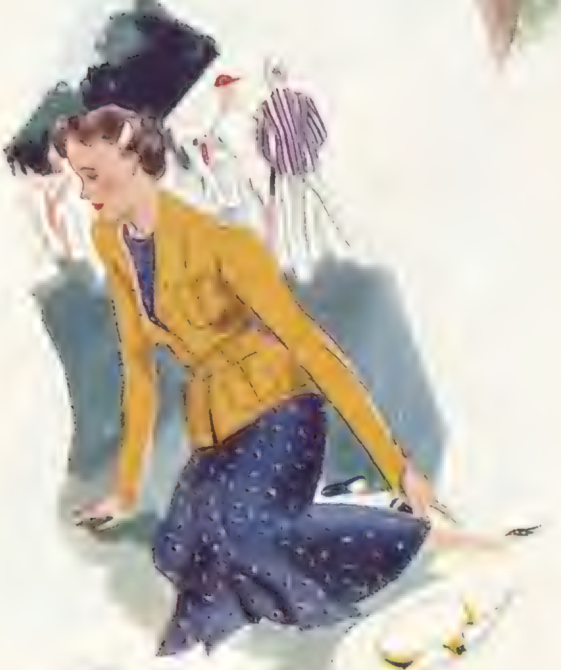
Striped beach coat, high throated, buttoning down centre front, with swirling back fullness, gathered into the waist. Jaeger



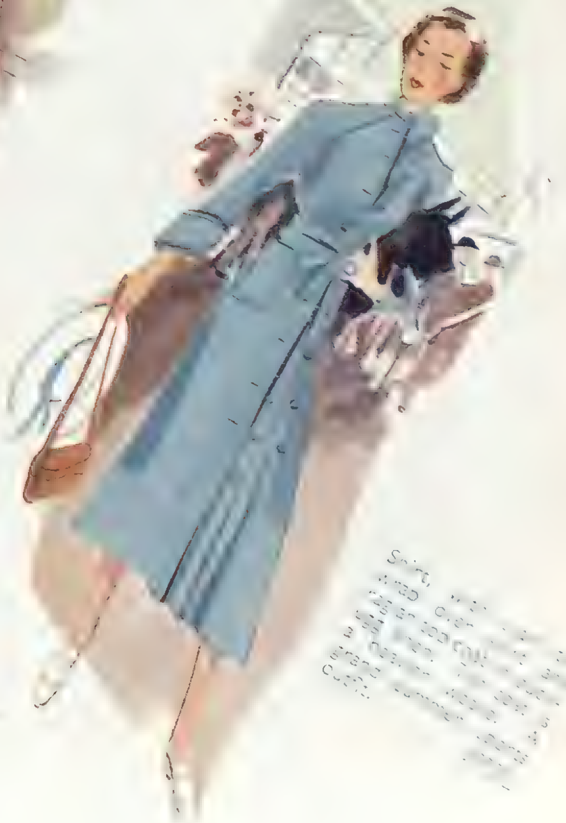
Beige is newer than grey for your flannel spectator sports suit. This one has notched breast and hip pockets and a clever [illegible] skirt. Burberry



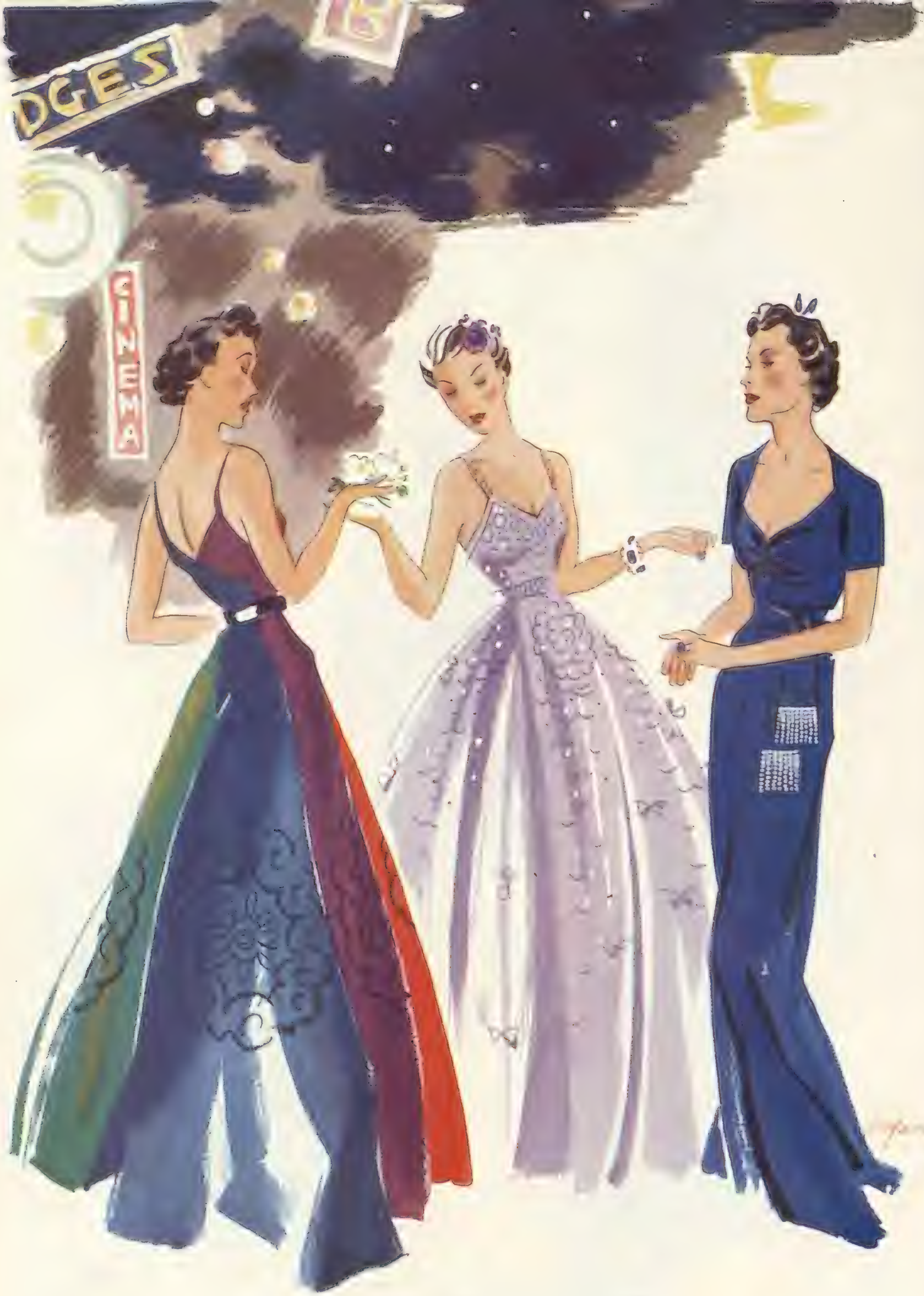
[illegible] straight three-quarter coat [illegible] a pink [illegible] tweed, white [illegible]. Scallop [illegible] this [illegible]. Burberry



Yellow [illegible] with four [illegible] blazer, with [illegible] navy [illegible] a blue [illegible]



Skirt, [illegible]



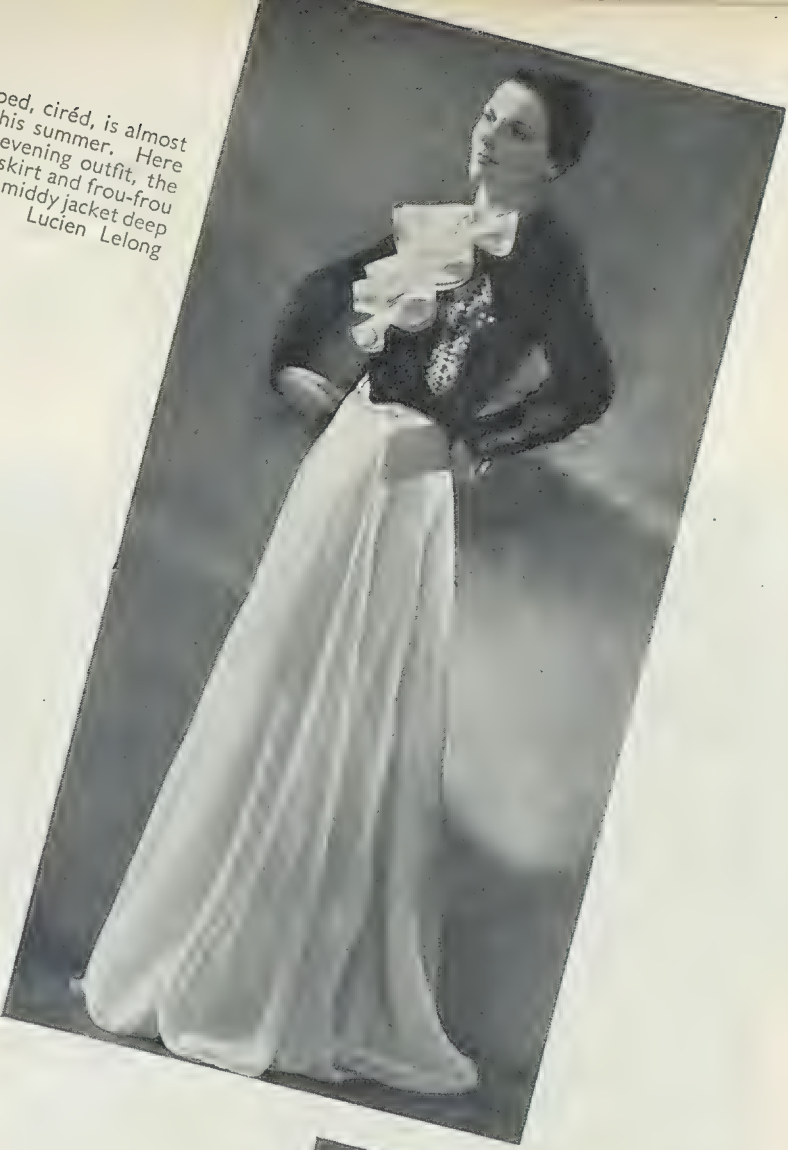
CORONATION SPLENDOUR

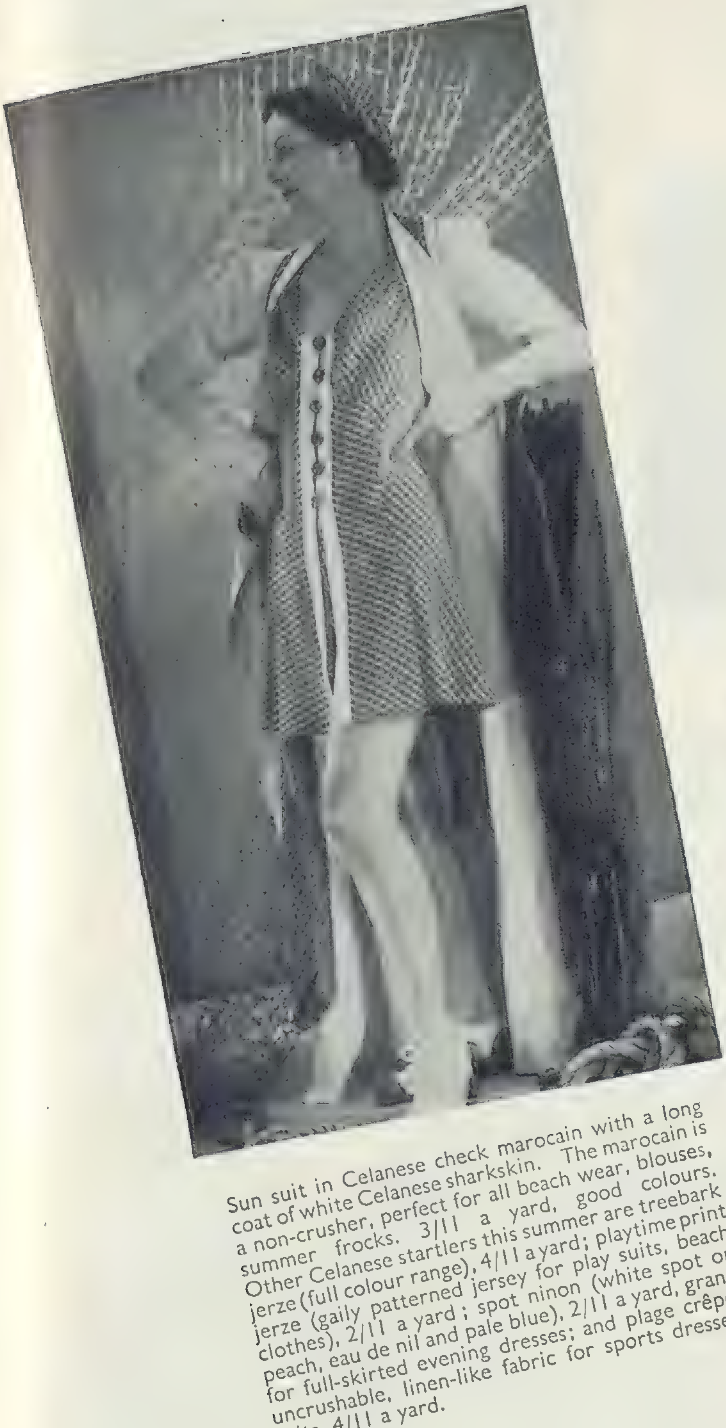
Sections of green, blue, magenta, flame taffeta are embroidered with large black sequin motifs. Lelong, from Rose Taylor

Pale orchid tulle, very full skirted, lit with diamanté and pearls. Tiny bows are scattered over the skirt. Worth

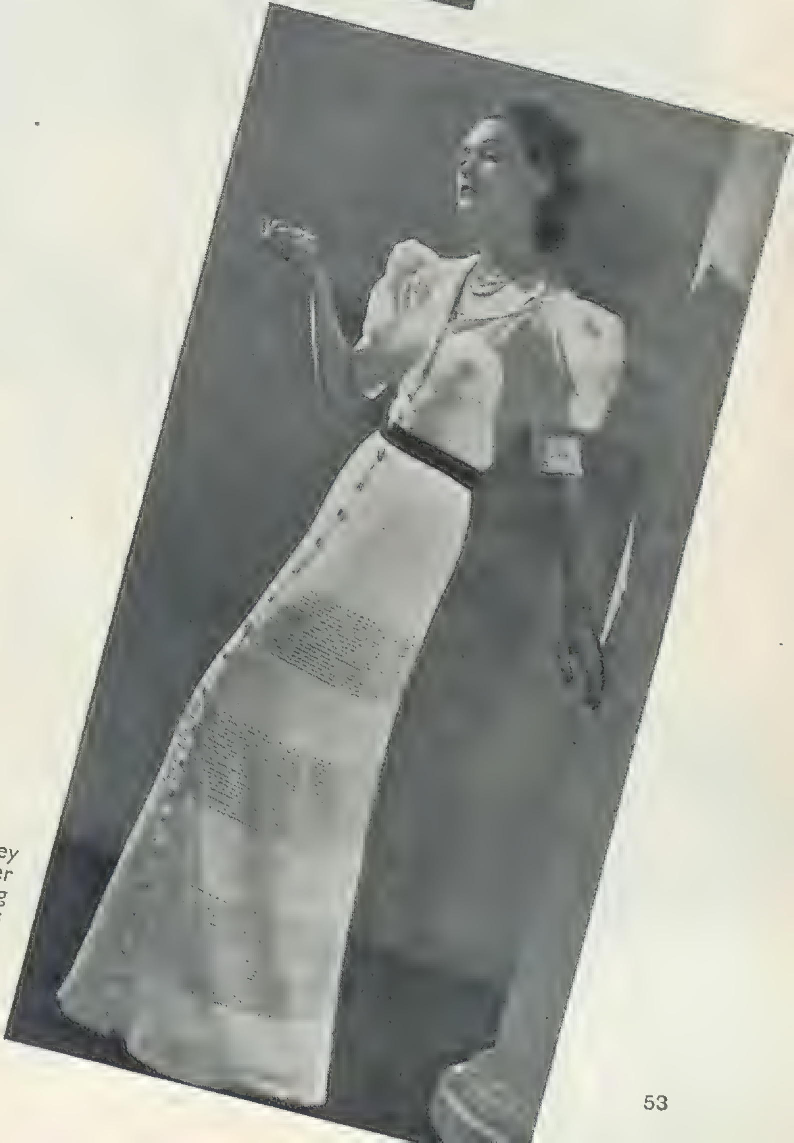
Crêpe dress, the colour of an Italian night sky, moulding the bosom from a centre shirring. Tight little sleeves and an open back. Robert Piguet

Organza, plain, patterned, striped, ciréd, is almost the favourite evening fabric this summer. Here it is playing part in a piquant evening outfit, the dress pale pink with a very full skirt and frou-frou jabot to bodice, the little knitted middy jacket deep blue with motifs of gold pailettes. Lucien Lelong





Sun suit in Celanese check marocain with a long coat of white Celanese sharkskin. The marocain is a non-crusher, perfect for all beach wear, blouses, summer frocks. 3/11 a yard, good colours. Other Celanese startlers this summer are treebark jerze (full colour range), 4/11 a yard; playtime print jerze (gaily patterned jersey for play suits, beach clothes), 2/11 a yard; spot ninon (white spot on peach, eau de nil and pale blue), 2/11 a yard, grand for full-skirted evening dresses; and plage crêpe, uncrushable, linen-like fabric for sports dresses, suits, 4/11 a yard.



Knitted cotton—tricoton they call it—is a new idea for summer dinner gown, cruise evening gown, house coat. This one is in baby pink tricoton with a plum suède belt. Imagine how perfectly it launders.

BOOKS:
The Curtain Rises
By Arnold Palmer

NOEL COWARD in the grounds of his Kentish house, Goldenhurst Farm. His book "Present Indicative" is one of the best theatrical biographies of the last two decades

ALL professional biographies are apt to come true to type and of these types none is more strongly marked than the theatrical. The records of successes; the humorous references to failures; the anecdotes, usually kindly but sometimes malicious; the tendency to overpraise friends; the Press cuttings and the photographs—we expect them all before we start, and almost always we get them. In so far as it follows the anticipated lines, Mr. Herman Darewski's *Musical Memories* (Jarrolds, 10s. 6d.) will disappoint few of its readers, but it badly needs an index in which the author's fellow professionals can look for their own names.

But precisely because it is not true to type, Mr. Noel Coward's *Present Indicative* (Heinemann, 12s. 6d.) is one of the best theatrical biographies of the last two decades. Mr. Coward knows himself pretty well, and he is a shrewd and generous, but never a fulsome, critic of his associates. He can write—that is to say, he gives us not only the numerous good "lines" that we expect from him, he manages also to convey the excitement and strain of starting from nothing and acquiring a reputation in two continents before reaching the age of twenty-six. Mr. Coward has always been able to write; it must be nearly twenty years since a famous actor grew lyrical, in my presence, over some letters from a boy

LOUIS GOLDING, author of "The Dance Goes On," a story about a Russian dancer

SOMERSET MAUGHAM, whose latest novel, "Theatre," is brilliant and amusing

Five New Novels

"Time To Be Going": *By R. H. Mottram*

(Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.)

THE story of an Englishman, his service completed in an overseas appointment, who returns to spend his retirement in England. A quiet tale, like most of Mr. Mottram's recent work, it will be most appreciated by those readers who are prepared to let it set its own time and exert its own unhurried charm.

"Royals Free": *By Elinor Mordaunt*

(Michael Joseph, 7s. 6d.)

AS the title suggests, Mrs. Mordaunt's new novel is a story of the sea. Her hero runs away to sea as a boy, and—what does not always follow—keeps his love of ships all his life. It is perhaps not necessary to explain that by "ships" you should understand sailing vessels. At times the heartiness seems a trifle overdone, but the author's admirers are offered the enjoyment of plenty of action and open air.

"Women Also Dream": *By Ethel Mannin*

(Jarrolds, 7s. 6d.)

DREAMINESS is not, perhaps, the quality one instinctively associates with Miss Mannin; and her new novel, complete with maps and an utterly pointless index, suggests a reverie hardly at all. The heroine is a young married woman with an itch for exploration. Her main hobby, however, is shackle-breaking. The number of broken shackles littering her wake is astonishing.

"This Sliding on Wood": *By Bernard Henry*

(Philip Allan, 6s.)

IN other words, ski-ing. This happy, holiday-mood story deals with what is now, it seems, the principal English winter sport. It is quite short; there are illustrations by Ian Fenwick; and readers who ski, or have ski-ed, or are thinking of taking up ski-ing next year, will enjoy Mr. Henry's extravaganza.

"Murder On Manœuvres": *By S. C. Mason*

(Bell, 7s. 6d.)

MR. MASON'S detective story has many virtues. It starts with an ingenious idea—a man found shot after a sham fight, involving the free discharge of blank ammunition—and the developments are handled with humour and a welcome sense of character. The police, moreover, are intelligent and convincing, and (rarer still) the behaviour of the public is normal. In short, Mr. Mason's novel is a good example of the huge class to which it belongs.

called Coward which he had been given to read. (He promised to borrow them for me; but there, we've all made promises like that.) The tenseness of first rehearsals, final rehearsals and first nights has never been more successfully captured in prose; I would like to draw attention, in particular, to Mr. Coward's description of the production of *The Vortex*, a really admirable piece of nervous writing.

The causes of any man's rise can never be grasped in their entirety, for it depends to a greater or less degree upon certain imponderable relations between him and his era. But the reasons for Mr. Coward's popularity in his profession (now that he has passed through the period of jealousy which so young a man could hardly avoid) will be apparent to every reader of his book. One lays it aside with a feeling of respect and liking for the author. He has been loyal to his friends and to his artistic instincts, he has shown courage in adversity and moderation (and even a readiness to self-criticism) in the hour of success. He has shown himself a man, in fact, whom we should all like to know, even if he were obscure. Talking of obscurity, it is gratifying to note that the danger, such as it was, of this book being overlooked by the public was alleviated when that tireless hunter, the Book Society, ferreted it out and bore it back in triumph to the members' cloister. The volume ends with *Cavalcade*, at Drury Lane.

MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S new novel, *Theatre* (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.), deals with the lives of an actor manager and his leading lady, who is also his wife. A writer, if he is any good at all, is sure to be interesting on a subject which he knows from A to Z; and Mr. Maugham is very interesting. But how good a novelist is he? The answer to this question seems worth some consideration. He has very little charm of style; and, as he has somewhere admitted, *le mot juste* seldom occurs to him. His technique, again, is of the stage rather than of fiction—note how young Roger, in defiance of all probability, is kept off the scene until he is needed (halfway through Act II)—note how the minor characters are simplified and how they, and everything else, play into the hands of the "lead"—note how the story proceeds by a series of vivid scenes, linked together by passages of elaborated stage directions. This last point brings out one of the author's most striking literary virtues, his power of compression. There are many instances of it in *Theatre*—see, especially, the opening to the third chapter.

How observant Mr. Maugham is, how shrewd! And yet how little, when the story is ended, has he explored the souls of his characters, even of the limelit Julia! There is an air of knowingness about him which suggests that, in spite of the homage which he has paid to Maupassant and Chekov, he is more nearly kin to Kipling. But it is to drama rather than to literature that his novel, its flagrant improbabilities wrapped in quiet naturalism, seems to belong. And, as an entertainment, how good it is! Hard, disillusioned, cruel and immodest, it glitters like a glass of champagne—or like one of those gold cigarette-cases without which no man (one learns) has sex-appeal. When Mr. Maugham reaches a scene and really sets himself to writing it—and there is no mistaking those occasions—the result is invariably brilliant and amusing. As for the final curtain, it is, even for Mr. Maugham, a triumph which will bring every reader to his feet. *Theatre* may smack of the theatre in ways that the author hardly (*Continued on page 200*)

ROMILLY JOHN

Various

"Down To The Sea": *By George Blake*

(Collins, 12s. 6d.)

WELL illustrated with reproductions of old engravings, this book is a history of the Clyde and, within its appointed limits, of shipbuilding. Mr. Blake is already known as an authority on his subject, and as a writer who is always intelligent, lively and interesting, and his latest book is a thoroughly satisfactory piece of work. Unlike many descriptive works, it has the advantage of being not unduly long.

"A Rustic Moralist": *By William Ralph Inge*

(Putnam, 7s. 6d.)

IN 1934, when exchanging the Deanery of St. Paul's for a Berkshire farmhouse, Dr. Inge published a little book called *Vale*; and, for that reason, he has written an apologetic preface to his new volume. No apology, let him be assured, is needed. These sixty short essays, dealing with a wide variety of themes, show that three years of retirement have mellowed, rather than blunted, one of the keenest and best furnished minds in England. It is as rare to-day as it is refreshing to make contact with so stern and honest a thinker, and his rationalism has so much to offer to the emotional age in which we live that we are oppressed with a more than usually desperate regret of the futile law ordaining that none but the converted listen to a preacher.

GEORGE BLAKE, author of "Down to the Sea," a history of the River Clyde. He is seen broadcasting on the "Queen Mary's" maiden voyage

KATHERINE JOHN

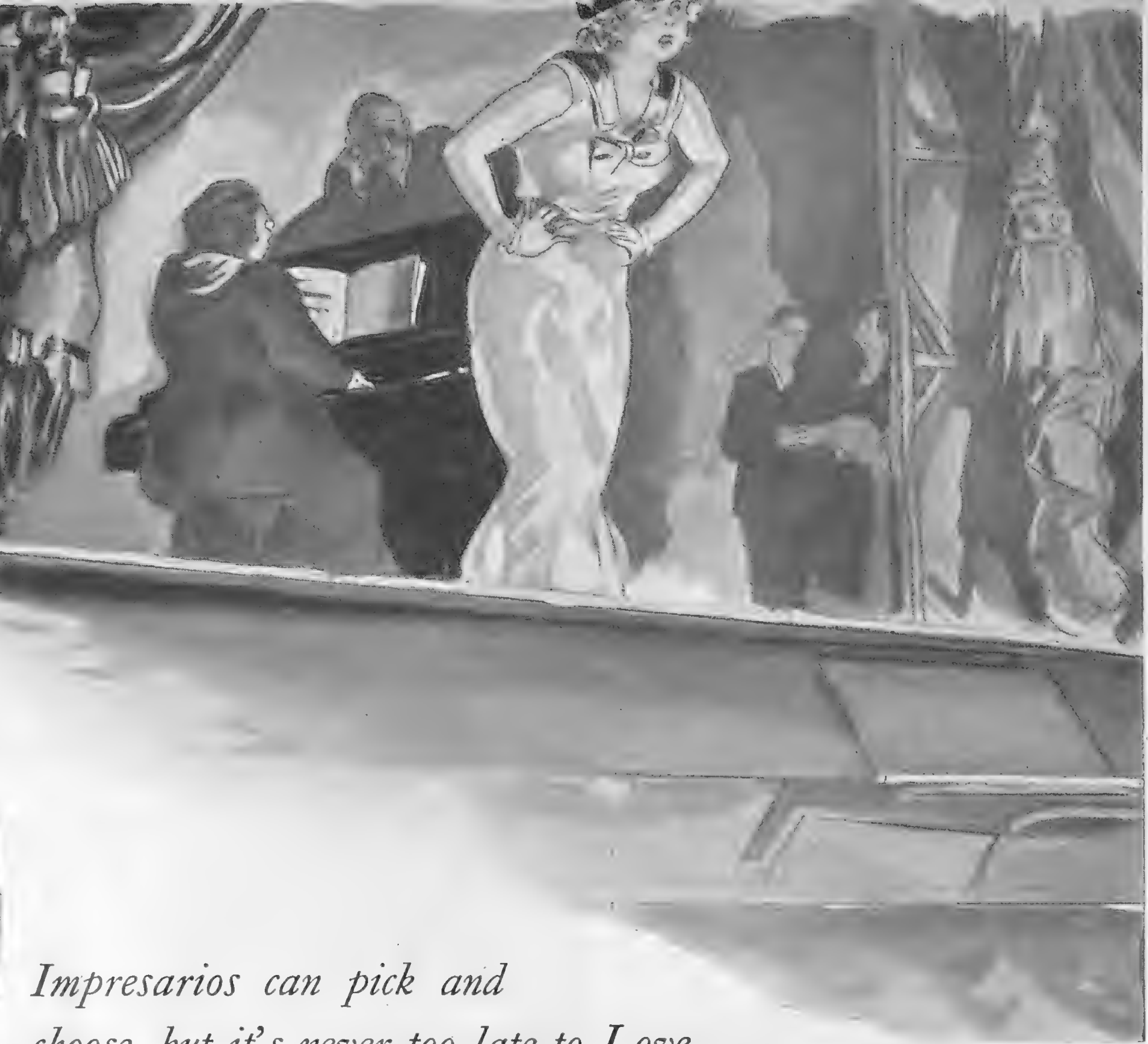
"Mine Host America": *By The Earl of Cottenham*

(Collins, 15s.)

A LONG, but easily read and profusely illustrated description of the author's progress by motor-car, train and aeroplane across and around and about the United States. Lord Cottenham is a great admirer of the American people, and got on well with them and managed to see more of their lives than is shown to the ordinary visitor, even in that most hospitable of countries. Readers who are thinking of making an American trip for the first time will find this book particularly rich in useful hints and information.

"Lodgers In Sweden": *By Romilly and Katherine John* (Faber & Faber, 12s. 6d.)

A FEW years ago Mr. and Mrs. John spent six months in Sweden, and this volume is a product of their stay. It is a very personal book, in which Sweden's principal function is to add to, or detract from, the comfort of the travellers. Keeping in mind this warning of possible disappointment, readers will find easy and pleasant entertainment in these pages.



Impresarios can pick and choose, but it's never too late to Love

The Great O'Malley

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.

THE Great O'Malley, they called him, and in many ways a great man he was. He was certainly the king of the "show" business. No one, not even in his own profession, would be prepared to dispute that. He did things in the grand manner. When he put on a play or a revue the whole world had to know it, whether they liked it or not. He had a genius for publicity. But after all the shouting and the tumult the public usually got their money's worth.

The Great O'Malley was now on the wrong side of fifty, and, since his life had been an almost breath-taking adventure from the beginning, he looked his age. And this though he dyed his hair very discreetly and spent a certain amount of money on face massage.

Nevertheless he had a fine physique (he could hardly have lasted the pace had he not), and there was a healthy glow in the cheeks which were still firm and rounded.

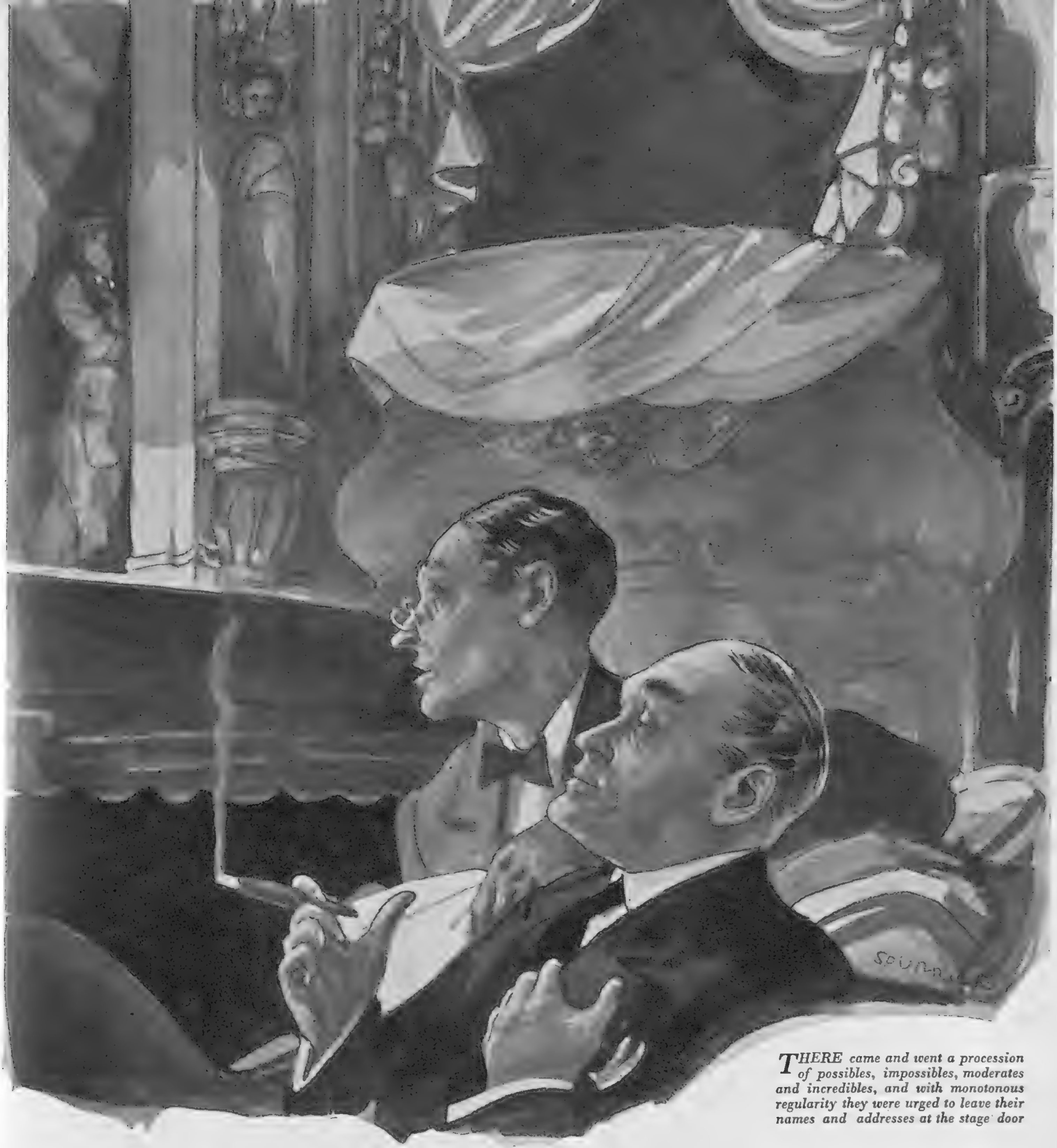
When you spoke to him of anything about which he was enthusiastic his eyes lit up and he walked about the room with his hands behind his back and his chest thrown out. He smoked about twenty cigars a day, but, as he only consumed about two inches of each before some momentary anger or delight caused him to throw it away, he could hardly be said to smoke to excess.

He was vain, in the sense that all such men have to be—that is to say, he was always perfectly sure that he was right. Perhaps his greatest virtue was that he was never bored. And yet it would be wrong to say that, for he had a greater virtue still, an indefinable virtue . . . something that made even his enemies say, "After all, there's something about O'Malley!"

THE curtain of the great theatre was up, though the dust-sheets lay over the auditorium and hung down like dreary flags from the boxes. On the stage a single high-powered lamp hung high up from a batten. Eighteen-foot flats leant sadly up against one another, as if seeking mutual comfort in the general air of desolation. At one side stood a shabby upright piano.

On the other side a thin dejected-looking man in his shirt-sleeves leant against the proscenium arch. Beside him stood a short, fat man and a middle-aged woman who wore a tippet round her neck and might have been a governess. The short man, who was a stage manager, and answered to the name of Harold, was consulting a list of names. "Sixty-seven of them!" he groaned. "We shan't be through by lunch!"

The governess said nothing, but looked



THERE came and went a procession of possibles, impossibles, moderates and incredibles, and with monotonous regularity they were urged to leave their names and addresses at the stage door

By J. Hastings Turner

dejected. It was her business to play the accompaniments for sixty-seven girls who wished to impress upon the Great O'Malley that they were the only possible choice for a small part which was vacant in his new musical show—"The Most Colossal Show Ever Staged." It had already been described as such in the theatrical gossip columns though the "book" was only half finished, having been rewritten six times, and the composer was still tearing his hair.

But the Great O'Malley did things that way, and it has to be confessed that the result was generally satisfactory.

The stage manager suddenly came more or less to attention and the man in his shirt-sleeves ceased to lean against the proscenium arch.

The great man had arrived.

He walked down the aisle of the stalls accompanied by his A.D.C., a bald-headed gentleman with a cavernous voice. In the empty theatre his voice seemed more cavernous than ever.

"Three-quarter floats, McNair," he groaned. "No amber!"

At this enigmatic remark the man in his shirt-sleeves disappeared, and shortly afterwards the footlights lit up. O'Malley settled himself in a stall and Adams (for this was the name of the A.D.C.) took his place next to him and opened a

large note-book. "Are you ready, Mr. O'Malley?" he asked.

"Certainly," replied the great man, and tucked his hand into the breast of his overcoat, not unlike the traditional idea of Napoleon. Not that he had any idea of imitating the other great man. He was above that kind of pose. The gesture came naturally to him.

Mr. Adams consulted his note-book.

"Miss Flossie Cartwright!" he called out, in a voice which seemed to hold all the suffering of the world in it. And, indeed, on the appearance of Miss Cartwright the tone might almost seem to have been justified.

The governess moved resignedly over to the piano. Miss Cartwright had the figure of a principal boy of the 'nineties and a smile which simply wouldn't come off. She walked across to the piano and handed the governess a sheet of music.

"I take it," she said, "jest a shade slower than most artists!"

Then she stepped down to the footlights and, after the opening bars, began:

"What would they say in Brixton
If they knew I was going up West?
Can it be true, what they say to you,
That Mother always knows best?"

The great man made an almost imperceptible signal with his thumb to Mr. Adams.

Once again the cavernous voice boomed through the theatre.

"Leave your name and address at the stage door, please, Miss Cartwright!"

"Thank you!"

She collected her music and walked off. The smile remained fixed.

Mr. Adams consulted his list again.

"Miss Ruby Adair!"

And so it went on.

But these things are not amusing; they are pathetic. There came and went a procession of possibles, impossibles, moderates and incredibles, and with monotonous regularity they were urged to leave their names and addresses at the stage door.

But the Great O'Malley had no use for possibles and moderates. The voice of Mr. Adams, grown a little husky by now, intoned the name "Molly Snow."

She was a slim, almost ethereal-looking girl, and she seemed bewildered as she came slowly down-stage.

The stage manager whispered to her to take her music to the pianist.

She sang rather sweetly, but with little power, a sentimental song of no distinction. At the end of the first verse Mr. Adams was opening his mouth to utter the usual formula when O'Malley stopped him.

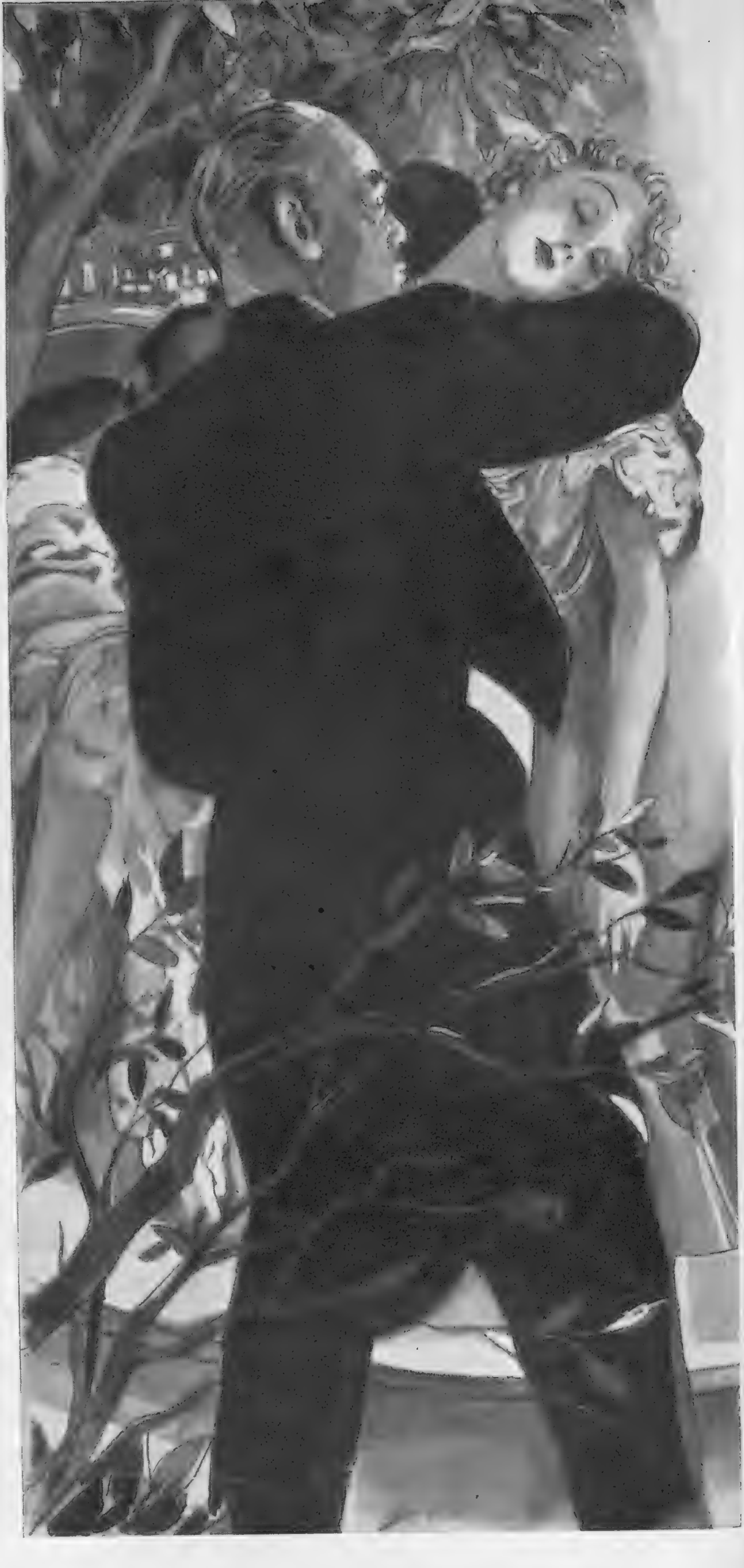
"Just wait one moment, Miss Snow!" he said.

His companion looked at him in some astonishment.

"Why, chief," he said, "you're not thinking of . . ."

His chief snapped him up much like a crocodile.

"When I want to ask your opinion, Adams, about artists, it will be a voice from the grave! I know that that girl has got no voice, I know that she doesn't know how to hold herself, and I'm pretty certain that this is the first stage she has ever stepped on to in her life. But she *has* got something. And it's a thing you would never understand, not in a thousand years! She's got something that would make the toughest egg in the back row of the gallery ashamed to give her the bird! And—and if you were to call it . . .



er . . . er . . . virginity, you wouldn't be far out ! "

He got up, leaving Adams scratching his bald head, and went through the pass-door up on to the stage. There he could be seen, in the shadows at the back, talking earnestly to Molly Snow. What he said to her and what she replied will never be known, though it was plain enough that it was the Great O'Malley who was doing most of the talking. Finally he nodded to her and came down to the stage manager.

" You can cut out the rest, Harold," he said. " Miss Snow plays the part ! "

The stage manager beamed.

" That's grand, sir," he said.

The remark was not prompted by any enthusiasm for Miss Snow's performance, but merely by reason of the fact that he now knew for certain that he would be able to have his lunch at the proper time.

Miss Snow disappeared and O'Malley came back into the stalls. His face was wreathed in smiles and his chest was puffed out like a pouter-pigeon's.

" Well, my dear fellow," he said to the gloomy Adams, " what is the matter with you ? "

" To tell the truth, chief," answered the other, " I can't help feeling that you have made a bloomer ! "

The great man positively radiated pleasure.

" If you think that, my dear fellow," he said, " I'm almost bound to be right ! "

He went back to his office and dealt with the business of the day. But as he signed cheques and dictated letters the face of Molly Snow kept on coming back to him. Which was disturbing . . .

He dined at his club and pretended to listen to an ancient actor proclaiming the time-honoured slogan that the cinema had " killed " the theatre. But the face of Molly Snow came between the words and his attention. What was it that had come across the footlights to him like a sort of inspiration ? The face was wistful rather than pretty. The voice was nothing. He was too hardened an impresario to be touched by the pathos of her bewilderment.

What then ? He was quite sincere that there was something about the girl which would appeal to the masses, but he was uneasy about her appeal to himself. He was not used to that kind of thing . . .

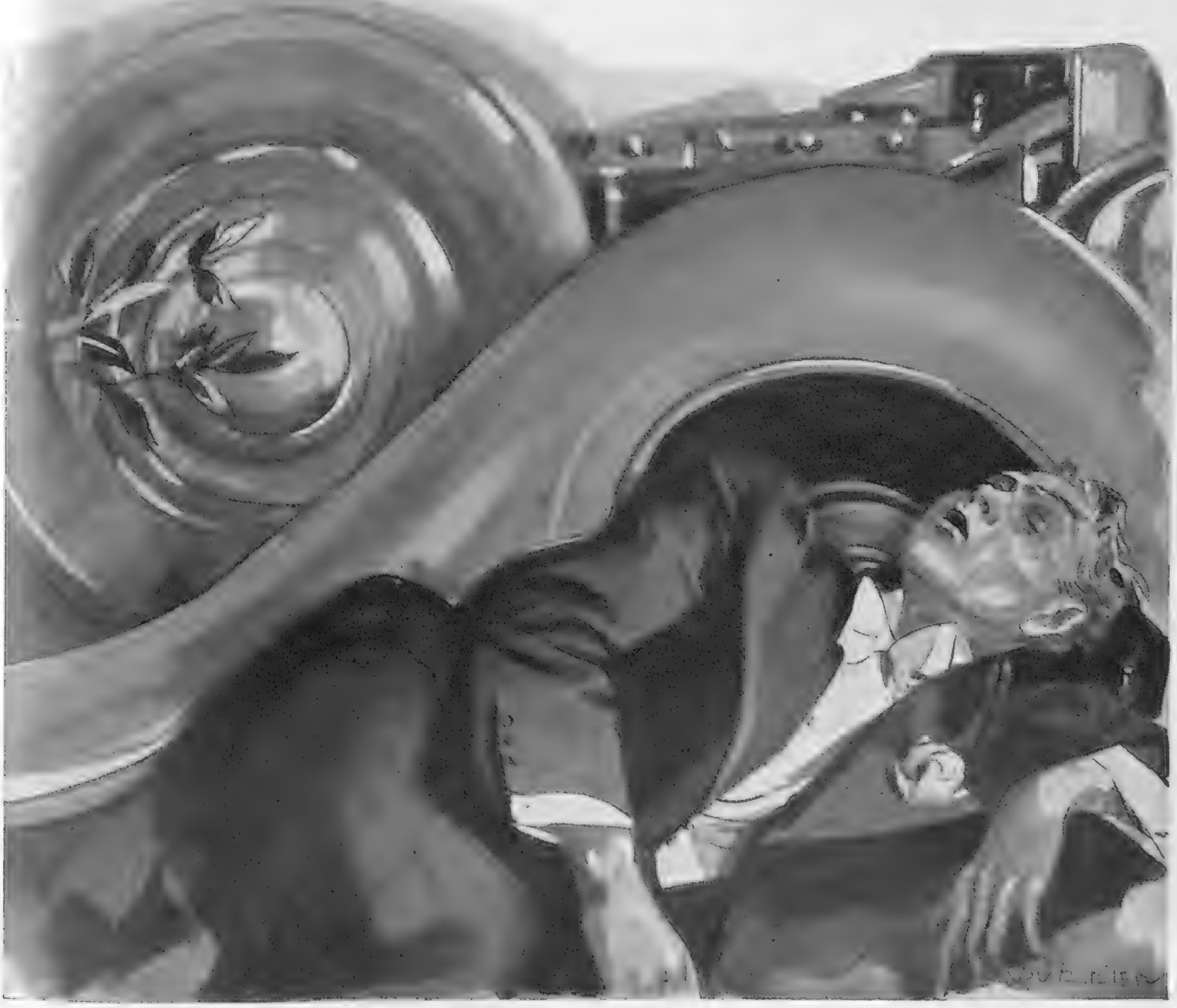
Rehearsals started. Molly Snow had two lines in the opening scene and a little snatch of song. The part was that of a starving girl to whom the proprietor of a coffee-stall gave a sandwich. Being a musical play, it is needless to say that the whole scene had no relation at all to the rest of the story. It was designed to keep the curtain up while the well-fed arrived late. Even so the company regarded Molly with some astonishment. Whatever there was to do wrong she did. Vera Raine, the leading lady, said openly that the " old man " must be " potty." But she " pulled down " three hundred a week and was thereby privileged. The others said nothing, but they marvelled none the less.

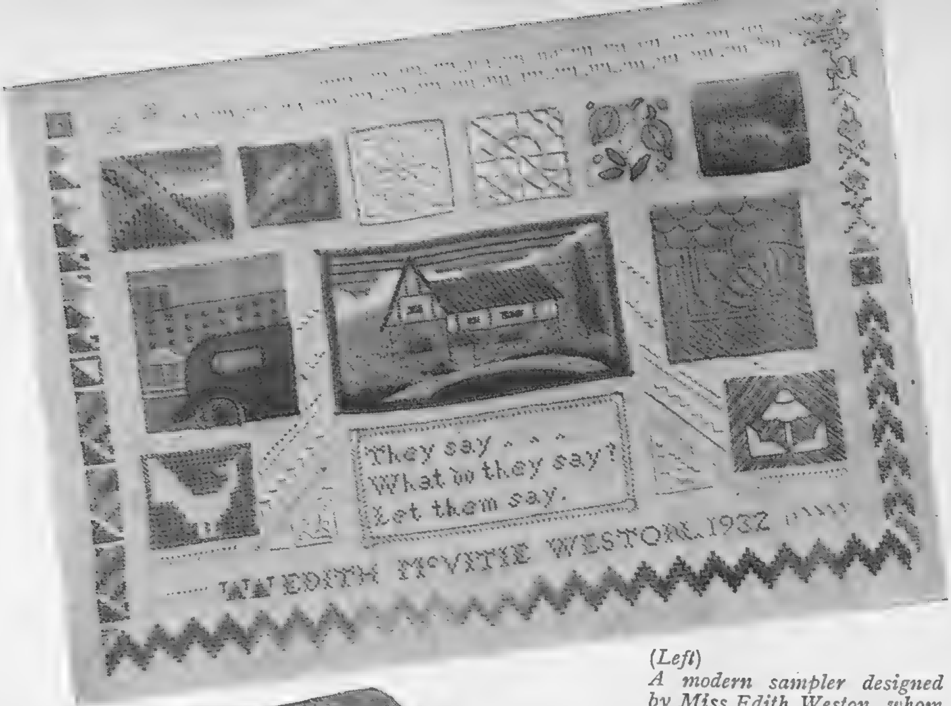
But the Great O'Malley remained convinced that he was right. The producer came to him and said that he could do nothing with Miss Snow, that it " wasn't there." But he was waved away majestically and the rehearsals went on. Nevertheless, in the privacy of his flat, he was uneasy. Not about her appeal to the public. He was accustomed to make up his mind and he never questioned his own decisions. But was it possible that he had, after all these years, after all the myriad lovely women who might have been his for the asking, stumbled at last against the spear which was to pierce the heel of Achilles ?

At rehearsals he found himself, over and over again, calling for another run-through of the coffee-stall scene, and he knew in his heart that it was not only because of the incompetence of Molly Snow.

There came an (*Continued on page* 159)

HE opened the door of the car and lifted out the sleeping Molly




They say . . .
What do they say?
Let them say.
EDITH McVITIE WESTON. 1932

(Left)
A modern sampler designed by Miss Edith Weston, whom you see at the right

A lovely gros point stool, modern tapestry by Lady Ada Boyd

NEEDLEWORK NEWS

By Joan Woollcombe

The woman of to-day has not justified the pessimism of prophets who, a quarter of a century back, foresaw the complete disappearance of the gentler and more gracious accomplishments.

They need not have distressed themselves. Far from disappearing, the so-called womanly accomplishments are in a state of vitality that is a real renascence.

Especially is this true of fine needlework.

From being demure and staid, needlework, in all its branches, has come alive, become robust. To-day we have modern samplers, modern petit and gros point, quilting in infinite variety, needlework pictures of all types and decorative work of the highest order, modern and traditional work of all accessible countries, and experiments in all directions by skilled and keen young workers.

So that, dining, as I did not long back, with a well-known psychologist, it was not surprising to see her, after dinner, take up her petit point and reveal herself an enthusiast and an expert. Talking to Lady Rosse, sister of Oliver Messell, one finds it in keeping with her busy, essentially modern life that she loves, and excels at, really fine embroidering of the most delicate and difficult type.

These are only symptoms of the general return to health of the leisure, however brief, of hundreds of busy women, and not a few equally busy modern men.

The King and Queen last year started on a set of tapestry chair-seats for Royal Lodge to be worked by *both* of them. Hundreds of members of the Embroiderers' Guild enthusiastically explore traditional and modern needlework of every country. Women are flocking to the rejuvenated Royal School of Needlework. Uncounted numbers of busy women like you and me find delight in making modern needlework pictures, modern samplers or quilted hot-water bottle covers.

It is an essentially personal affair—this return to the needle. Tracing its modern beginnings, we come back to one of the most influential personalities of the age, H.M. the Queen Mother.

When, a few years ago, Queen Mary asked Lady Smith-Dorrien to take over the decorous Royal School of Needlework, experts and enthusiasts waited for the results with interest.

They were not disappointed; the place soon sprang to life, and women of all ages found delight in its possibilities. It became fashionable to embroider and to do it well.

Queen Mary and her Ladies, the then Duke and Duchess of York, Princess Mary and her husband, Lord and Lady Gainford—all these started sets of chair-seats.

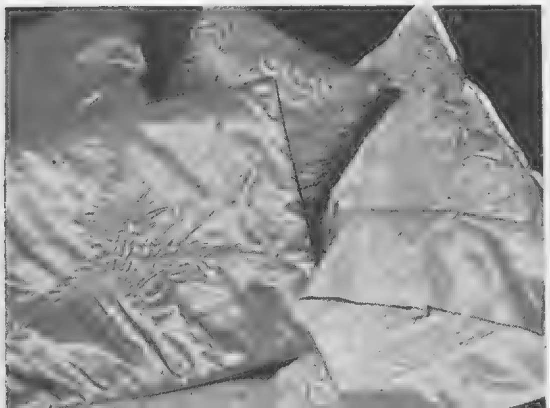
Lord Spencer and Mr. Ernest Thesiger showed themselves expert needle-men. And all the time there were those quiet enthusiasts whose work has always been in the highest traditions of fine needlework—Lady Horner, Lady Violet Crawley, Lady Ada Boyd, Margaret Wyndham and Lady Hylton.

"Holiday work" set in. Those of us who went on longer cruises took samplers or petit point. Women who habitually go up North late in the summer take specially prepared work for the evenings.

Last year the eighteenth century influenced the Queen Anne cushions Queen Mary worked at, and the Chinese Chippendale design for chair covers that

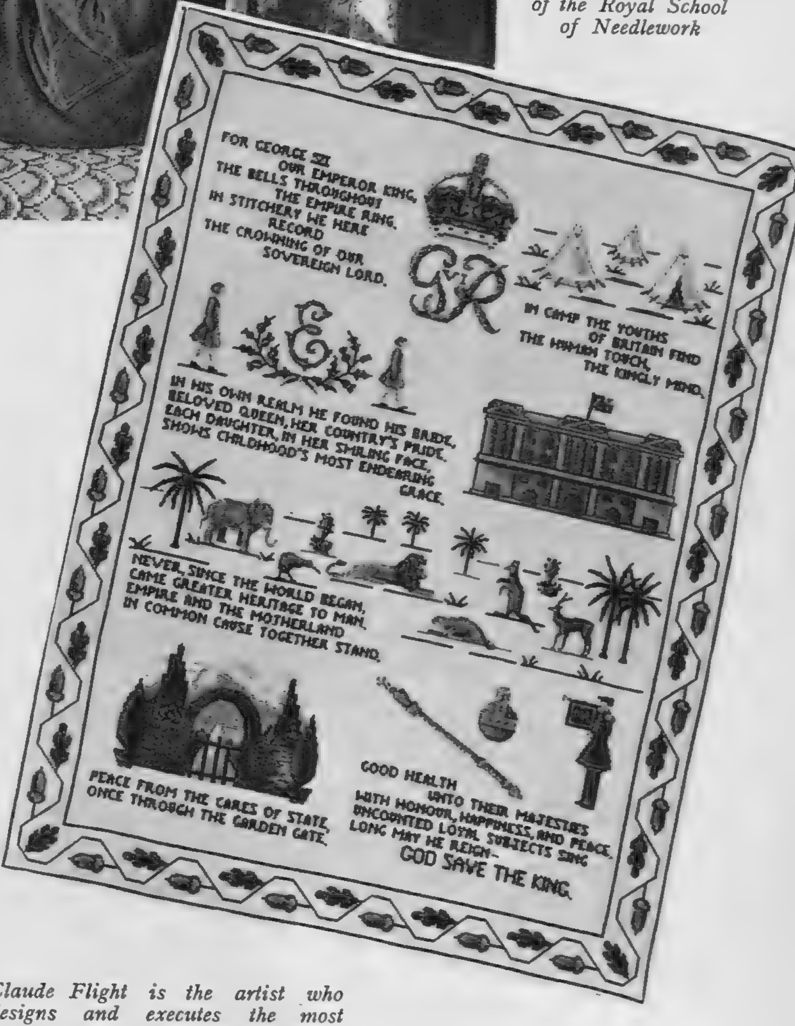
Gros point work in progress by Lady Violet Crawley

Quilting is extremely fashionable again. Here is some of it, photographed at the Royal School of Needlework



Lady Ross made this delightful and delicate little dress

Here is an expert at work in the famous rooms of the Embroiderers' Guild. Her background is an exhibition of Turkish towel-ends


FOR GEORGE VI
OUR EMPEROR KING,
THE BELLS THROUGHOUT
THE EMPIRE RING.
IN STITCHERY WE HERE
RECORD
THE CROWNING OF OUR
SOVEREIGN LORD.
GR
E
IN CAMP THE YOUTHS
OF BRITAIN FIND
THE HUMAN TOUCH,
THE KINGLY MIND.
IN HIS OWN REALM HE FOUND HIS BRIDE,
BELOVED QUEEN, HER COUNTRY'S PRIDE.
EACH DAUGHTER, IN HER SMILING FACE,
SHOWS CHILDHOOD'S MOST ENDEARING
GRACE.
NEVER, SINCE THE WORLD BEGAN,
CAME GREATER HERITAGE TO MAN,
EMPIRE AND THE MOTHERLAND
IN COMMON CAUSE TOGETHER STAND.
PEACE FROM THE CARES OF STATE,
ONCE THROUGH THE GARDEN GATE.
GOOD HEALTH
UNTO THEIR MAJESTIES
WITH HONOUR, HAPPINESS, AND PEACE.
UNCOUNTED LOYAL SUBJECTS SING
LONG MAY HE REIGN—
GOD SAVE THE KING.

The first picture to be taken of the official Coronation Sampler of the Royal School of Needlework

was the "holiday task" of H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester.

Meanwhile . . . you and me? We, who take up our needlework more because it is fun than fashionable, have endless possibilities and a fine select corps of experts to study.

Rebecca Crompton, perhaps one of the best-known experts in embroidery, has written a bible on the craft ("Modern Design in Embroidery"; Batsford; 8s. 6d.) which makes plain the wide scope of possibilities.

Edith Weston's work you see on this page—and Miss Weston herself.

Her sampler shows nineteen different kinds of embroidery with traditional plan and materials; the materials are, of course, silk on fine linen. There is the worker's house in the centre and filet and reticulla lace, and all the rest is coloured embroidery, among it appliqué, petit point, needleweaving, and shadow work.

Miss Rawson Constable paints with incredible fluency with her needle and apparently any suitable materials that she cares to select.

There is hardly any kind of work she has not tackled, from a landscape showing the flight over Everest, to embroidering in bullion and doing portraits after Holbein.

Claude Flight and Margery Lawrence do decorative appliqué screens among many other achievements of theirs. Wyndham Tryon does modern embroidery of a delightful type. Of all work giving quick returns, perhaps quilting, as done by the amateur, is the most fascinating. Lady Smith-Dorrien has evolved a hot-bottle cover which is square and quilted and relatively simple to make.

Patchwork; modern samplers that tell the story of your family; abstract designs in modern panels by Duncan Grant, Mollie Wratten; modern ecclesiastical embroidery like the work of Madeleine Ayton—all these combine to show that fresh enthusiasm is being brought to the art of the needle.

Claude Flight is the artist who designs and executes the most successful of the modern upholstery, some of which is photographed below

Fine Needlework is in Vogue Again

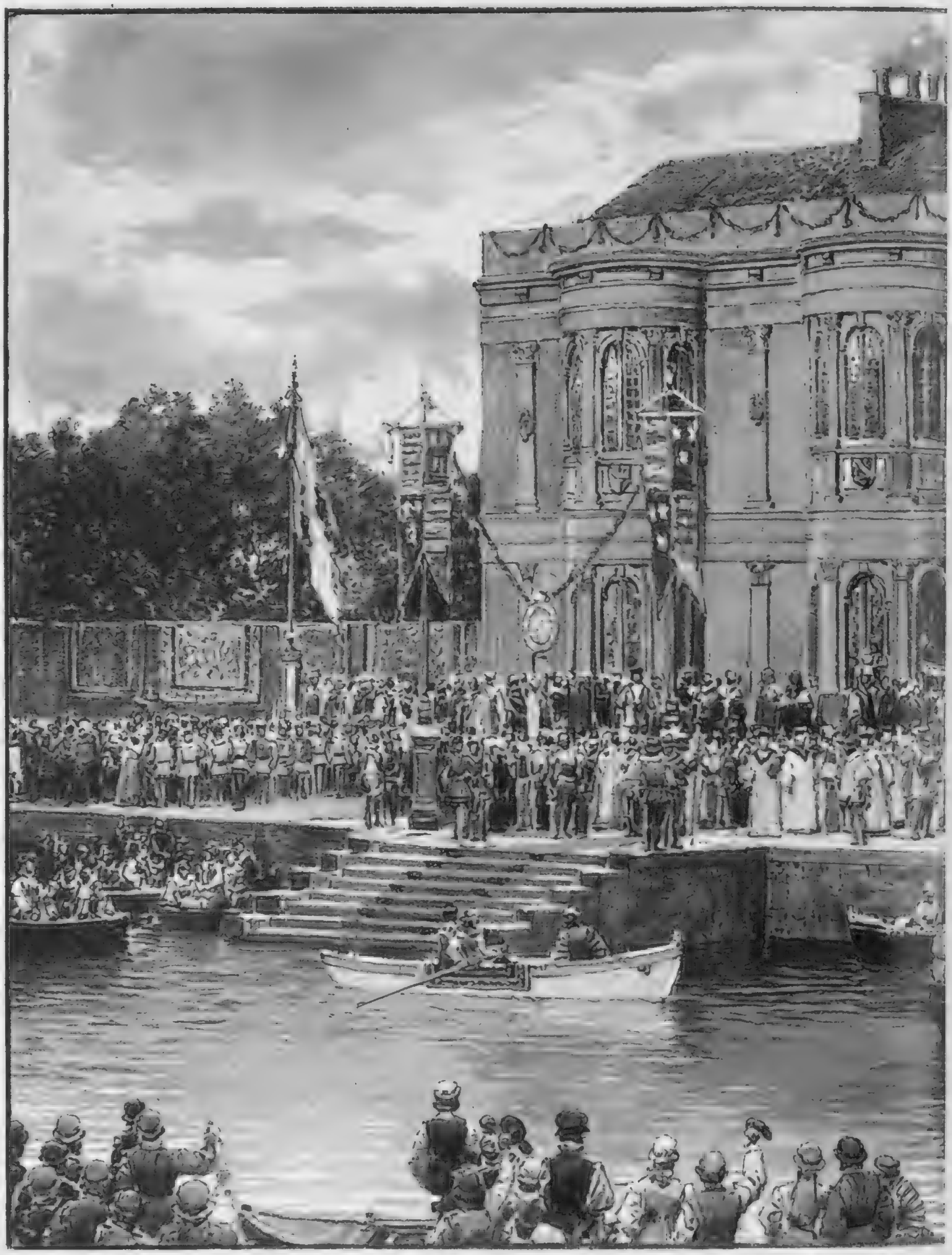
Old Tales

Elizabethan Prelude:

Written and illustrated

QUEEN ELIZABETH, the most complex personality who has ever sat on England's throne and whose very name connotes adventuring's golden age, is known to all as the woman who wooed and won the hearts of her countrymen, keyed her realm to the intensity of her own spirit, and, when danger threatened from the sea, contrived to be the rallying point of a whole brave nation.

On these things her immortality rests secure, but it must not be thought that to this keenly intelligent, effervescing, imperious, regal woman such achievements came as to the manner born; rather were they the outcome of an all-too-painful schooling in the world of cruel experience—a schooling which, though marring sadly the earlier years of her life, as this story will plainly show, served none the less to bring her character to a ripe maturity and to fit her for a reign as glorious as any in history. The childhood and young womanhood of Elizabeth, testing times as they were, possess therefore a more than ordinary importance, and, in view of this, it is well for once to hark back to those early days.



The Christening of Elizabeth at Greenwich. Suddenly, as if of kerchiefs fluttered in the air. "The baby, the baby! Look

IT was on the afternoon of September 7, 1533, that the joyous news went forth from Greenwich Palace that a Princess was born to Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn; and though to the King, who had hoped for a son, the tidings were a bitter disappointment, his subjects were overjoyed. Such was the enthusiasm, in fact, that, when the christening day dawned, vast throngs converged upon Greenwich, seeking upon arrival every possible vantage point from which to view the procession as it made its way from the palace to the Convent of the Grey Friars along a route strewn with rushes, hung with costly arras, and adorned with a host of flags and shields reflecting on the river their colour and glitter and giving to the scene a festive air wholly in keeping with the greatness of the occasion.

The procession was in due course formed, and, headed by citizens, esquires, and chaplains, followed by the aldermen, the Lord Mayor, a group of peers, magnificently arrayed, and prelates, in their richly embroidered copes, set off for the Convent.

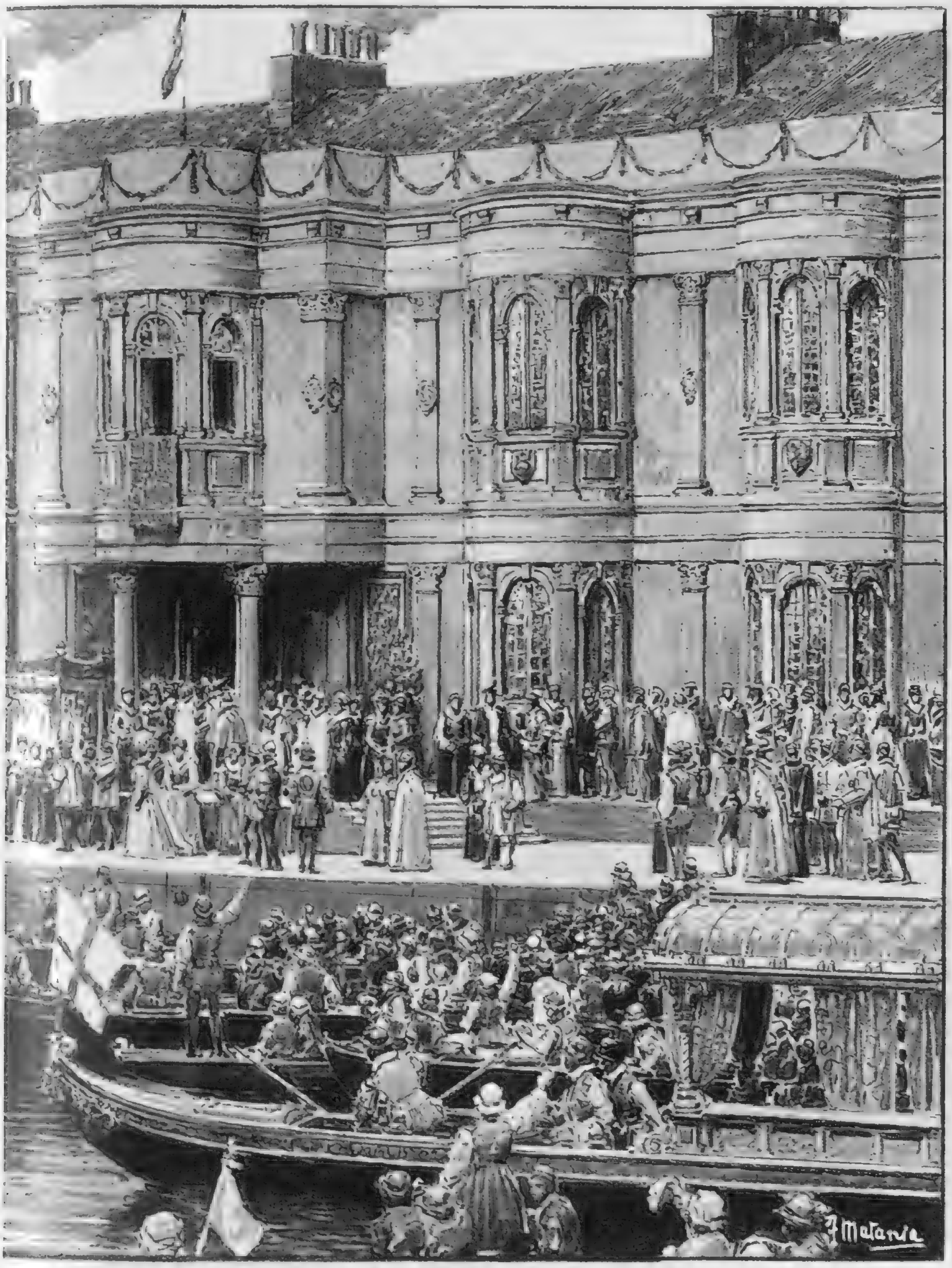
Suddenly, as if of one voice, rose a shout from the people, and a thousand kerchiefs fluttered in the air. "The baby, the baby! Look, there is the baby!" went up the cry from the excited multitude, and there sure enough was Elizabeth of England—that child of destiny—wrapped in a purple mantle and borne under a magnificent canopy of silk in the arms of her maternal grandmother, the Dowager Duchess of Norfolk.

It was dark when the service was over and the procession started its return to the palace with five hundred torch-bearers of the Yeomen of the Guard to light the way and a happy, carefree throng lining the route to cheer and cheer again before, worn out perforce by so much vocal effort, repairing to the

Re-told

The Princess whose Tragic Early Life Schooled her to be England's most Resplendent Queen

by F. Matania, R.I.



one voice, rose a shout from the people, and a thousand here is the baby !" went up the cry from the excited multitude.

taverns to raise innumerable tankards of ale to the health of the happily-starred little Princess who had blessed the union of their King.

So opened the first eventful chapter in Elizabeth's eventful story.

As Henry VIII. had married Anne Boleyn before the English law courts had pronounced invalid his earlier marriage with Catherine of Aragon, the birth of Elizabeth became the subject of a long and complicated Parliamentary debate on the question of legitimacy, and it was eventually decided that, as there was no male heir, Elizabeth should be heir-presumptive, Mary, daughter of the repudiated Catherine, being supplanted.

It was little wonder then, that Mary, at the time seventeen years' old and not a little embittered by the cruel treatment and untold humiliations meted out to her mother, conceived a strong dislike for her half-sister, which later, under malign influences, assumed the proportions of dire hatred.

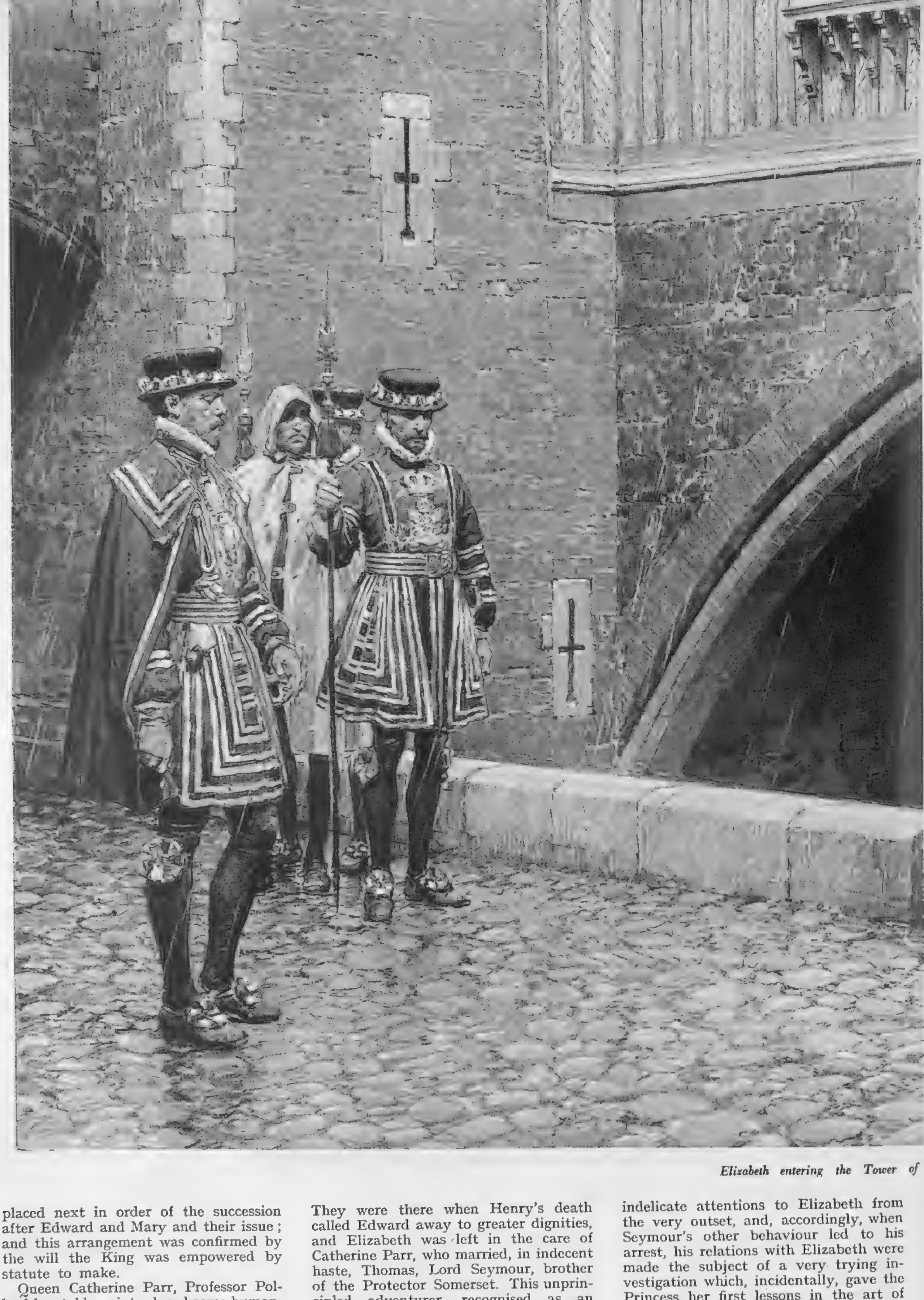
Before long, proud, parental Henry was busy making plans for the marriage of an Elizabeth still in the cradle and still hardly capable of lifting up her little head, and he even went so far as to start negotiations for her marriage with the third son of Francis I. of France, the young Duke of Angouleme. The plan fell through, however, for Francis preferred to maintain his good relations with the Pope, who, as a result of the divorce question, was still raging righteously at England's recalcitrant King who appeared to regard the Roman Catholic Church as something that could be flouted with ease if royal convenience so dictated.

When Anne Boleyn—doomed, some say, because she gave England no Prince, only its most resplendent Queen—went to the block on Tower Green for innumerable alleged but quite unproven infidelities, little Elizabeth was three years old. She was not only rendered motherless by the stroke of the headsman's axe, but disgraced in the eyes of her once-loving father, who declared her illegitimate and brought to an end the luxury that had surrounded her since the very day of her birth, even leaving her in want of proper clothes ; a fact recorded in a pathetic letter written by Lady Bryan, her guardian.

Henry's interest in his neglected little daughter showed signs of awakening after the birth of the future Edward VI., the long-hoped-for male heir, at whose christening, though only four years of age, Elizabeth carried the baptismal robe. But this interest did not last long, and for some reason that remains unexplained, the fickle King sent her away from Court, refusing to set eyes on her for a whole year.

Despite these things, however, the young Princess grew amazingly in stature and in understanding and on reaching her teens gave abundant proof of scholarship, being able to write and speak fluently Italian, French, Flemish, Spanish, and Latin.

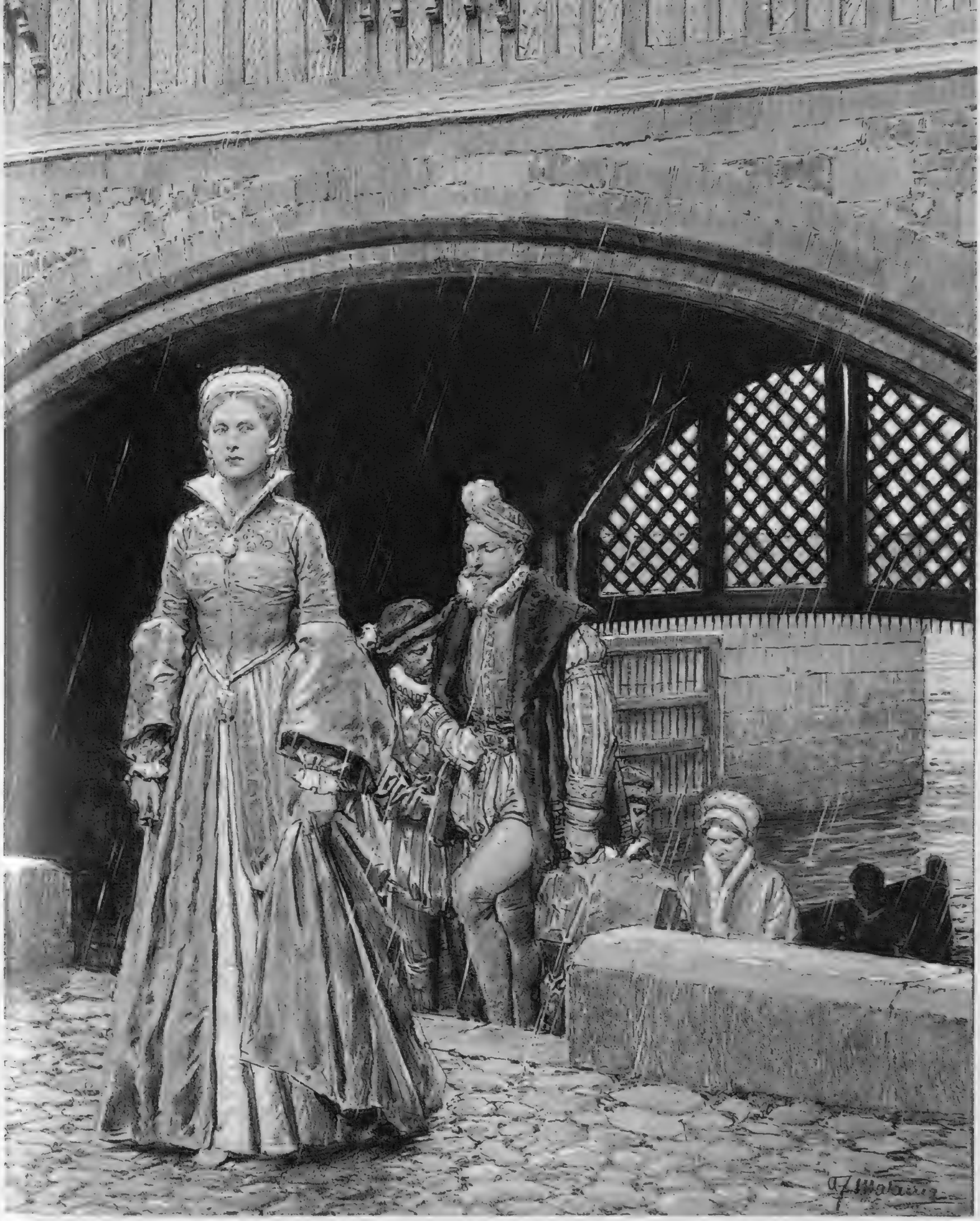
After Jane Seymour's death, when Henry seemed likely to have no further issue, Elizabeth was, by Act of Parliament,



Elizabeth entering the Tower of

placed next in order of the succession after Edward and Mary and their issue; and this arrangement was confirmed by the will the King was empowered by statute to make.

Queen Catherine Parr, Professor Pollard has told us, introduced some humanity into the royal household, and Edward and Elizabeth were well educated together, principally at Old Hatfield House. They were there when Henry's death called Edward away to greater dignities, and Elizabeth was left in the care of Catherine Parr, who married, in indecent haste, Thomas, Lord Seymour, brother of the Protector Somerset. This unprincipled adventurer, recognised as an Adonis at Court, but a man of venal and calculating nature, who only aimed at the gratification of his own desires, paid indelicate attentions to Elizabeth from the very outset, and, accordingly, when Seymour's other behaviour led to his arrest, his relations with Elizabeth were made the subject of a very trying investigation which, incidentally, gave the Princess her first lessons in the art of feminine self-defence. She proved equal to the occasion, however, partly because she was in all probability innocent of



London through the Traitor's Gate

anything worse than a qualified acquiescence in Seymour's improprieties and a girlish admiration for his handsome face.

As the years went by, Elizabeth's importance grew, particularly as each of the opposing parties in the State strove to make use of her to serve its own interest. Lies freely lubricated the machinery of intrigue, and no act or confidence could be taken at its face value.

At this time the Duke of Northumberland held the upper hand in affairs, and, as the arbiter of every move, succeeded in sustaining his policy of not only keeping the three children of Henry VIII. apart, but of actually estranging the devoted Edward and Elizabeth.

Elizabeth was wise, however, cleverly avoiding the enmity and the still more dangerous favour of Northumberland, and thus it was that she escaped the fate of Lady Jane Grey—a fate that might well have been hers but for this one fact that she saw the vital necessity for steering a middle course.

At Mary's accession on the early demise of Edward, Elizabeth came to London from Hatfield to pay homage to the new Sovereign, being received so graciously that for a while it seemed that the feelings of animosity that had kept the two women apart were a thing of the past and that a mutual understanding was within the bounds of possibility. But it was not to be.

Mary, once she had gripped the reins of power, tried, as was inevitable, to re-establish Roman Catholicism, and, in so doing, was insistent that Elizabeth should attend Mass, only to be angered when the latter at first refused, pleading ignorance of the rite, and later, under pressure, acceded in an obviously half-hearted manner. The enemies of Elizabeth, among whom the Spanish Ambassador was the most implacable, saw in this new estrangement a golden opportunity and, with an infernal malignity, proceeded to profit by it on every possible occasion.

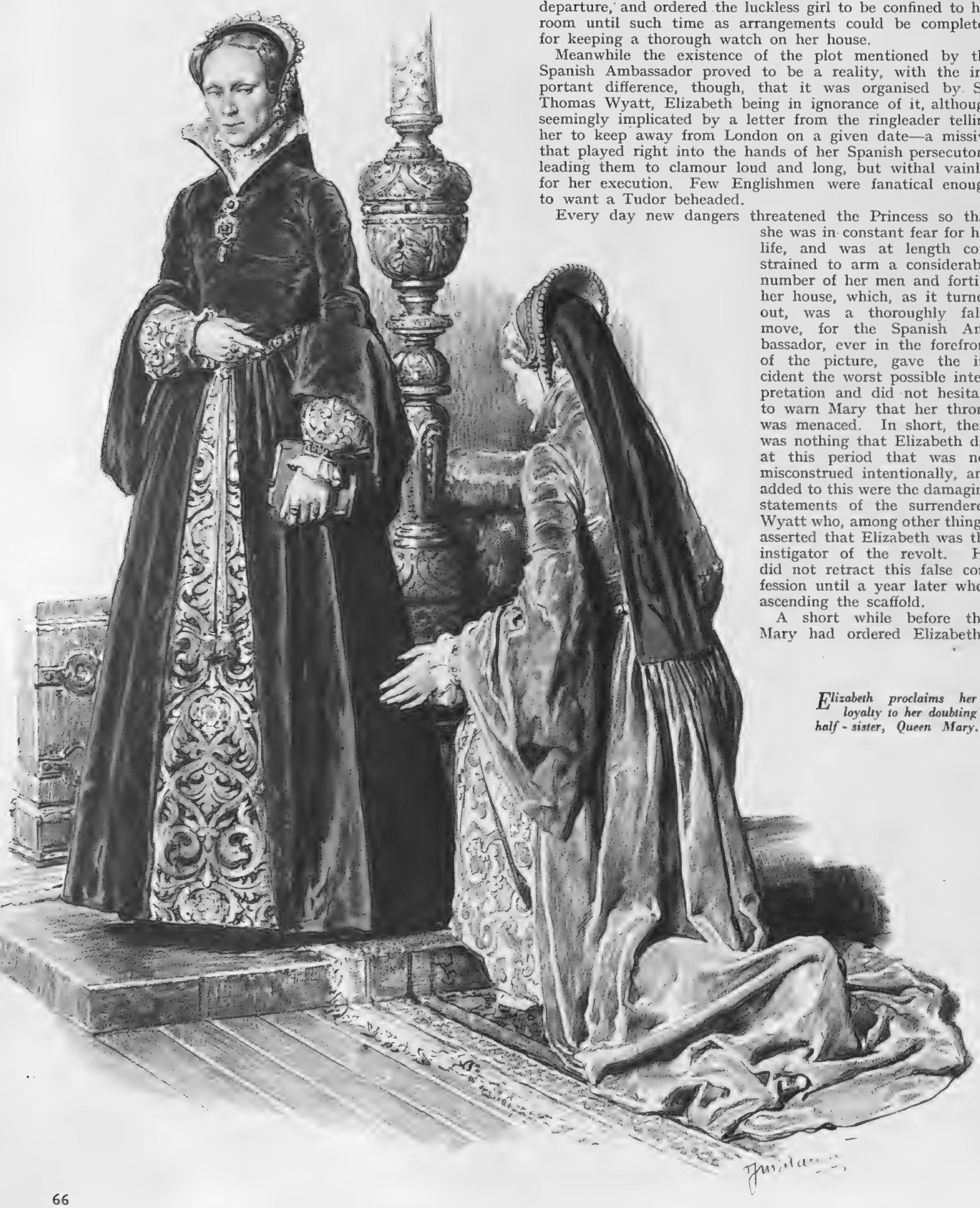
The Princess, schooled by this time to keep her wits about her in a court where intrigue was all-dominant, realised at once that the wisest course was to remove herself to her country house and, on asking permission to do so, at once received the necessary leave. Not to be outdone, the Spanish Ambassador informed the Queen that Elizabeth was the instigator of a plot against her sacred person, and that to allow her to go to a place where she could proceed with her plans unhindered was the height of folly.

Despite the enormity of this accusation, Mary was inclined to give it credence, retracted her permission for Elizabeth's departure, and ordered the luckless girl to be confined to her room until such time as arrangements could be completed for keeping a thorough watch on her house.

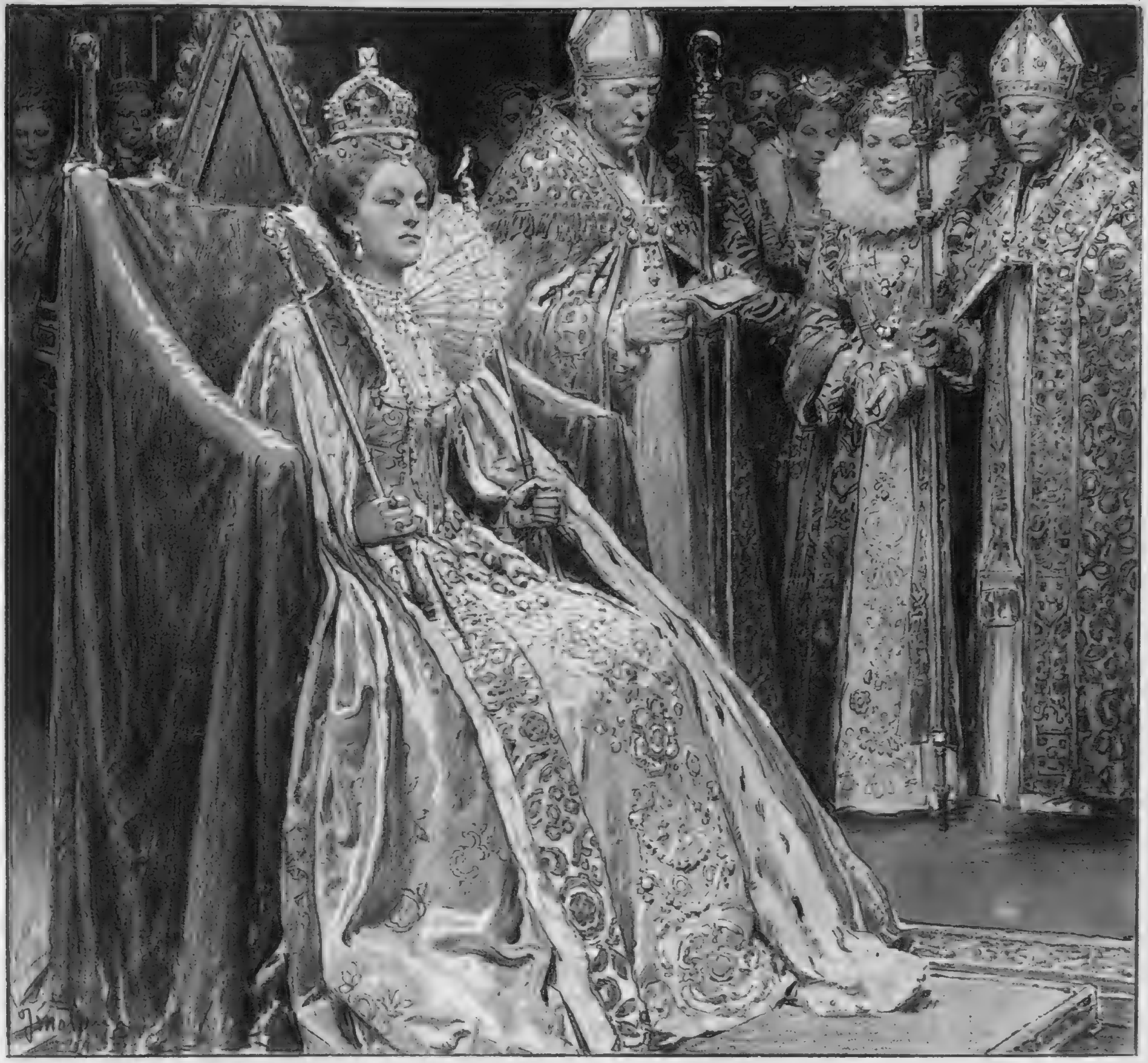
Meanwhile the existence of the plot mentioned by the Spanish Ambassador proved to be a reality, with the important difference, though, that it was organised by Sir Thomas Wyatt, Elizabeth being in ignorance of it, although seemingly implicated by a letter from the ringleader telling her to keep away from London on a given date—a missive that played right into the hands of her Spanish persecutors, leading them to clamour loud and long, but withal vainly, for her execution. Few Englishmen were fanatical enough to want a Tudor beheaded.

Every day new dangers threatened the Princess so that she was in constant fear for her life, and was at length constrained to arm a considerable number of her men and fortify her house, which, as it turned out, was a thoroughly false move, for the Spanish Ambassador, ever in the forefront of the picture, gave the incident the worst possible interpretation and did not hesitate to warn Mary that her throne was menaced. In short, there was nothing that Elizabeth did at this period that was not misconstrued intentionally, and added to this were the damaging statements of the surrendered Wyatt who, among other things, asserted that Elizabeth was the instigator of the revolt. He did not retract this false confession until a year later when ascending the scaffold.

A short while before this Mary had ordered Elizabeth's



Elizabeth proclaims her loyalty to her doubting half-sister, Queen Mary.



The Coronation of Elizabeth and the start of a glorious era.

immediate return to court, but the Princess, little doubting that extreme danger threatened, had played for time by feigning indisposition—a rather obvious ruse that so tried the patience of the Queen that she not only sent physicians to ascertain Elizabeth's condition, but commanded them to bring her back with them if she was well enough to travel.

When Elizabeth passed through the streets of the capital—a tragic, woebegone figure—the populace, though more than ever on her side by reason of the threatened Spanish marriage, received her in mournful silence, no man daring to show the least sign of sympathy or pity lest his head be forfeit. She was taken to the Palace of Westminster, there to be placed under strict and constant guard, together with her twelve servants, and to be flatly refused audience with the Queen, who seemed intent on going back on her promise, made in earlier days, that the Princess would never be denied the right to defend herself.

Three weeks elapsed, during which the Council was busy piling up evidence against suspected traitors and during which the powerful Spanish faction at court, taking advantage of the Queen's desire to marry Philip of Spain, intimated again and again that that monarch would not risk his person in England so long as Elizabeth remained alive. The Queen, however, had no desire to sacrifice her sister in this way, menace though she deemed her to be, and at length, after a long debate with the Council, decided upon sending her to the Tower, that fortress whose very name struck terror into the hearts of all in Tudor days, when so many who entered it dared hope for no more than a painless end.

Elizabeth's reaction to the news that she was to be incarcerated must have been bitter in the extreme but, such was her abundant wisdom, she controlled her thoughts, saying no more than "I trust that Her Majesty will be far more gracious than to commit to that place a true and most innocent woman who never has offended her in thought, word, or deed."

An hour later most of the Princess's attendants were dismissed, and the next day she was told that a barge was in readiness to convey her down river. Then for the hundredth time she asked leave to see Mary, but being once more refused, she appealed to the generosity of the Earl of Sussex, who was responsible for her safe conduct, asking that a letter of appeal be placed in the Queen's hands. In this last desperate supplication Elizabeth again reminded Mary of her promise, starting with these pathetic words: "If any ever did try this old saying that a king's word is more than another man's oath, I must humbly beseech your Majesty to verify to me, and to remember your last promise, and my last demand, that I be not condemned without answer and due proof." The letter continued in the same vein, without ambiguity and in restrained but firm language, appealing to her sister's honour. As she wrote, Elizabeth, with that same cunning which was later to stand her in good stead as a ruler, kept her eye on the timepiece and succeeded in so prolonging the completion of the letter that, by the time she was ready to leave, the tide had become unfavourable and the Earl of Sussex had perforce to put off her departure.

Though Elizabeth had gained another twenty-four hours, it really availed her little, and on the morrow her impatient guardians started out so early that when shooting London Bridge the stern of the vessel fouled the starling, and but for good fortune, all might have been drowned.

(*Continued on p. 198*)

EXERCISES FOR

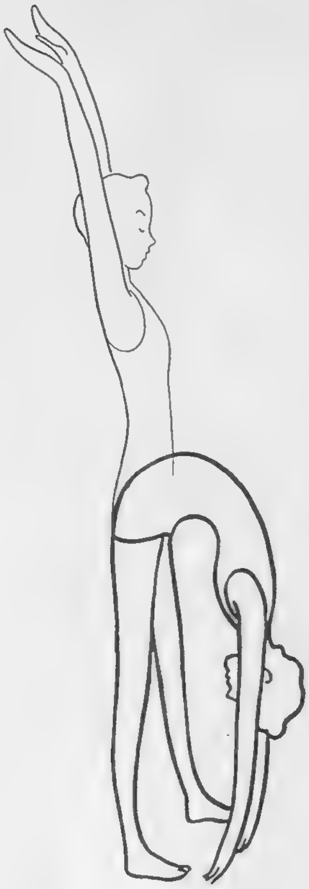


Fig. 1

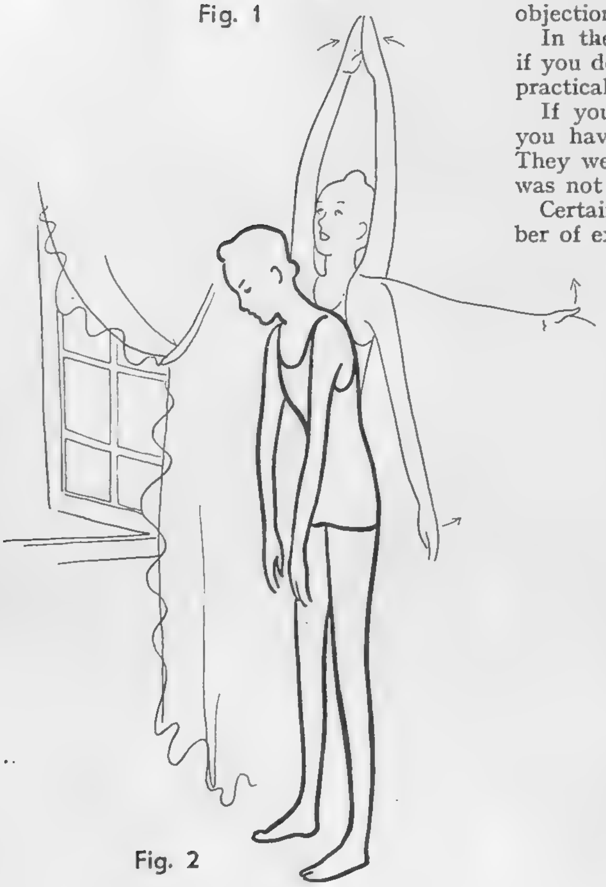


Fig. 2

Pretty soon now we shall be throwing up the windows to summer sunshine—we hope. So let us consider how to get fit enough to enjoy what morsels of comfort the weather moguls intend to throw us.

After last summer, which you undoubtedly spent crouching under umbrellas, and last winter, which has shown itself totally without shame, it is a safe bet that your health curve is pointing forlornly downwards. If it is not actually touching bottom it is because you are, physically, pretty tough.

In any case, you will realise that there is a lot of leeway to make up.

Now, don't turn over at the word "exercises." Of course, you are bored with the whole business of contortions on the bedroom floor when it is pleasanter in bed. You are lazy, and you don't mind admitting it—you do *need* exercises, however. And if you find the right ones I shouldn't be surprised if you enjoyed them.

Maybe you think that exercises take up too much time, and that those you have tried don't seem to have got you anywhere. Perhaps you 're also thinking that there are so many you feel too tired to choose, anyway.

Well, here are answers for these objections.

In the first place, exercises are easy, if you do the right ones. They cost you practically no trouble and even less time.

If you haven't benefited from those you have tried there is a dual reason. They were not good exercises and there was not enough of them.

Certainly there is a bewildering number of exercises on the market, but you don't have to do them all. Actually, there are only a few that really get you anywhere. Find those and stick to them.

Get the habit of exercising for seven minutes every morning and, in no time, you will find that you would sooner omit cleaning your teeth than neglecting your exercises. But don't be impatient. Give them a chance.

It is essential to have some idea of the aim of all this movement. Otherwise the whole thing is too vague.

But what do exercises do ? How can they prove an open sesame to health and beauty ?

Well, first there is muscle rhythm. This loosens the body ; frees the tense and stiffened muscles which our civilised environment has thrown into disuse. This gives a supple body and a healthy circulation, with its attendant benefits.

Next, breathing exercises promote a supply of oxygen to the blood, thus permitting the escape of poisons.

Finally, and most important of all, body movements centred about the abdomen exercise a stimulating effect upon the internal organs, from whence spring every ailment.

You see, there is more in it than a mere idle swinging of arms and legs.

A healthy internal system is vital to good health. You may think because you have no positive signs of faulty mechanism inside that you need not bother, but that is a mistake we all make until we learn better.

Clear skin, bright eyes, abounding vitality are just a few of the results of a healthily functioning inside. Surely it is worth a few minutes' exercising every

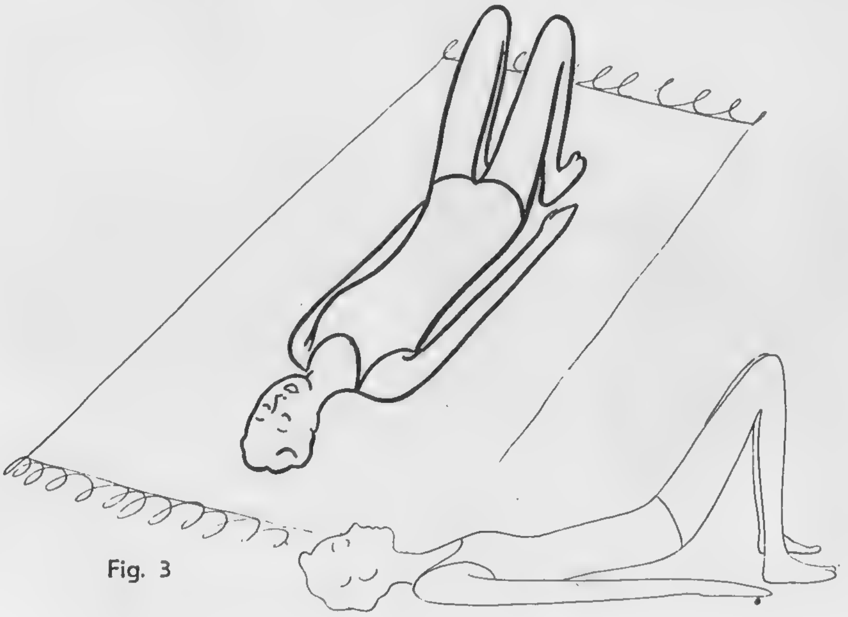


Fig. 3

LAZY BONES

Do . . .

Exercise before your bath.

Wear something loose and warm.

Open the window, but keep out of the draught.

Be guided by your age, your physical development and your general health. Don't tire yourself.

Don't . . .

Hold the breath when exercising. Breathe naturally.

Exercise when you're tired.

Strike stiff, military postures. They're harmful, not helpful.

Tell yourself that you're not the person for exercises and that they won't help. You ***are*** and they ***will***.

morning? Such simple exercises, too. First a muscle rhythm movement. This for loosening taut muscles and whipping up circulation:

Fig. 1. Stand with your feet slightly apart, arms straight above the head, chin well in. Let the whole body flop forward into a bending posture with the arms hanging loosely down and fingers touching the floor.

Yes, you have guessed. It is simply touching your toes, but with a difference.

Whereas you were probably taught at school to bend stiffly with a rigid back, this movement is utterly relaxed and the back is *rounded*. Complete relaxation of all the muscles as the body is thrown forward sets up the important vibration without which exercises are of little use.

Remember that muscle rhythm is the aim, *not muscle jerking*. Swinging movements that are slow and embracing are many times more effective than violent ones.

Repeat the bending exercise six times and pretend you are a rag doll. No bones.

Now for some lung culture, deep breathing to you.

Fig. 2. Stand in front of the open window, erect but easily. With your arms by your sides and the palms inwards, make a full, slow, inward breathing effort, carrying the arms outwards from the sides to the level of the shoulders. Continue the upward movement of the arms from here, at the same time turning the palms inwards so that they meet over your head. Now, expelling the breath slowly, evenly, turn the palms outwards and bring the arms slowly down to the sides as you do it.

Breathe in through the nostrils with the lips closed and out through the open mouth. Try to expand the chest from below upwards as you breathe in. Pull the breath up from your stomach, as it were. Breathe out so completely that you are left slightly drooping.

Repeat this six times at least, and while you are doing it think of each breath as a nail in the coffin of those microbes that have been playing havoc with your skin and chiselling lines and hollows about your throat.

So far you have occupied only about four minutes. Three more are to be spent in abdominal exercises which will work miracles on your health and appearance if you will only give them a break.

Fig. 3. Lie flat on your back on the floor. Bend your knees with the soles of the feet on the ground about twelve inches apart and heels fairly close to the buttocks. Place the hands flat on the floor and raise the hips about two inches. Your weight will be on your head, shoulders and feet.

Now swing the hips from side to side, keeping the shoulders flat on the floor. Tilt each hip upwards alternately in the manner of a hammock and repeat twenty times. Rest and then repeat the same number of swings again. Count aloud as you do this and you will find yourself breathing naturally.

This simple exercise is one of the finest known for stimulating the muscular action of the internal organs, and it is absolutely safe for the most delicate people.

Remember that all exercises should be adapted to individual requirements. If you find yourself fatigued before you have finished the prescribed number of movements, that is a sign that you need to work up to them gently.

Now, one more exercise for flexing the pelvis and firming these vital abdominal muscles.

Fig. 4. Lie on your back on the floor and rest the legs on a chair so placed that the soles of your feet touch the wall. Lift the middle part of your body away from the floor so that your weight is on your shoulders and neck.

Breathe out as you do so and contract the muscles of the buttocks and abdomen. Rest again on the floor and repeat the movement six times.

This leaves you about half a minute to devote to a movement that will keep you slim where you want to be slim and flat where you want to be flat.

Fig. 5. Sit tailor fashion on the floor with your hands on your hips. Now swing the body to the left as far as it will go, following the movement with your head, keeping your chin well in.

Follow this with a full swing to the right, taking your head as you go. Make all the movement from above your waist and relax as you do it.

That is all you need. Five simple exercises, but enough to keep you in radiant health if you do them conscientiously.

The movements are so essentially simple, the whole routine so leisured, that even the laziest person need have no fears.

In any case, the grandest feature of this exercise business is that it so stimulates the forces of health and vitality that in no time you find you are not lazy any more.

L. K.

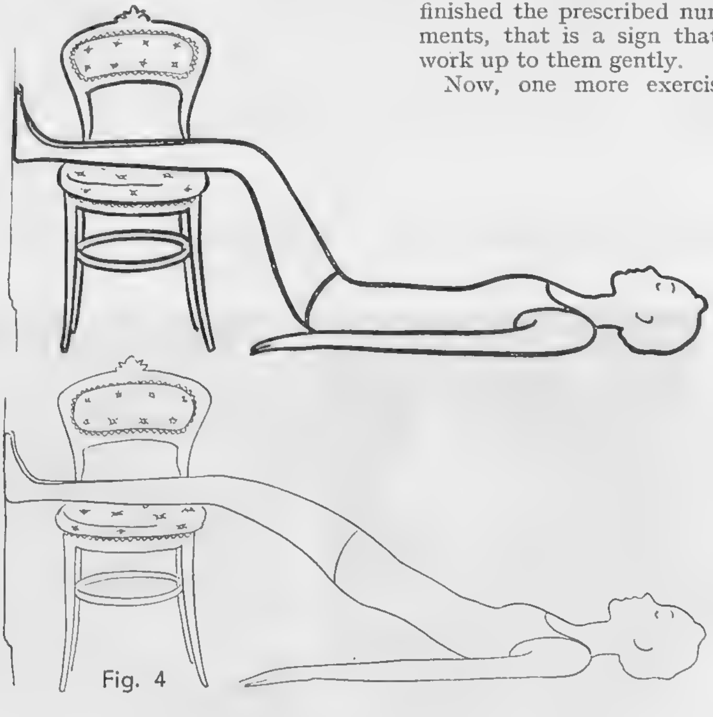


Fig. 4

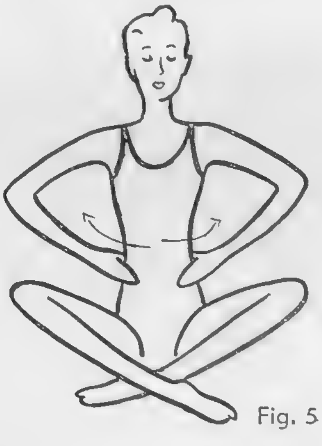
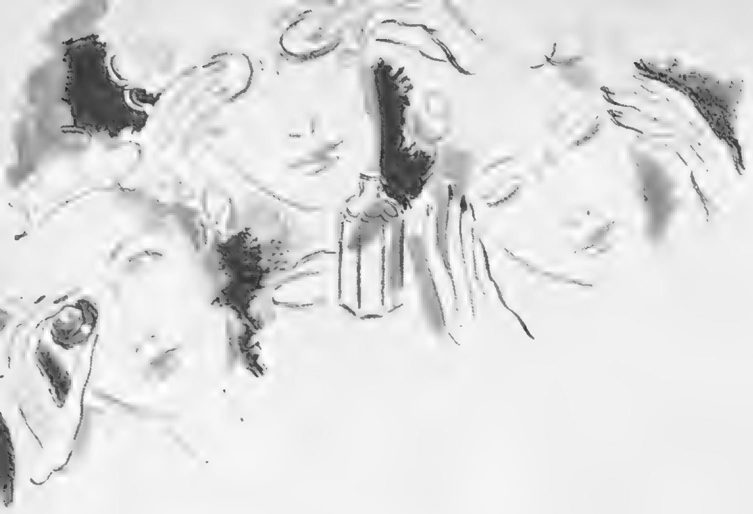


Fig. 5



EYES AND

Lack-lustre eyes

This is a sure sign of ill-health. If due to anæmia, the eyes will be heavy-lidded with shadows underneath; if to kidneys, there will be puffiness or pouches; if to liver, the eyeball will be slightly blood-shot and yellow.

As herbs are more than usually healing during spring, give yourself a plentiful diet of freshly-pressed juice of raw carrots for anæmia; scrape and boil dandelion roots for three hours and drink the decoction, to clear kidney and liver; or there is a herb house in London which will prescribe for you.

On no account over-work the eyes, as this will result in a strain that may do lasting harm. Herbal sachets, wrung out in hot water and held in place over the eyes with an eye-strap, work wonders. They soothe and revitalise every nerve.

Remember also to practise "seeing black," the special curative exercise described in the March issue. This is important.

Use an eye-bath morning and night-time. Optrex is about the best stand-by as an eye-lotion, and should always be in the house. But in the case of frequent eye-baths, it is best to ring a change on at least three.

There is a quickly reviving eye-lotion used by Imperial Airways Pilots for eyes that have been exposed to glare or wind. There is one containing an infusion of eyebright. This plant is called *casse-lunettes* (break glasses) in French, which speaks eloquently of its powers of sight-healing. And there is our old and powerful friend boracic acid: dissolve a teaspoonful of the powder in a pint of warm water, and use the solution cold. Any of these, alternated by Optrex, is good.

Sties are, of course, due to poor blood; consequently they often appear after winter's strain, in the spring. Eye-baths usually keep them at bay. But if a sty should appear, foment it with little swabs of cotton wool, dipped in hot boracic lotion, dabbed on and left to cool. Use a fresh swab each time, and don't rub it along the lids, or you will spread the infection. Mercury oxide yellow ointment helps to disperse sties.

Pouches, puffiness, or under-eye wrinkles

Find the cause first. Is short sight causing you to pucker up your eyes, are you working by a bad light, or do you omit to wear coloured glasses in the sun?

Once the cause is removed, there is a fine balsam which, when mixed with an anti-wrinkle cream and lightly finger-printed round the eye, shows a distinct rejuvenation next morning.

Or there is an astringent which you can mix yourself—½ ounce spirit of tannin with 10 ounces spirit of camphor and 2 ounces rose-water. Apply with finger-tips; leave to dry. Do not use more than three times a week.

This astringent is also good for pouches. (Of course, you must first stop over-working or cure the kidney trouble which is causing these pouches). Then treat them externally with alternate daily applications of herbal sachets wrung out in hot water, and hot, cold, hot, cold compresses of cotton wool. Sachets and compresses to be held in place by an eyestrap. After this, apply the astringent.

Puffy eyes can be reduced by placing crescent-shaped wads dipped in hot rose-water, round the eyes. Add a pinch of boracic powder to the rose-water.

These remedies should prove efficacious even in advanced cases of puffiness, pouchiness and wrinkles.

To smooth eye-sockets

Never neglect your eyes after a tiring day or an all-night party.

In this treatment the same herbal base is used throughout. Herbs are the basis of all eye-balms.

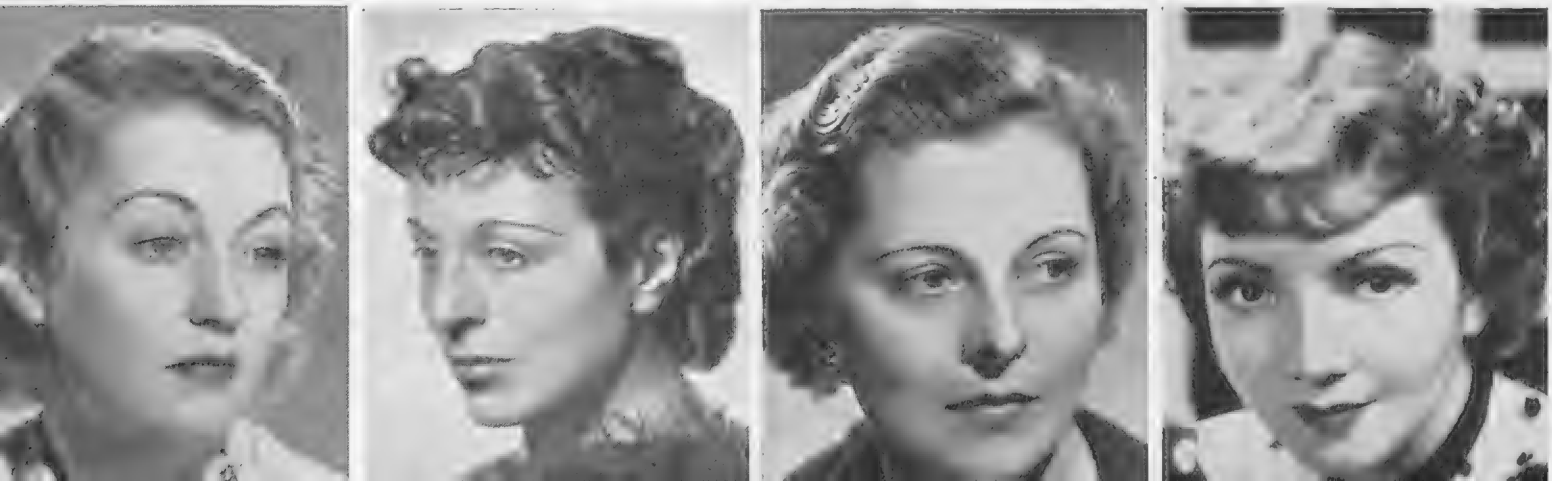
The eyes are first bathed with a lotion to revive them and remove all traces of strain. Cotton wool is then soaked in a slightly different form of this lotion, and these saturated pads are placed over closed eyes.

The effect of these pads in dispersing all puckered-up, quivering lines that have gathered is more than mere eye-wash. As far as your eyes are concerned, the hands of the clock have been turned right back to before those strenuous hours of shopping or working ever happened. Hours that would have left their mark, but are now as though they had never been.

To complete the good work, a special cream is finger-printed in round the eyes and left on over-night, or as long as convenient. Lastly, before making-up, smooth Herbal oil over the eyelid to give it a youthful sheen, as well as to guard against crepiness.

To grow and curl lashes

Practically every eye-shadow these days has a coco-butter foundation, and this is just the food for the eyelash follicles, or it would be if eye-shadow were not in



Eight stage and film stars show the variety in eyebrow wear to-day. They are (left to right): Kay Hammond,

EYEBROWS

such constant use and consequently deprived of its growth-provoking qualities

For this reason, use eye-shadow only on *occasions* and alternate with

(*a*) A filming of Herbal oil, which keeps the lids from shrivelling.

(*b*) A streak-application of *almond-castor oil* (2 ounces of each poured simultaneously into a large bottle standing in a pudding-basin of hot water. The gentle heat conduces to good mixing.) Paint this on with a fine eyelash brush, obtainable at any chemist, and insert meticulously between the lashes of the upper and lower lids.

(*c*) Pure vaseline.

All these can be worn during the day, and will preserve that sickle-smooth curve of the lid. Brush eye-lashes frequently upwards and outwards to curl and clean them. Give them a rest of nothing at all during the fourth day. It is no use clogging them with food.

Making-up the eyes

Eye-shadow, in an acute V from eye-corner to temple, in a colour toning in with your eyes, will lengthen them.

A pin-point of rouge over the lashes in the middle of the *upper lid*, and under the lashes in the middle of the *lower lid*, will make them look rounder, larger; while, if the eyes are set too near the nose, a delicate V inside the inner corner will throw them farther apart.

But these measures should be indulged in only at night, with a very delicate hand.

Never put eye-shadow on the lower lid. In every case use it sparingly. A touch of it in a band above the lashes of the top lid is usually safest and most becoming; but there must be no transpiring of natural lid between eye-shadow and eye-lash. This is unbeautiful and frequently seen.

There is now a marvellous preparation that delicately tints the whole of the upper lid and eye-well, and is spread from lashes to eyebrow; it is quite undetectable, but again, is only for special outings, as it takes such a time to put on. It certainly adds mystery and lustre to the eye.

About mascara. If you wish to emphasise long lashes, the mascara with the soapy foundation will make them bristle like no other. But this mascara usually breaks and dries the lashes. So, it is far better to brush the lashes with an *oil-dye*, which is gently and flatteringly glossy.

Do, *please*, always remove your mascara and eye-shadow at night. It's just ruinous to eye-beauty to leave it on. The same applies to the oil-dye.

Eyebrow line

Bushy, beetling brows are obviously unbecoming to a woman, yet it is astonishing how a pencil line or non-existent eyebrow makes most men feel uncomfortable. Many of them prefer to see eyebrows that can be brushed.

Now for a couple of helpful hints before you settle on the quizzical or unexpected peaked brow, the straight brow or the semi-circle.

If your eyes are small, pluck your eyebrows from below and leave only the top arch. This will exaggerate the size of the well of the eye and the orb itself.

If your forehead is too low, pluck out the top line of your brow to give it more height.

A sphinx-look that is both young and deeply wise can be imparted by plucking out all hair near the nose and only starting the eyebrow in the middle of the eye, from which it curves faintly out.

This sets the eyes very wide apart, but is only possible to those who have large eyes and wide, low foreheads.

Rub all round your eyebrows before plucking them, with a knob of camphor, which both freezes sensation and eases plucking. Also dip the tweezers in methylated spirit. Alternating hot and cold compresses will remove red swellings or any marks of plucking afterwards.

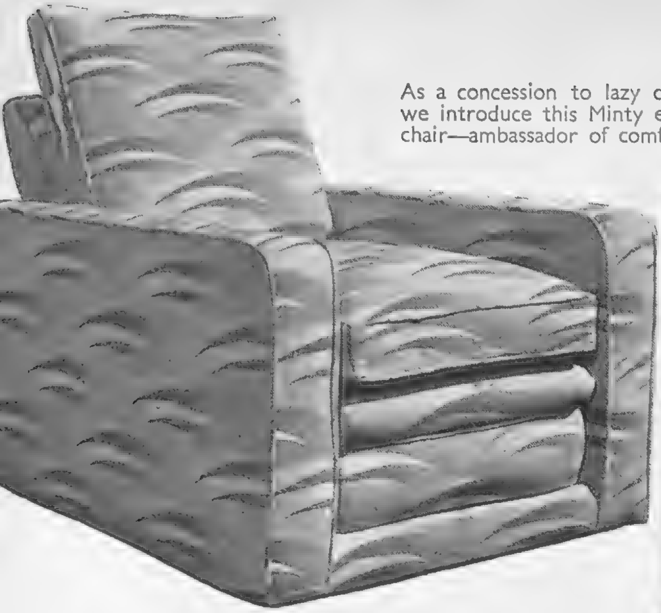
The almond-eyed should let their eyebrows follow the upward slant of their eyes. They can also with advantage, in some cases, allow the eyebrows to meet right in the centre above the nose, providing these meet as if in the base of a wide V.

If your eyes are too round, experiment with your eyebrows. Find a place in which to peak or break the arch. Joan Crawford's are a good example.

Lastly, keep in mind, while you are plucking and playing around, that often the most arresting eyes are set beneath unfashionable broad lashed brows which bestow a serene and generous character to the face.

Be very certain what personality you mean to portray. Do not make a mask of your face. Emphasise *yourself*, that is all. In trying to do this, it is sometimes possible to draw the eyebrows you mean to have on paper, then cut them out orange-quarter wise, and fit them over your eye. It is a very rough and unsatisfactory gauge, but it may prevent irreparable harm. Go slow, and only pluck moderately at first.

Margaret Rawlings, Nora Swinburne, Claudette Colbert, Carole Lombard, Joan Crawford, Diana Wynyard, Myrna Loy



As a concession to lazy days we introduce this Minty easy chair—ambassador of comfort

Garden room—modern version. This sun-trap room leads out of the dining-room and gives access to a spacious conservatory at the farther end

INDOOR AND OUTDOOR COMFORT

It is a queer thing that the discovery of the first primroses on a sunny bank, or even a pink shower of apple blossom in your own garden, should give such a longing for the open.

The four walls of the home that has been a fortress of comfort during the winter suddenly become a barrier between you and the sweet fresh air. The warm nest is a prison.

It becomes necessary at once to weed the garden path or to repaint the window boxes. It matters very little what you do so long as you're *out*.

Presently you penetrate to the tool shed and begin to titivate the old garden furniture. You may content yourself with painting it a dazzling colour and renewing the fading canvas, but if you are genuinely interested in this business of living out of doors, you'll go further. You'll buy new.

It is true one can work havoc with carefully balanced budgets by getting among the garden furniture they are showing in the shops this year; but what if you have to cut down on the new dining-room curtains, isn't it worth it?

At last we are beginning to learn something in this country about living out of doors. This in spite of the absence of suitable weather to practise in.

New houses have excellent verandahs, pleasantly screened from spiteful breezes, and flower-decked loggias that invite the further comfort of attractive garden furniture.

Tables and chairs that make eating out of doors twice the pleasure that it was are obtainable at reasonable prices. Easy chairs for outdoors wheel and push and swing and spring. There are chairs to sit up in, chairs to lie down in, all awaiting your pleasure, madame.

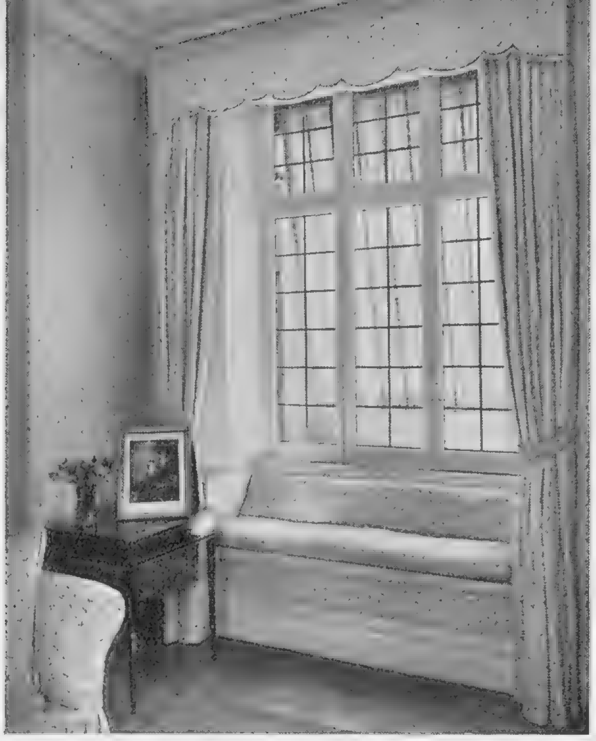
Added to these are gay portable sun lounges . . . brilliant umbrellas . . . tea wagons that run on rubber tyres, trays on legs, and gay pottery for the table that makes you hungry to look at it.

If you want to amuse yourself between now and the official entry of summer, try making place mats for your garden table out of cellophane. Cushions of bright-coloured canvas, embroidered with wool, are finished in no time and cost the proverbial song.

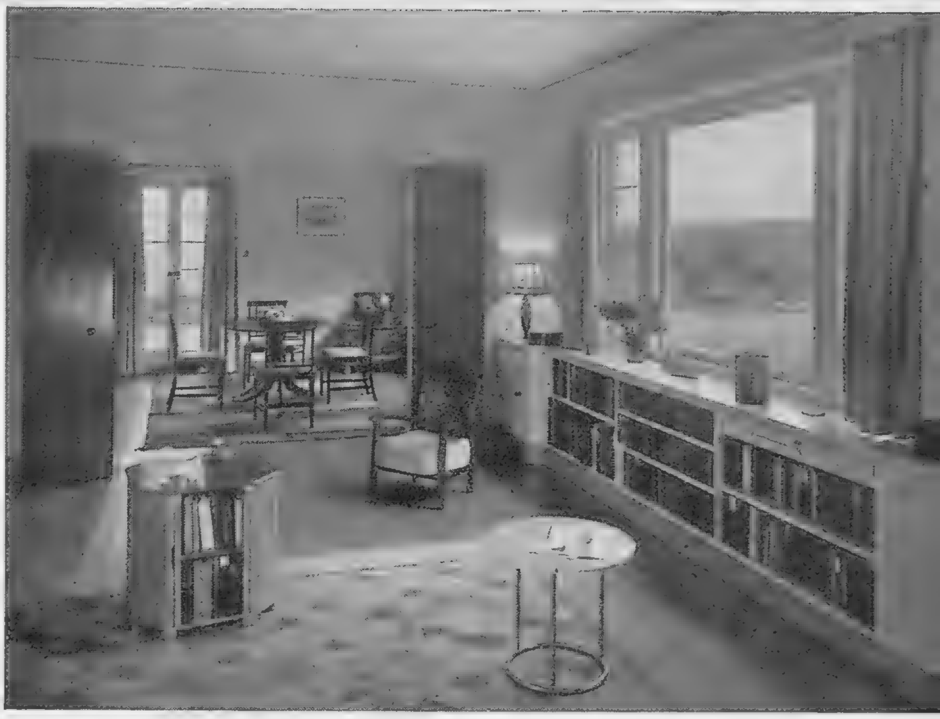
If you have ambitious plans for creating a comfortable summer, remember that awnings, covered porches or loggias, and paved or tiled floors give a feeling of coolness. A lily pool outside the living-room is an aid to coolness in the house, and the trickle of water from a fountain, however modest, creates an illusion of coolness in the hottest weather.

Around verandahs and loggias white flowers and a profusion of green are more refreshing than those of gaudier colouring, and to promote coolness and comfort inside the house choose colourings and fabrics of pale fresh shades.

Cool green chintzes at the windows, shady awnings outside, make a room a haven of retreat from heat and dust. Choose cool, neat flowery cretonnes for your summer schemes and divest the rooms of downy cushions, woolly rugs and heavy



Clear, cool, comfort. A shady summer interior carried out with glazed chintz in the same design as the wallpaper. The colouring is clear green and yellow on a white ground



The return of the sliding door has improved the prospects for summer coolness indoors. Here is a spacious room that, in winter, is divided into two

A cool paved terrace outside the house offers a shady retreat for summer afternoons and a cool dining-room for meals. The one pictured is sheltered on three sides

Miss Jessie Matthews, the Gaumont British star, is seen on the Li-lo which has been specially designed for taking it at ease in the garden this summer. You can have one like this for reclining, or there is one with a wooden backrest for sitting up and taking notice. Price one guinea

Swimming-pool to keep in mind for your garden of dreams, when the dream comes true

drapes. The house will be twice as restful, twice as summery without them.

A charming scheme of decoration for summer is pictured in the room on this page where the window seat and the wing chair are covered with a cool glazed chintz of the same design as the wallpaper. The large airy window of this room is protected by a gaily striped shade and there is a feeling of flower-like coolness everywhere.

Easy chairs are an essential part of summer comfort in the house, though mainly associated with the winter fireside. A comfortable easy chair is one of the first essentials of a hot day indoors, and we make no apology for reproducing the Minty chair on page 72 as an ambassador of summer comfort. Outdoor living means liberation from the kitchen for the women of the house. It signifies long, restful days in the garden, informal hospitality in the open air, but make sure that full enjoyment of the summer is awaiting you indoors as well.

Take a look at the spacious sitting-room shown on the right at the top of this page. Here is an ideal arrangement for summer comfort indoors. Wide windows admit the sunshine and fresh air and give an outdoor feeling to the interior that adds much to its repose in summer.

The dining-room, entered through modern sliding doors, has its own casement door to the garden. The communicating doors of these rooms are left open in summer for greater freedom and airiness, but closed doors and heavy winter curtains transform each room into a comfortable retreat when colder days come round.

WHY I ADMIRE ENGLISHWOMEN

By Yolanda Foldes

Miss Yolanda Foldes is the Cinderella of modern literature. Last year she was an unknown Budapest girl trying to write novels. To-day her name is known all over the world, since her prize-winning novel, "The Street of the Fishing Cat," has been published. It brought her £4,000 in prize money and is now a best seller in thirteen countries

I admire English women and, just a little bit, I am sorry for them.

You see, they are so much more fair and correct and ladylike than their Continental sisters. They are fair and correct and ladylike even in their love affairs, which is just a little short of committing suicide.

I must confess I have not an overwhelming opinion about the stronger sex. *They* are generally not so very fair where questions of love are involved. They stick to the old saying: In war and love everything is permitted.

European women know this and repay men with their own coin. They resort to every trick, use every ruse, employ all sorts of tactics to ensnare, captivate, bewitch and keep their men. But English women play cricket—even in love.

You see what I mean? In other countries women make use, abuse and misuse of all their womanly charms. They fight with tooth and nail, with tears and smiles; they cheat and deceive and keep all jealousies aware.

I don't say it is dignified, but it is effective.

English women do not. They meet men on an equal basis, consider them as fellow human beings, not as a lower—or, if you like, higher—sort of animal to be kept in a cage and cajoled, lured, threatened into marrying them.

The English method commands all my admiration, but I don't know if it is wise.

Men generally like women to be helpless. European women make the most of this masculine weakness. They are so very helpless, their men have to take care of them for all their lives and in the smallest of matters.

English men by their women's independence are freed from most of these worries. It is a pity.

There is a general belief on the Continent—shared by the average Englishman too, I am sorry to say—that English women are not well dressed, that they have not the taste in clothes that distinguishes the Parisienne.

Why? I most solemnly give the lie to this belief. Never have I seen clothes worn with such a natural ease and grace as in London.

This, it seems, is just the trouble. English women do not make such a fuss about their toilette as they should do. In certain circles they dress every night for dinner; they don't make an event of it. Continental women dress up as a special treat for men. They themselves are less used to it, so they are much more self-conscious about the matter and parade like peacocks. A good means to call attention to themselves.

Another example, still in connection with clothes. English women with their perfect figures are naturally at their best in riding kit.

But, of course, they look very independent in it; everybody does, on horseback. Continental women don't go in so much for riding and hunting, they think it too manly; it takes the edge off their air of sweet helplessness.

Now the last example (although I could cite hundreds), this time from the higher domain of food. In England I may invite a man friend to a restaurant and pay for his lunch. On the Continent it is *always the man who pays.* More primitive, perhaps, but so much cheaper.

To put it briefly: English women do not play the rôle of beauty in distress. I like them for it—unfortunately I myself was made this way. But they and I would have an easier life if we were the other way round.

WOMAN'S TALK

Do not read this if Garbo bores you. It is meant for the inner circle of Garbo-manes only. Leave us al-one, please, with the memory of her in "Camille." We want to wallow.

If you saw "Camille" at the Empire, you will know what I mean. If you did not, let nothing stop you from seeing it when it comes your way.

Garbo-manes wouldn't care if she couldn't act for little apples. They are content to gaze and listen. But *how* that woman can act. Even Bernhardt worshippers condescend to say that her performance in "Camille" is flawless.

And oh, the clothes. They are breath-taking. Dress after dress, floating, ethereal, with great billowing skirts, bodices halfway down the arms.

Designers must be licking their lips. We are certain to see Camille-inspired clothes in the next bunch of collections.

Remember, it is not sloping shoulders that look well in off-shoulder dresses. They need shoulders like Garbo's, ramrod straight, then hollowing in tenderly to the chest.

I found myself having a quick lunch at a crowded restaurant buffet. Three young girls at the table talked excitedly about the commercial course they were taking. All aimed to be secretaries, hoping to start soon at £2 10s. a week.

They held an inquest over that morning's examinations, which, I gathered, included questions about the Bank Rate, the Rate of Exchange, Foreign Bills of Exchange, Company Liabilities and what-not. I felt ashamed. I could not have answered any of the questions.

If I had had the courage, however, I would have told them that really all those things did not matter two hoots in a secretary's life. What matters is to be equipped with a new repertoire of convincing places where an employer might be when he does not want to be in to importunates.

He's in conference, at a board meeting, engaged, not back from lunch yet, out of town, left early—are all *passé*. Nobody believes in them. A secretary with new ideas to offer in this connection would be worth her weight in gold.

Lillywhites is to sports what bacon is to eggs, what hammers are to nails, what Nervo is to Knox.

Their sports and games equipment, men's and women's sports and country clothes, shoes and underwear are incomparable. You don't even have to talk about it any longer. It is one of the facts of sporting life. What everybody does not know is that their things, though so superlatively good, are not expensive.

For instance, I bought there for thirty shillings a pair of navy trousers that for cut, fit, comfort, wearability, are the best I've had.

They are opening a huge sister store at Brompton Road, Knightsbridge, early this month. This will duplicate every department in the Piccadilly Lillywhites. In the opening week, they have a display showing the difference between the sports clothes and equipment of to-day and that of twenty-odd years ago.

When you go along to laugh at the young women whom you will see posturing in the long pique skirts, high-neck blouses and straw boaters that they used to wear for what they called tennis, be thankful for the flattery and practical comfort of to-day's styling. But don't laugh too loud. About 1960 some hard-eyed hussy will have a big laugh at the absurd shorts and shirts of 1937.

Erik is a young Dane who designs hats in Paris. Pretty good hats, too. He calls himself Erik the Hat Man, and enjoys references to himself as a Blond Viking.

All right. Erik the Hat Man, a Blond Viking, came over to London a little while ago and asked us in to see his collection. Alas, when we got there, he had no hats to show, only pretty photographs of the hats. So it was a wasted call.

There seems to be no point to this story at all, except that at Erik's I met Olaf, a Norwegian who has set up in Grosvenor Square to make hats for Englishwomen, and we talked of Aage Thaarup, a Dane again, already famous here as a hat designer. We tried to figure out why, when there are so few men designing women's hats that you can count them on the fingers of one hand, three of them should be Nordics. Olaf didn't know. Nor do I. So there still seems to be no point in this.

If it had not been for the American Civil War, you might never have had the pleasure of using Old Bleach Linens in your home.

This is how it happened. America blockaded the Southern ports. There was a cotton shortage. So a Mr. C. J. Webb thought he would start a small linen factory in Ireland. That was in 1864. It whooped up into a thriving business, and to-day Old Bleach Linens are what they call a household word, famous for their quality, their superb designs, their wearability. As in 1864 the flax is exposed to the sun and air. No chemical bleaches are ever used to injure the fibre.

This year their furnishing linens are lovelier than ever. Textures are more luxurious, more colourful; designs more varied, original and decorative.

If your upholstery is made of an Old Bleach fabric you may have the felicity of sitting down on chair covers designed by Paul Nash, Nicholas de Molas, Marion Dorn, Felix Gotto.

Ciro's, besides making cultured pearls that are mistakable for the real thing, are kind-hearted people, too. Spend a guinea with them—and they have plenty of tempting pretties about—and they will hand over, free, an official commemorative medal struck by the Royal Mint, twenty-four carat.

If you don't spend, but just want the medal, there is a limited number on sale for three-and-sixpence.

By Jean Burnup

For *the* Trumpet *shall*

Husband, Wife and a Scrap on the N.W.

By John Kent

MAJOR MARK ALISON held the theory that every woman got the husband she deserved. On the North-west Frontier of India you are apt to get theories. When there is no fighting, it is a place of singularly few amusements.

The Major was a confirmed bachelor up to the time he met Valerie Swain. Then he altered many of his views: on bachelorhood, on the theory of women deserving their husbands, and on the dullness of the Frontier. He had one look at Valerie Swain's husband and decided that no woman could be as bad as all that. His meeting with the Swains coincided with the outbreak of a little border war, and once it started Major Alison hadn't time to worry about theories anyhow. Except that whenever he saw Valerie Swain he remembered what a fool he had been to put a premium on bachelorhood.

As a matter of fact, it was Ronnie Swain who started that war. Valerie's father, old Professor Macklin, had taken his daughter and his son-in-law along with him on his last archæological expedition. The little party had come down through Afghanistan and passed into the country of the Halalis. The Government had expected them to come into India through the Pishin Valley, and the first news of their change of plans reached Major Alison, commanding a squadron of the 50th Decanni Lancers at Sowar Kotal.

A spy came into the ramshackle post one morning with the information that Professor Macklin had been murdered, and two sahibs, the only survivors of the party, were trying to fight their way through with about half the Halali tribesmen on their heels.

While the trumpets were sounding "Boot and Saddle," Alison radioed the news to the Government and to the nearest garrison at Fort Regale, four days' march away. Then he rode out at the head of two troops of his Lancers, equipped for three days in the open. That was fifteen minutes after the messenger had arrived in the post. Rapid moves become automatic on the North-west Frontier.

He left his subaltern in command at Sowar Kotal and led the two troops himself, for he suspected the Halalis were out for more than the extermination of a couple of sahibs. He didn't know what had roused them (he discovered later that it was an indiscretion of Ronnie's which was responsible), but they had been ominously quiet for the last five months and the crops had been exceptionally good, and he felt that if a war had to start he'd better carry the blame for it on his own shoulders.

Illustrated by
Alfred Sindall

THEY rode hard and without taking the usual precautions. By rights they should have thrown out a screen and covered the hills on their flanks, but they did not wait for this. Alison had heard there was a woman with the Professor's party, and he knew the Halalis. The result was that they caught about two hundred tribesmen in the open and were able to ride through them twice before they scattered. The Halalis had expected the usual fringe of British scouts would give them warning, but instead they got the full shock of the charge.

Alison sent the Risaldar Major with one troop to follow up the pursuit, while he rode over to the scattered boulders which had been the Halalis' objective when he had taken them in the flank.

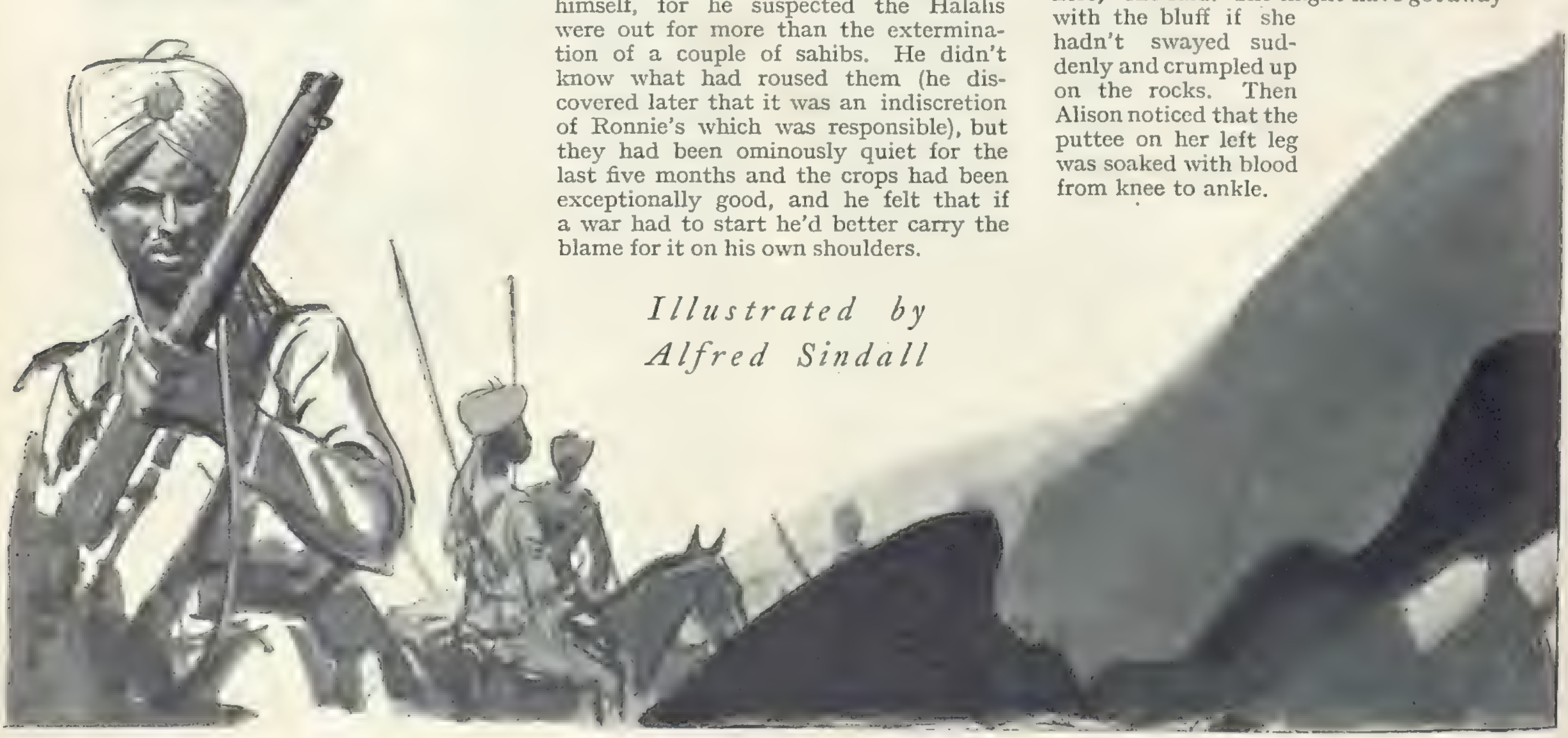
He called out: "We heard your rifle and came straight for the sound of the shots. Where's the other fellow? Our spy said there were two of you." The khaki-clad figure which had risen to greet him seemed to droop. Then: "If you mean my husband," said Valerie Swain, "he . . . he went back to find a better position." She glanced over her shoulder at the hill behind her, and Alison saw a man waving to them from about half way up.

Valerie ejected a shell from the Express rifle she had been using and seemed anxious to change the conversation. "There, that's the last," she remarked. "You timed your arrival beautifully."

Alison was still watching the other man through narrowed eyes.

"Why didn't you get back to the high ground with your husband?" he asked bluntly.

Valerie flushed. "I preferred to remain here," she said. She might have got away with the bluff if she hadn't swayed suddenly and crumpled up on the rocks. Then Alison noticed that the puttee on her left leg was soaked with blood from knee to ankle.



Sound *Frontier*

It was while he was cleaning up the wound that Ronnie Swain joined him. Alison didn't look up; he felt he couldn't. There were several things he wanted to say to Mr. Swain, but he doubted if he could get them off before Valerie came round.

Meanwhile Swain was being profuse in his thanks. Then he saw what Alison was doing and sat down suddenly. He said: " Sorry, Major, but the sight of blood always makes me feel faint."

" That's bad," said Alison, still intent on his task. " And you're gun-shy too. Any other ailments ? "

Ronnie got up and walked away, but a full packet of Express rifle ammunition fell out of his shirt pocket as he moved, and Alison called him back.

" Here's your wife's last round," he said, handing Ronnie a brass shell. " Better keep it—as a souvenir."

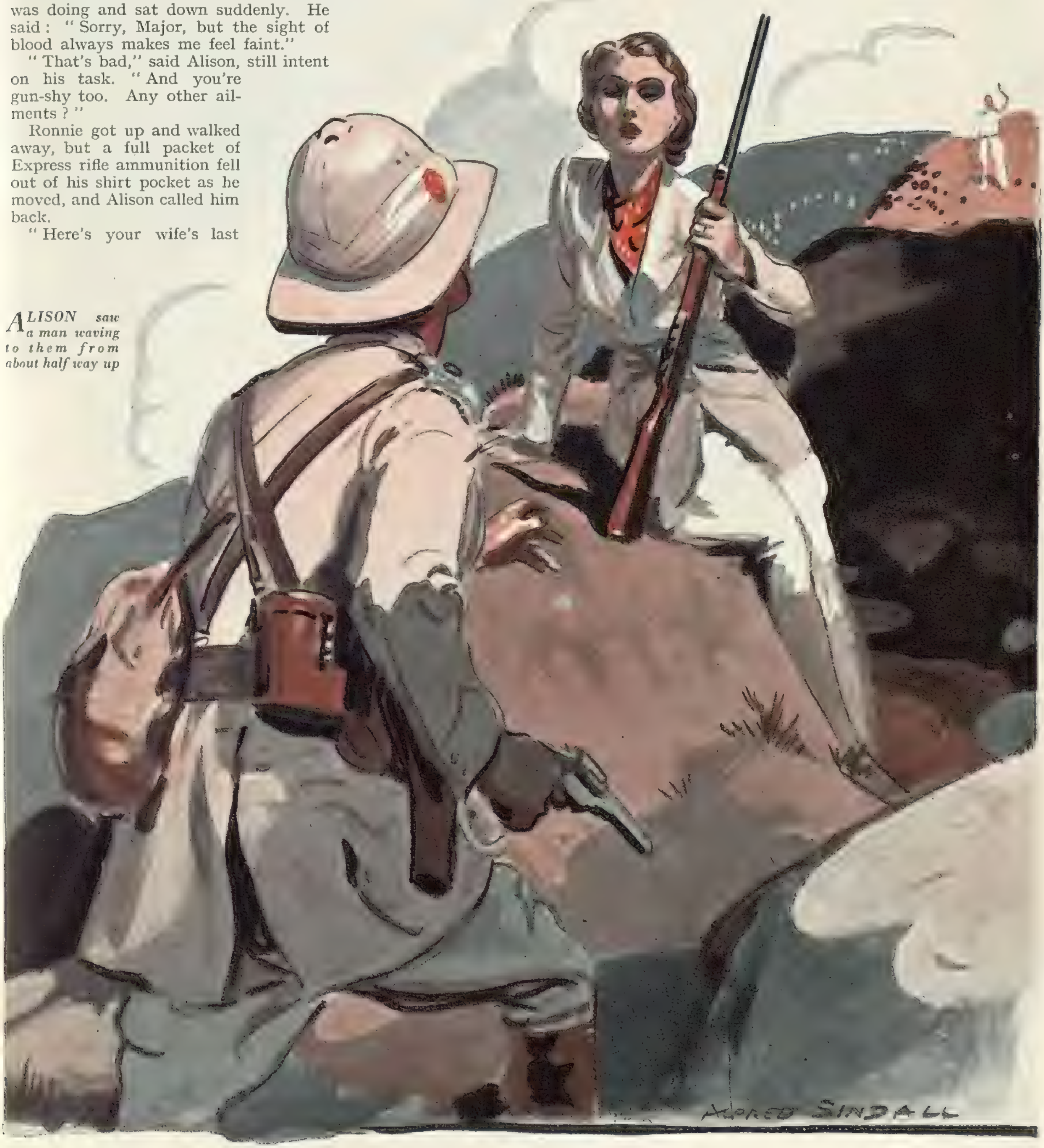
The Risaldar Major and his troop rode up just then and stopped any further comments. The Halalis had got into the foot-hills, and it had been impossible to follow them further. The Indian officer looked grave, for already the double " plop-plop " of long-range fire came from the other side of the wide valley.

Valerie was beginning to show signs of returning consciousness, and Alison said to Ronnie: " If you and your wife will ride with the vanguard . . ."

But Ronnie interrupted swiftly: " But . . . but wouldn't it be better. . . ? "

" Don't disturb yourself; the vanguard is the safest place, Mr. Swain. And I will send the Risaldar Major with you. I shall take charge of the rear-guard, as I'm afraid those sportsmen are going to follow us right up to the post. Oh, and by the way, will you please try to show as brave a face as possible when the shooting starts in earnest ? We have a certain reputation for courage in these parts, and I should hate to feel you were letting it down before my men."

Alison was doing his best to sting Ronnie back to some sense of manhood, but Valerie hardly appreciated his efforts. The look she gave him made him flush darkly, for all that his remarks had been fully justified. Even Ronnie started to



ALISON saw a man waving to them from about half way up

protest, but this was spoilt by the sudden cringe he gave when a Kabul-made bullet spat viciously past them.

Alison issued his orders and remained behind with a handful of dismounted troopers while the others rode off. That he conducted one of the bitterest rearguard actions within the memory of the Halalis was due to the look Valerie had given him before they parted.

For all that, they were fighting almost hand to hand when at last the rearguard reached the post. Only the timely arrival of the Risaldar Major, who had thrust his charges into safety and then ridden back to reinforce Alison, enabled them to bring in all their casualties. And, again knowing the Halalis, Alison could never have returned without them.

THERE was plenty of news awaiting him when he got back. Fort Regale was despatching a column to his aid, which might reach him in four days if they were not too heavily engaged on the way up. More spies had come in, confirming the news that this was a general rising and that already the entire fighting force of the Halalis was working round the post. They had sworn to wipe out the garrison before the Fort Regale column could reach them. Alison felt they had every prospect of carrying out their threat, for his command had been heavily depleted by sickness even before he had sustained more casualties in rescuing the Swains. And, anyhow, the post had never been intended for a defensive position.

He discussed the situation with his subaltern and the Risaldar Major while he made his dispositions.

“We shall have to revise the standing orders,” he said. “As things are, we've hardly got enough men to hold the perimeter, let alone provide a reserve. We'll divide the defence into three. Bill, you'll take the Water Bastion and keep 'em back from the water supply; that'll be your job. Risaldar Major Sahib, you will take the Main Gate guard.”

The bearded Indian officer smiled. He had a suspicion that the Halalis would launch their real attack at the Main Gate, and there was a perfect field of fire for them to cross in front of it.

“This is going to be a riot,” said the subaltern cheerfully. “I was afraid we might have to abandon the post and withdraw on Fort Regale.”

“That's what we ought to do,” Alison agreed, “but although this is supposed to be only an advanced cavalry post in the general scheme, we'll just have to hold it. They've got round us too quickly, and it's too late to try to cut our way through now, especially . . .”

He was thinking of Valerie Swain. Risky as the defence was, it was safer than trying to get her through the ring of Halalis, whose drums and cries could already be heard in the growing darkness.

“What about this bloke Swain?” the subaltern asked. He had only seen their visitor when he rode into camp, and any man was equal to man's work in the boy's estimation.

“We'll put him up at the Main Gate with the Risaldar Major,” Alison said after a pause. He didn't want to tell his subaltern that Swain was worse than useless; somehow it didn't seem fair to Valerie. “You'd better go and warn him for duty, Bill,” he added, hoping Swain would be able to pull himself together in front of a stranger.

Swain came to see Alison after he'd got his orders. He said his nerves had been shaken by his recent ordeal, and might he help Valerie with the wounded in the Mess, where the temporary hospital had been established?

Alison said: “Look here, Swain, I've got a lot of young soldiers in this place. It's up to us all to set them an example. Besides, after this morning's exhib. . . . fighting, you've got your big chance.”

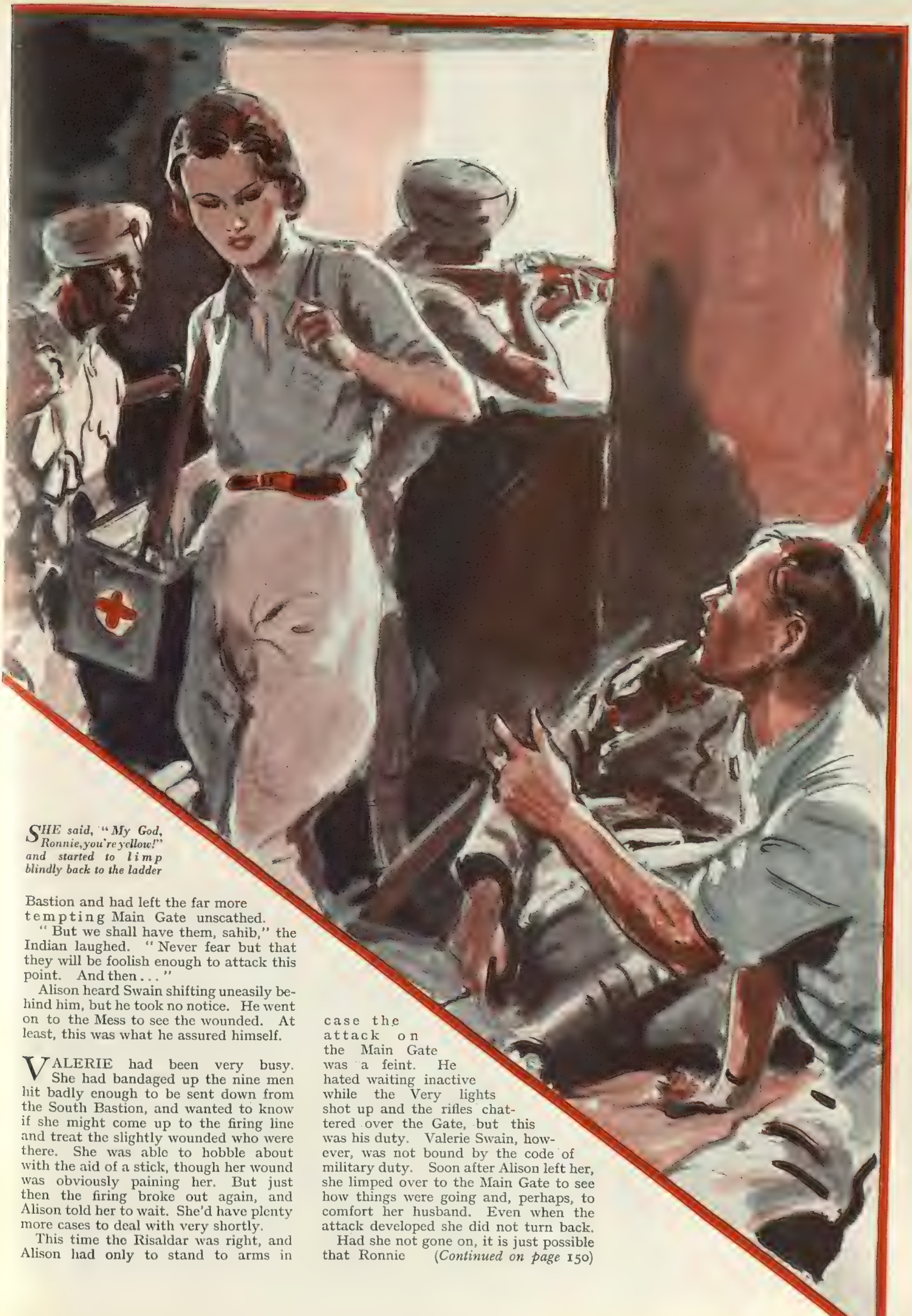
But Swain went on pleading. “As one white man to another . . .” he began, and Alison turned on him. He'd had a fairly trying day and he couldn't rid himself of the memory of Swain scrambling up that hillside with the ammunition, one round of which he should have reserved for his wife. He must have heard of the Halalis' reputation with women. So he said: “Damn you, you coward! I don't care if you're white, black or yellow. If you're not on the Main Gate guard when I come round later, by the living God, Swain, I'll rout you out and shoot you like a rat.”

Later, as he stood in an embrasure in the South Bastion, watching the Halalis working nearer, he wondered if there was any excuse for Ronnie Swain. He knew the man's nerves had been shaken all right, for he had heard from Valerie that the Halalis had followed an old custom of theirs and had sent some of the Professor's body to them before they had attacked. Stronger nerves than Swain's have protested against that practice before now. But even this was no excuse for leaving a wounded woman in the face of such an enemy. Indeed, it made the crime all the more hideous.

A splutter of musketry heralded the Halali attack, and Alison thrust Swain from his mind, although Valerie still contrived to occupy a small corner of it, even when the attack was at its height.

After the first rush had been driven back, and while the enemy were reorganising for their next assault, Alison visited the Main Gate guard. He was relieved to find Swain crouching behind the breastworks. He wondered if he would have put his threat into execution if Swain had stayed absent.

Swain called out to him: “You'll never be able to hold out for four days, Major.” But Alison ignored him. He went to speak to the Risaldar Major, who was justly incensed that the recent fighting had been round the South



SHE said, "My God, Ronnie, you're yellow!" and started to limp blindly back to the ladder

Bastion and had left the far more tempting Main Gate unscathed.

"But we shall have them, sahib," the Indian laughed. "Never fear but that they will be foolish enough to attack this point. And then . . ."

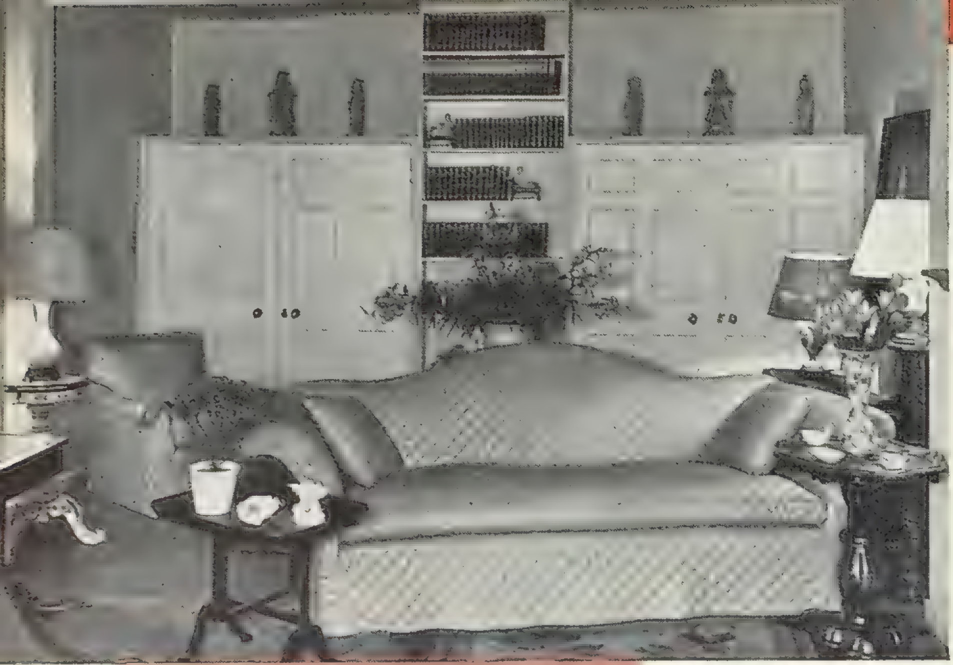
Alison heard Swain shifting uneasily behind him, but he took no notice. He went on to the Mess to see the wounded. At least, this was what he assured himself.

VALERIE had been very busy. She had bandaged up the nine men hit badly enough to be sent down from the South Bastion, and wanted to know if she might come up to the firing line and treat the slightly wounded who were there. She was able to hobble about with the aid of a stick, though her wound was obviously paining her. But just then the firing broke out again, and Alison told her to wait. She'd have plenty more cases to deal with very shortly.

This time the Risaldar was right, and Alison had only to stand to arms in case the attack on the Main Gate was a feint. He hated waiting inactive while the Very lights shot up and the rifles chattered over the Gate, but this was his duty. Valerie Swain, however, was not bound by the code of military duty. Soon after Alison left her, she limped over to the Main Gate to see how things were going and, perhaps, to comfort her husband. Even when the attack developed she did not turn back.

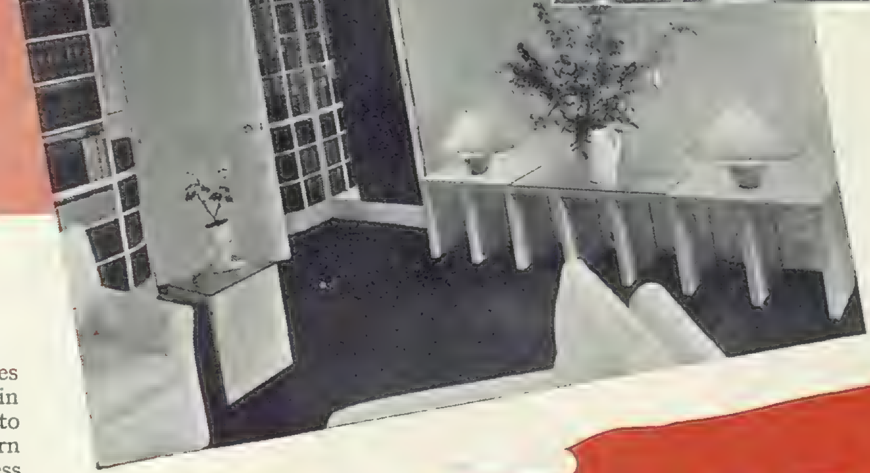
Had she not gone on, it is just possible that Ronnie

(*Continued on page* 150)



Above. Neo-Victorian sitting-room. Typifies the swing-back to period effects. Sheer white walls are the background for brilliant colour effects. Windows curtained with forget-me-not blue and veiled with white organdie. Orange, puce and pink lamp shades. Brilliant pottery, repeating the vivid tones of the fine floral Aubusson rug

Right. A boudoir in deep Wedgwood blue and tete de negre with bland sycamore furniture



DECORAT

In decoration, sweeping changes of mode come only once in a generation. The change over to what we now know as "modern decoration" came with a swiftness and a thoroughness in tune with the times, but we have finished with sweeping changes for a while—we hope.

We are actually still in the period of adjustment to the new conception of comfort and beauty. Progress now takes the form of a systematic whittling down of extravagant notions.

Looking at the trend of decoration for nineteen thirty-seven, we see no further fundamental changes, but plenty of evidence that modern decoration has left the teething stage and entered upon a healthy, normal childhood.

Eccentricity, we gratefully note, is dead for all but eccentric people. Queer, distorted forms and bizarre colourings have no place in the really modern home. What was eccentricity is now mere common sense, and the bleak severity which was an inevitable reaction of Edwardian fustiness has graciously softened.

One of the most heartening things about the new decoration is that what goes for the big house goes also for the small one. This is a bold statement, but I stand by it.

Most of the decorative schemes I have recently seen carried out on a lavish scale could, with intelligent modifications, be adapted to the suburban home. I refer, of course, to typical modern treatments and not to highly stylised or period schemes.

The reason is this: backgrounds are simple and surfaces plain. In the more costly schemes, individual items of furniture may be exquisite, but some of the most interesting effects in modern decoration depend upon simple painted furniture displayed with tact.

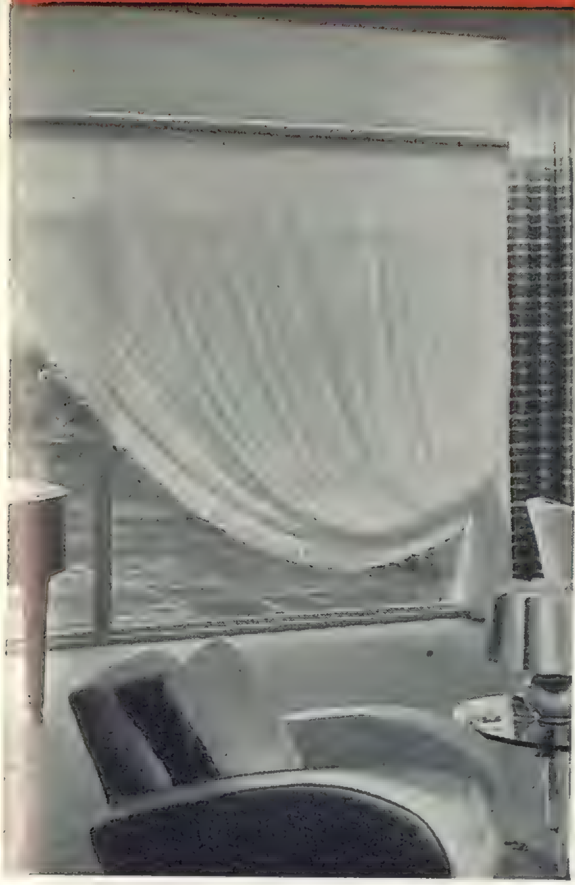
Another thing. Fabrics are helping the cause of inexpensive decoration as much as any other factor.

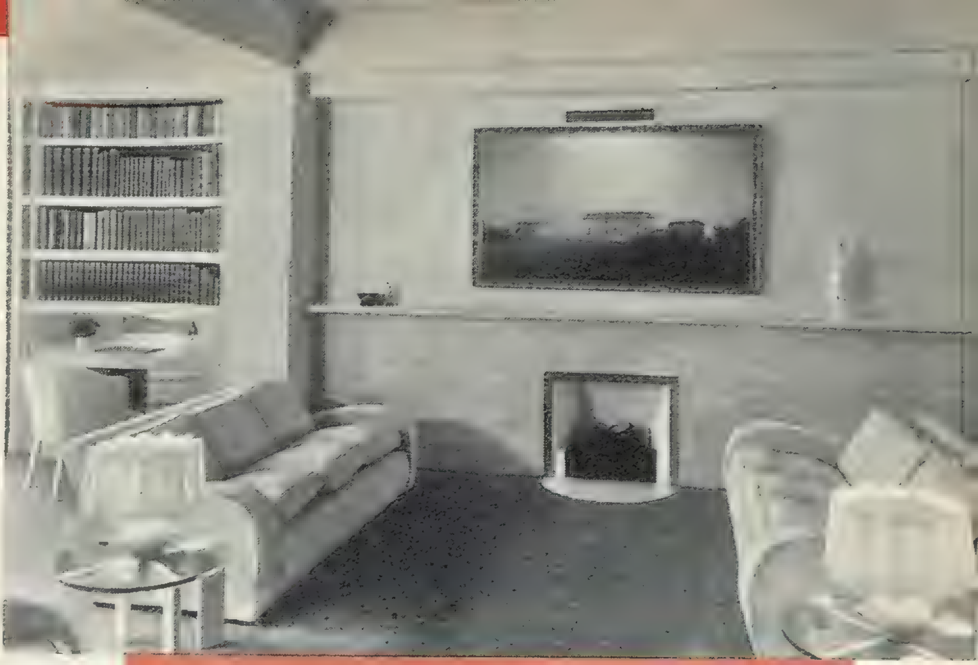
Exquisite reproductions of expensive prints tumble over each other for attention. Dazzling artificial silks and satins in colours that were once regarded as "exclusive" now make colour scheming a joy.

But perhaps the most noticeable characteristic of the year is the introduction into the modern ensemble of typical features of the past.

A fine old print, an antique rug, even a discreet entry of the despised nick-nack, is permitted if it has intrinsic charm. There is no doubt that this infusion of maturity into the cult of modern decoration is responsible for some of its most dramatic effects.

The sitting-room photographed at the top of the page on the right is an example of this movement. Here a typically modern interior is assembled about a fine eighteenth-century picture, with the result that the simple forms of the furniture and the non-committal colouring of the





The eighteenth-century picture provides the colour-note of this 1937 interior. Curtains and accessories pick up the pink of the huntsmen's coats depicted. The end wall of the room is entirely mirror covered to reflect a charming formal garden. Designer, Doris Howard Robertson

By WINIFRED LEWIS

Air conditioning, 1937's gift to the home, makes this dramatic window treatment practicable. Grime cannot penetrate. The carpet and piano have a pale honey hue; the chairs and walls are stone white. Doris Howard Robertson

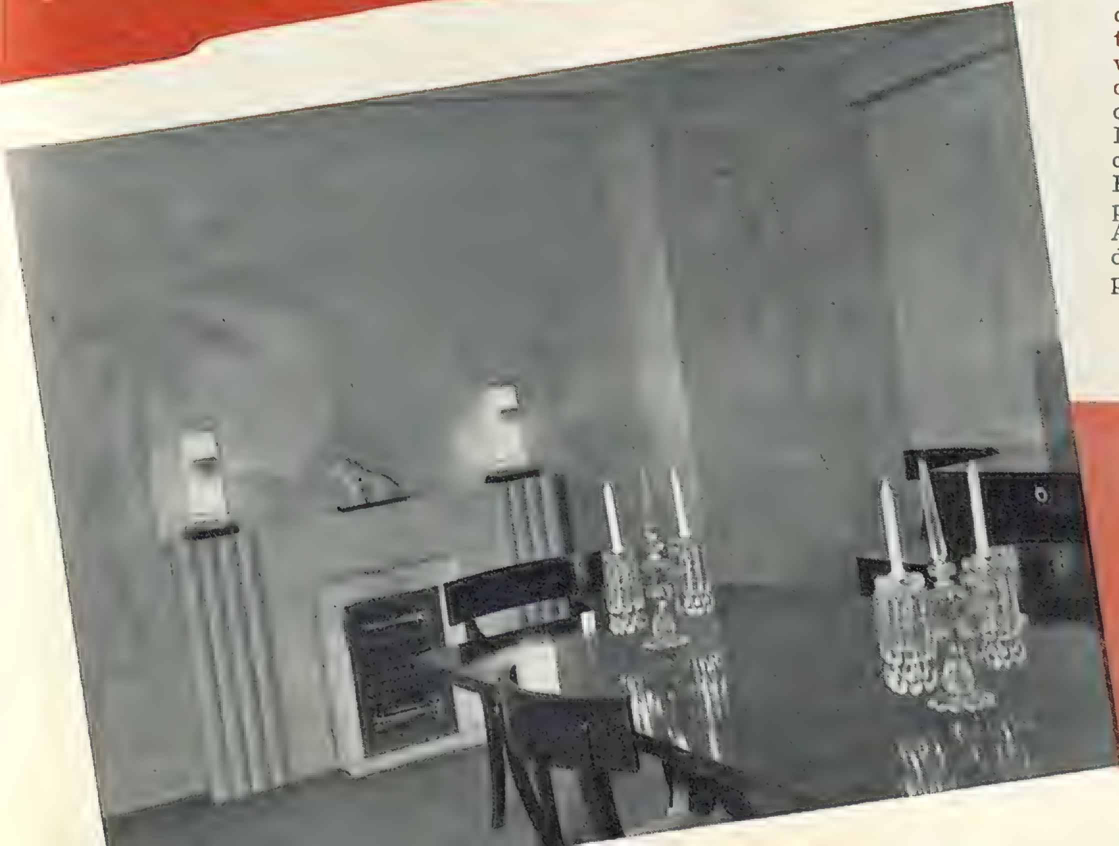
ION—1937

background give the virile character of the picture its finest foil.

Curtains of heavy velvet pick up the pink seen in the picture, and the same colour flares up at strategical points in the scheme.

A very thorough interpretation of the neo-Victorian theme is seen in the sitting-room photographed in the home of Madame Schiaparelli. The treatment here discloses an obvious fondness for the Victorian tradition, but by reason of its modern background, the exquisite blend of colouring and the scrupulous thought expended upon individual detail, the result is a modern room.

Off-white walls act as a sort of screen upon which varying shades of colour in the room are thrown. Curtains of forget-me-not silk drape the windows, which are veiled with white organdie. The settee has a quilted cover of plain caramel glazed chintz. In the window is another scroll-back couch, upholstered in plum silk. Exquisite pottery lamps have orange, parchment and puce tinted shades. A room which blends the finest traditions of the present and the past. (*Continued on page* 168)



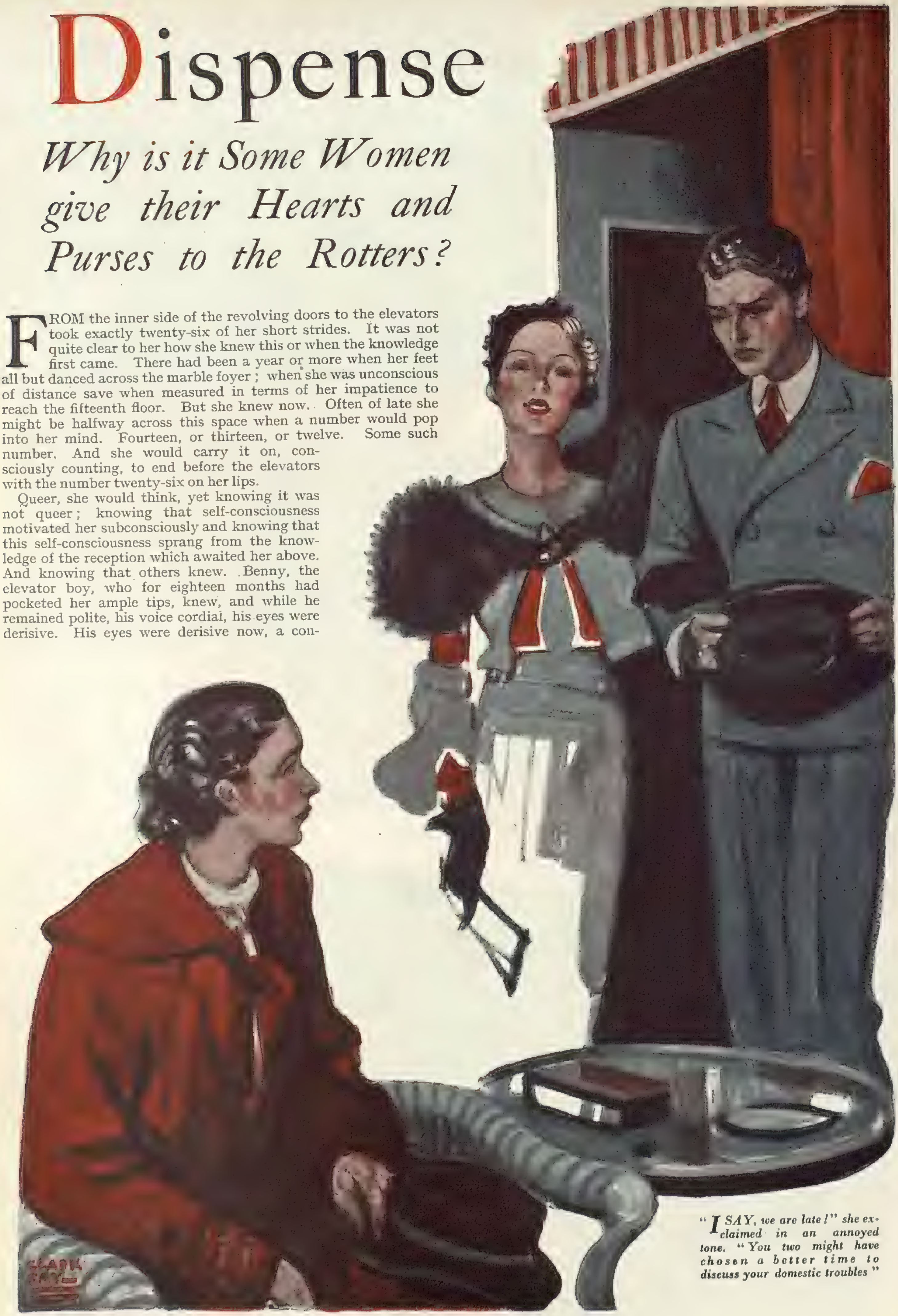
Modernism again, subtly allied with the period tradition. This dining-room has faint green walls with a jungle scene depicted in shadowy characters. The fire surround is essentially modern in conception, yet perfectly attuned to the fine antique table and chairs and Victorian lustres. The carpet is bronze and the curtains at the deep window are bronze satin striped with green

Dispense

Why is it Some Women give their Hearts and Purses to the Rotters?

FROM the inner side of the revolving doors to the elevators took exactly twenty-six of her short strides. It was not quite clear to her how she knew this or when the knowledge first came. There had been a year or more when her feet all but danced across the marble foyer; when she was unconscious of distance save when measured in terms of her impatience to reach the fifteenth floor. But she knew now. Often of late she might be halfway across this space when a number would pop into her mind. Fourteen, or thirteen, or twelve. Some such number. And she would carry it on, consciously counting, to end before the elevators with the number twenty-six on her lips.

Queer, she would think, yet knowing it was not queer; knowing that self-consciousness motivated her subconsciously and knowing that this self-consciousness sprang from the knowledge of the reception which awaited her above. And knowing that others knew. Benny, the elevator boy, who for eighteen months had pocketed her ample tips, knew, and while he remained polite, his voice cordial, his eyes were derisive. His eyes were derisive now, a con-



"I SAY, we are late!" she exclaimed in an annoyed tone. "You two might have chosen a better time to discuss your domestic troubles"

with Ecstasy

By A. R. Beverley-Giddings

trolled derisiveness, though, because he had not forgotten that she still footed the bills.

After they passed the sixth floor they were alone in the car. Benny seemed to feel the need of speech. He said politely, " Nasty day, Miss Foster."

" Yes," she returned. " Yes . . . has Mr. Blake gone out yet, Benny ? "

He looked at her, a faint grin on his lips, and answered : " I don't think so. I haven't seen him this morning . . . You're kinda early, Miss Foster. Kinda early on a wet day like this. Now you take a guy like Norman Blake. He ain't likely to get up early on a day like this. Nobody who ain't got to get up *would* get up on such a mean morning, if you know what I mean."

" It's after twelve," she said sharply.

" So what ? " he returned, meaning no impertinence. " So what if you come in at, say, three o'clock a.m. ? An actor like Mr. Blake has got to get his beauty sleep. A guy like that—his stock in trade is his looks, ain't they ? "

" Yes," she said without humour. " Precisely."

The elevator came to a smooth halt at floor number fifteen. Benny rolled back the gate. She stepped out and stood a moment indecisively facing the door marked " A." Then she raised her umbrella and with its point jabbed the bell button. She waited some time—waited stolidly—before the door opened and Mowson, Blake's valet-butler, stood before her. A slight apprehension showed through Mowson's usual impassivity. He said quickly, " Good morning, madame."

She answered : " Good morning, Mowson. Is Mr. Blake up yet ? "

" 'E 'as just gone out, madame." The blandness of Mowson's fat face was almost convincing. " I wonder, madame, that you did not meet 'im below."

She was prepared for that. " Too bad," she returned carelessly. She half turned away, swung back. " I'll leave him a note." Mowson stepped back. She entered the small foyer ; the door closed behind her.

" Now, Mowson," she said coldly. " You might tell Mr. Blake I'm here."

He bowed stiffly. " Yes, madame." He was put out, she could see. He considered that she had taken an unfair advantage of him. She smiled grimly. " You heard me," she said. He bowed again. " As you say, madame."

She went into the ornate, feminine drawing-room and sat down on a striped, gold-coloured satin love-seat. There was a mirror to one side of her in a gilt frame. " God," she thought drearily, " I look fifty." She removed her hat and patted her dark hair into place, ran a fingertip over the purple shadows beneath her eyes. Then, quickly, she turned her head away with a gesture of distaste. She sat quietly after that, looking straight in front of her, yet aware of the extravagant room to the minutest detail.

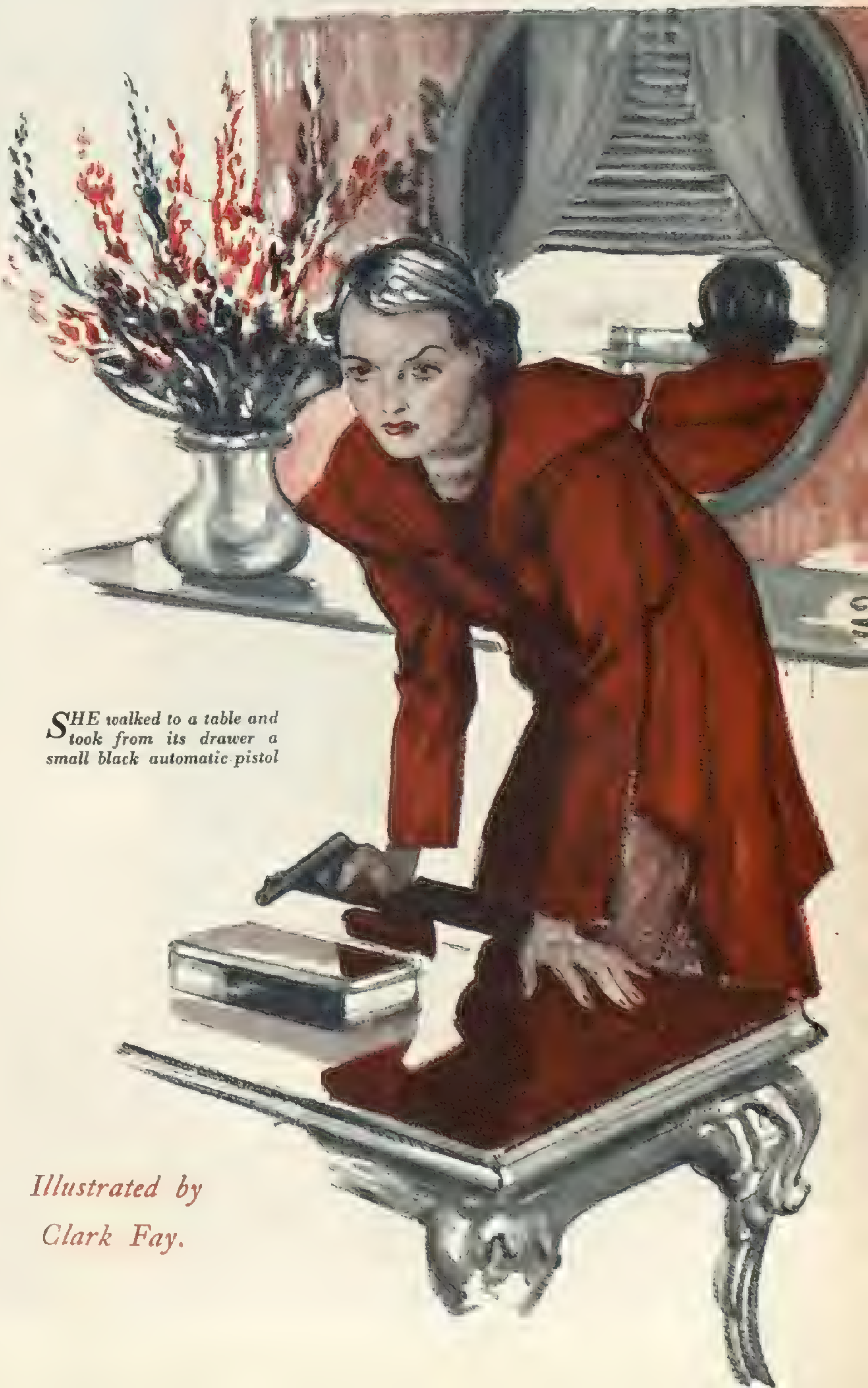
She remembered vaguely that there had been pleasure in indulging his extravagant ideas. She remembered that there had been a time when she thought his total lack of self-consciousness in taking money from her was boyishly naïve. That habit of cadging had been established before she came into his life. He had told her laughingly that from the time he was eighteen he rarely had paid for anything. There had been always some women sufficiently appreciative of his *beaux yeux* (an expression he had picked up somewhere) to see him through.

Yet, he was quick to admit, living had been a trifle precarious until he had come to have the run of her fat bank account. He had been appreciative in his own way. After some months of her generosity and because he needed $5,000 in a lump sum to buy an interest in a play so that he might be starred, he had graciously suggested they become engaged and had allowed her to pay for the solitaire she wore.

She had been frankly glad of the engagement because people had begun to talk. Otherwise it would not have mattered. Her infatuation for him was complete to the point of self-immolation. Actually she never had been to him more than friend and banker, which gave place to fiancée and banker. Nothing more. He did not want more. A little curious, that, because if not actually beautiful she had, nevertheless, a certain distinction and poise ; a skin that was clear, fine-grained ; nice eyes ; and the long, young, clean-lined figure of a chorus girl. But the fact remained—he did not want more.

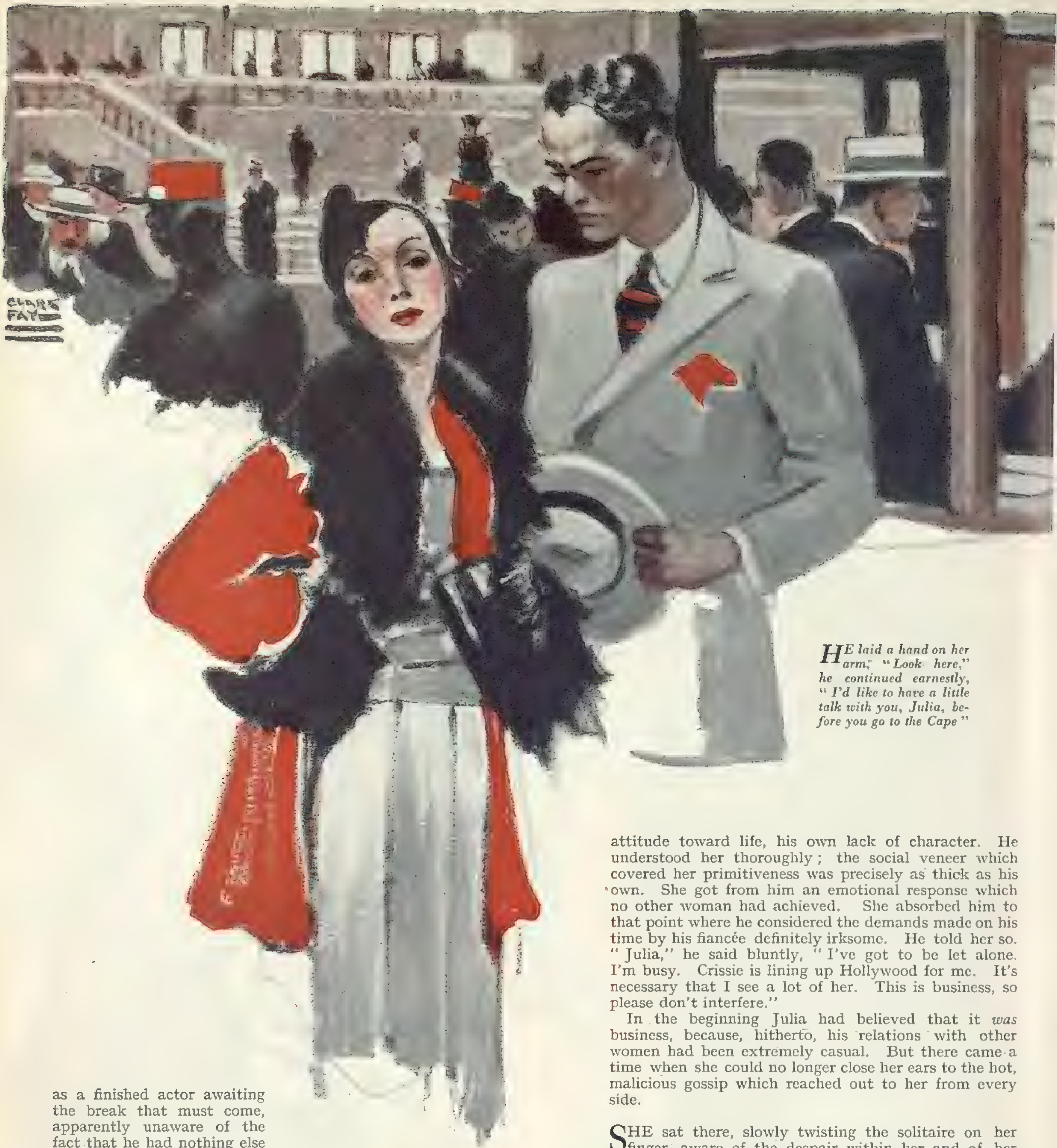
The engagement dragged out as she knew it would. He never spoke of marriage, but she had anticipated this. It was better, she believed, for the sake of his career to postpone marriage for a time. She was not resentful. Because he had little more than his astonishing good looks success was slow ; would have been impossible without her money behind him.

He had all the amazing egotism of his kind. He saw himself



SHE walked to a table and took from its drawer a small black automatic pistol

Illustrated by Clark Fay.



HE laid a hand on her arm; "Look here," he continued earnestly, "I'd like to have a little talk with you, Julia, before you go to the Cape"

as a finished actor awaiting the break that must come, apparently unaware of the fact that he had nothing else but "breaks," thanks to her financing of chance after chance for him. And when at last she found for him what managers call a "natural," a play in which he could be exactly himself, the moderate success he made he considered a complete vindication of his belief in himself.

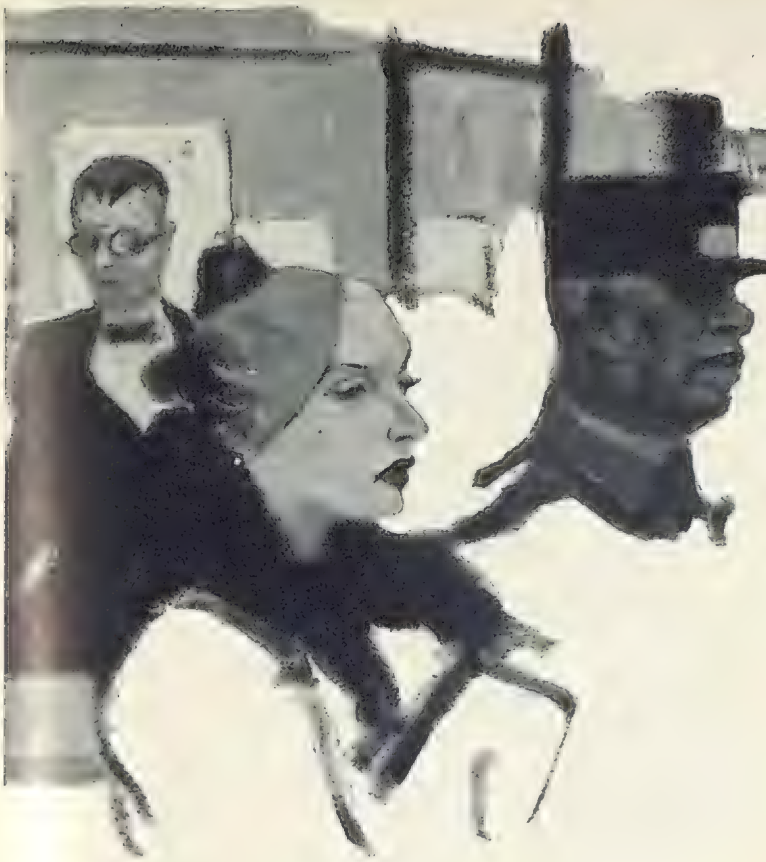
That was four months ago. He was making money and his dependence on her had lessened. His manner toward her changed. Not that his mild liking for her had entirely waned. It was merely that her presence subdued to some degree his exultance in his success, recalling as it must, though he minimised this, the part she had played in it. He limited her to certain evenings a week and latterly, even on these evenings, other women had been present. Notably Crissie Knowled, the English music-hall actress.

Crissie had looks that matched his own, had his own *gamin* attitude toward life, his own lack of character. He understood her thoroughly; the social veneer which covered her primitiveness was precisely as thick as his own. She got from him an emotional response which no other woman had achieved. She absorbed him to that point where he considered the demands made on his time by his fiancée definitely irksome. He told her so. "Julia," he said bluntly, "I've got to be let alone. I'm busy. Crissie is lining up Hollywood for me. It's necessary that I see a lot of her. This is business, so please don't interfere."

In the beginning Julia had believed that it *was* business, because, hitherto, his relations with other women had been extremely casual. But there came a time when she could no longer close her ears to the hot, malicious gossip which reached out to her from every side.

SHE sat there, slowly twisting the solitaire on her finger, aware of the despair within her and of her inadequacy. The situation was beyond her. She was doomed to defeat. No use mincing words. She was discarded. Silly to have come—to have to endure the emotional wear and tear of another scene. If she had any strength of will at all she'd leave. At once. But she knew she could not leave. She had to see him. She would continue seeing him even though her pride was ripped to tatters; stooping to every subterfuge to gain access to him, reminding him of what he owed her, begging for even the slightest share in his life.

She heard the door of his room open. He was coming toward her, slender, sure, elegant. That Victorian word was the one word to describe adequately his outward self. She wondered if any man alive wore clothes as he did. That grey, double-breasted suit he had on was one of four suits she had bought for him recently. Wessel made them. The total bill



had been an even five hundred dollars. You had to pay for a drape like that, she thought critically, and wondered why her mind should be occupied with such trivialities.

He stopped a few feet distant and stood looking at her for a minute in silence. There was the usual fixed smile on his lips, but his eyes were different. They were cold and malevolent in an apprehensive way. Presently he remarked with an affectation of carelessness, " Ah, Julia. What brings you out so early ? "

" I was passing," she replied with composure. " Thought I'd drop in. Haven't seen much of you lately."

" Nice of you," he said perfunctorily. He sat down. " I've only a minute. Important luncheon engagement. Anything special on your mind ? "

She braced herself. " Yes, Norman, there is something special." She fought to control the quiver of her lips, succeeded. Her voice was calm as she went on : " I'd like to know if you intend to continue treating me the way you have this past month. It doesn't seem possible to me that any one—even the most terrible cad, bounder, whatever one calls that type of person—could expect to get away with what you so obviously do. I mean, even taking for granted your natural ingratitude, doesn't your sense of fair play, caution even, suggest that you've gone too far ? "

His lips tightened unpleasantly. " I'm pretty fed up," he retorted, " with this attitude of yours."

" I know," she said. " You're pretty fed up with me. My attitude is fair enough. I've plenty of reasons for it."

He said thinly. " You've always been a good bit of a fool, Julia. I never expect much in the way of understanding from you. That's why there isn't any point in my trying to explain Crissie."

She smiled at that. " My dear," she said, " I'm afraid Crissie would take a lot of explaining." She took a cigarette from a jade box on the Louis Quinze table, and lit it with a steady hand. " For instance," she continued in a moment, " I am perfectly aware that Crissie spent the night here ; that she is at the moment in your room. You'd scarcely expect me, as your fiancée, to view that fact with equanimity. I may say reasonably that I doubt your power to explain Crissie satisfactorily."

She saw the rush of blood darken his face, saw the sudden bulge of muscle which destroyed the beautiful line of his jaw. She wondered if she had broken through that natural nonchalance of his which arose from an entire lack of shame. But, even as she speculated, she saw the corners of his mouth lift. He laughed. He leaned forward, took a cigarette, struck a match, caught sight of her face through the first puff of smoke and laughed again.

" So long as you know," he said.

" Darling," she returned with careful lightness, " I do really believe that you are the champion rotter of all time. And a few moments ago I was plunged in absolute despair over the thought of losing you. I could see myself crawling on my knees to you, begging for your smallest favour."

" Well ? " he retorted coolly. She did not reply. He stood up. " Now that you know," he finished brutally, " we needn't go on with this farce about being engaged."

" I suppose," she answered, " that you'd like your ring back—if it were your ring, which it isn't. I paid for it ; just as I paid for everything else you have here. But that's all right. There are, however, one or two things which must be settled——"

" Not now," he interrupted. " Crissie and I have an engagement with some of the Hollywood crowd. I'm not lying. We must rush off."

" I'll be here," she replied steadily, " when you get back."

He scowled at her, decided to ignore her.

" Crissie ! " he called. " We're late."

The blonde actress appeared with a celerity which suggested a certain absorption in the keyhole of the door. She glanced at the watch on her wrist. " I say, we *are* late ! " she exclaimed in an annoyed tone. " You two might have chosen a better time to discuss your domestic troubles." She swept angrily into the foyer followed by Blake. Julia called after him, " I'll be here when you return."

He stopped short, turned. " Yes," he said uncertainly. His voice was propitiating as he concluded, " Sure, Julia. There's no reason why we shouldn't remain good friends. Now, is there ? " His uneasy eyes swept her face.

She did not answer, and in a moment he hurried away. The sound of the closing door came to her. She sat down and as she did so caught sight of herself in the mirror. Her face was flushed ; her lips were pulled so tightly against her teeth that a faint gray line encircled them ; her thin nostrils quivered. She wondered with an odd sense of detachment if it were rage that possessed her, or despair.

For a time her mind hummed with urgent thoughts. She saw Blake, of course, as he was : a liar, a cheat, a coward, a sponger. From the beginning she was aware that he was all these things. But he was also gay, fascinating, a good companion, a young god for beauty. His faults bulked large, but somehow, shamefully somehow, they were easy to forget. The little things that should mean little, that were essentially little in view of what he was, were unforgettable. His smile ; the quick gay glance from his long-lashed eyes ; the queer chemic magic that lay in his mere touch.

" No use," she said aloud, dully, " in remembering those things. He's through with me. I've served my purpose. I'm discarded."

Suddenly the thought of the bleak years ahead overwhelmed her. Tears flooded her eyes, ran down her cheeks ; her shoulders shook with long racking sobs. It was a full twenty minutes before the paroxysm abated. Then she arose, walked to a table and took from its drawer a small black automatic pistol. She went back to the love-seat and sat down, nursing the weapon.

IT was perhaps ten minutes later that she heard the peal of the door-bell. It rang repeatedly, insistently, and she realised finally that Mowson had gone out to do his marketing. She got up and opened the door. A young man stood before her, an obviously nice young man, clad in a loose tweed suit of unexceptionable cut. Over one arm he had a raincoat ; one hand held his hat. At sight of her his lean face crinkled into a friendly smile. He asked in a pleasant English voice : " Mr. Blake's apartment ? "

" Yes," she answered. " But he isn't here at the moment."

" I know," the young man returned. " I know where he is. Mind if I come in ? I'd like to wait for him here."

He followed her into the drawing-room. " My name is Peter Estey," he said. " You are Miss Foster ? "

" I rather thought you were Mr. Estey," she returned. She looked at him curiously, a faint smile on her lips. " So you are the other person in this—I was about to say triangle, but that wouldn't be correct."

" Call it geometric figure," he supplied affably. His eyes were on the automatic pistol she held in her hand. " Target practice ? " he asked.

" Later," she replied. " Don't (*Continued on page* 170)

You Will Need : 10 ozs. of Copley 3-ply Excelsior Wool main colour ; 1 oz. contrast colour ; 1 pair Stratnoid knitting pins, No. 9 ; 1 pair No. 11 ; 1 Lightning Plastic Zip, 12 inches long. Measurements : From top of shoulder to lower edge, 21 ins. ; across back and front underarms, 16½ ins. ; sleeve length, 22 ins. ; tension, 13 sts. to 2 ins. Note : In shaping armholes, neck, shoulders, *knit* all odd stitches on the *right* side of work, and *purl* all odd stitches on *wrong* side. Abbreviations : K. Knit ; P. Purl ; Dec. Decrease ; Inc. Increase ; Pat. Pattern ; Sts. Stitches ; Beg. Beginning ; Tog. Together ; W. Fd. Wool Forward ; S. Slip.

JUMPER WITH ZIPPER

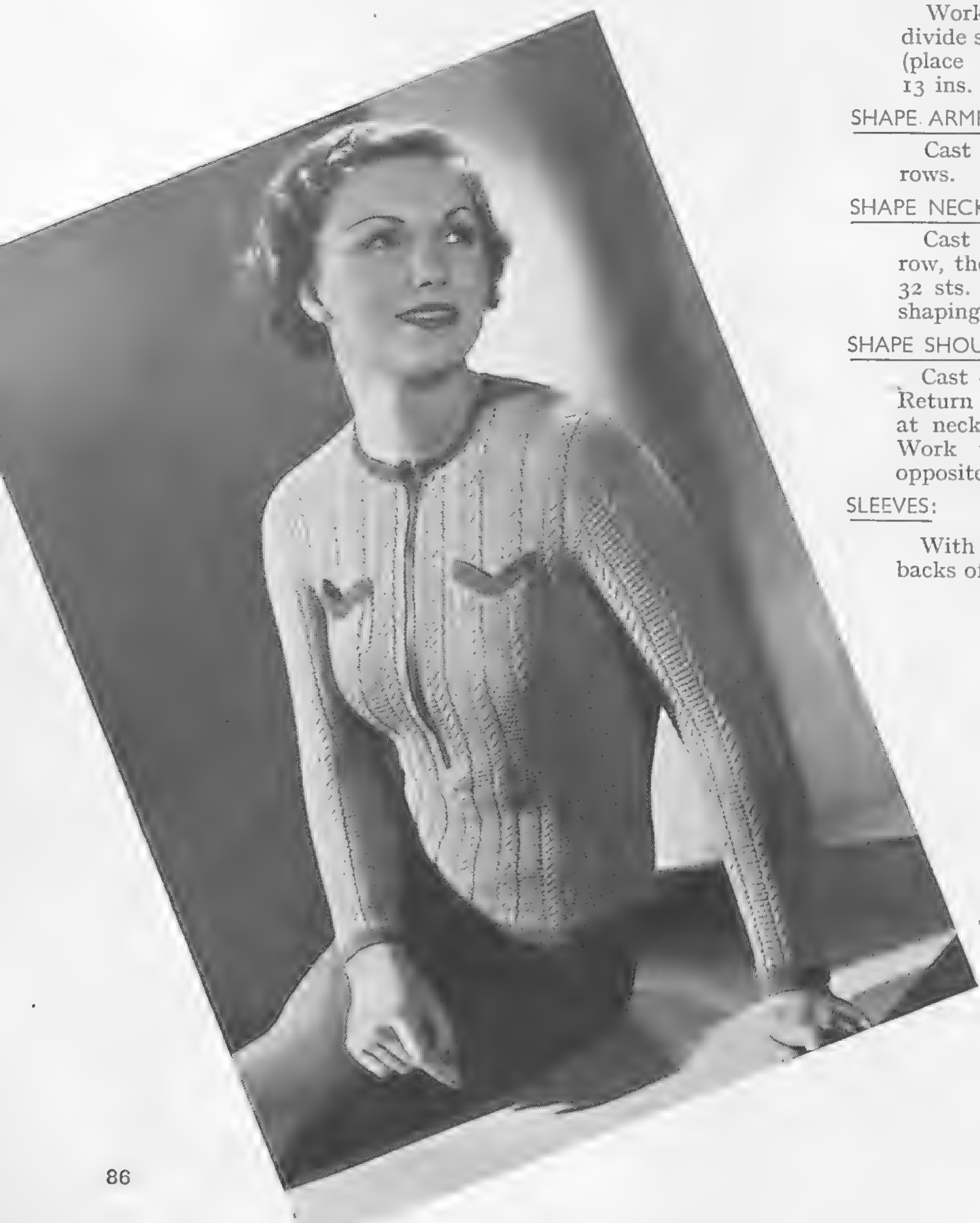
BACK :

With No. 11 Pins cast on 121 sts. Knit into backs of 1st row. Continue in following pattern (wrong side of work facing).

1st row : K. 4. * W. Fd. S. 1 purlwise. P. 3. (P. 1, putting wool twice round pin.) K. 7. Repeat from * ending K. 4 instead of K. 7.

2nd row : K. 3. * P. 1 wool back. Slip one of the threads of the st. which was purled with the wool round twice, letting the other thread drop—thus making a long st. K. 1. Pass right-hand needle across front of next 2 sts. K. into following (long) st. and without slipping it off the pin, K. the 1st st. and then the 2nd st. (those passed over), slipping them and the long st. off the left-hand pin tog. P. 1. K. 5. Repeat from * ending K. 3 instead of K. 5.

3rd row : K. 4. * (P. 1 with wool twice round pin). P. 3. S. 1 purlwise. K. 7. Repeat from * ending K. 4.



4th row : K. 3. * P. 1, drop next (long) st. off pin. K. next 2 sts. Pick up and K. the dropped st. K. 1. S. 1, letting 2nd thread drop as before. P. 1. K. 5. Repeat from * ending K. 3.

These 4 rows form pattern.

Work until 6½ ins. from start. Change to No. 9 Pins. Work 6½ ins.

SHAPE ARMHOLES:

Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 12 rows. Work 7 ins. on remaining 97 stitches.

SHAPE SHOULDERS:

Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

FRONT:

Work as for Back until 7 ins. from start, then divide sts. for front opening. Work on 1st 61 sts. (place remaining 60 sts. on to spare pin) until 13 ins. from start.

SHAPE ARMHOLES:

Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 6 armhole end rows. Continue on remaining 49 sts. for 4½ ins.

SHAPE NECK:

Cast off 12 sts. at beg. of next neck edge row, then dec. 1 st. every row, at neck edge, until 32 sts. remain. Work until 7 ins. after armhole shaping.

SHAPE SHOULDER:

Cast off 8 sts. every armhole end row 4 times. Return to the 60 sts. on spare pin. Join on wool at neck edge. K. twice into 1st st. (61 sts.). Work to correspond with armhole, etc., at opposite edges.

SLEEVES:

With No. 11 Pins cast on 68 sts. Knit into backs of 1st row. K. 1 row. P. 1 row, working twice into every 4th st. (85 sts.). Change to No. 9 Pins and work in pattern until 17½ ins. (or length required) from start, then cast off 2 sts. at beg. of every row until 13 sts. remain. Cast off.

POCKETS:

With No. 9 Pins cast on 25 sts. Work in pattern for 1¼ ins.

Next row : Work 11, cast off 3, work to end. Work on each 11 sts. for 3 rows, decreasing 1 st. every row at inside edge. Cast off.

BINDS:

With No. 11 Pins cast on 8 sts. Contrast wool. Work in K. 1. P. 1 rib.

Work 1 strip 32 ins. long, for lower edge of jumper.

Work 1 strip 14½ ins. long for Neck.

Work 2 strips 7½ ins. long for Cuffs.

Work 2 strips 4¼ ins. long for Pockets.

I'LL TELL YOU ALL I KNOW

By MARY YOUNG

Well, ladies, the top-hat, white-tie season is upon us. Make no mistake about it; it is going to be a real high-hat summer. And that goes for the provinces and the colonies as well as for London.

With so many evening functions ahead, and with the holidays only a hop, skip, and a jump away, I have been thinking a good deal about the importance of reconditioning the skin of the neck, shoulders and arms. It really is important, this. Every woman who reads these words agrees with me; yet, judging by the gooseflesh, upper-arm redness and neck discoloration seen about during summer, very few do anything about it.

One of the chief reasons for this state of things is dryness. All water and no grease makes a dull skin. Massage with a new green turtle oil is the basis of a new treatment.

You rub the oil into the neck, the arms and shoulders before having a hot bath. After the bath, soak the skin with an emulsion of cucumber, leaving it on for half an hour, if you can spare the time.

Wipe off surplus with a towel and then give the skin a good hand massage, especially the backs of the upper arm and the elbows, with a special cream that whitens and smooths away any roughness or redness.

While on the subject of skins, I hope you are proud of the fact that the English complexion is the standard model for 1937. Smart American women are paying us the compliment of wearing the English rose make-up. Any girl who has a naturally lovely complexion will be doing the cleverest thing if she leaves it to Nature, using only a little powder and one of the new, rather dark, true-red lipsticks.

Money has been made out of freckles. There was an American book about a freckled child that sold millions of copies. There are freckled youngsters (always the bad boy of the family), on the films, who draw easy money just because of that dusting on the nose. But somehow the charm of freckles belongs more to fiction than to fact. In fact, you and I just don't like them.

Ordinary creams are no defence against summer freckling. What is needed is something good and strong that you can put on at night and which will prevent the invaders from making your face their permanent summer home.

There is a double-strength cream on the market which is made from a secret formula, but (and this is important) does not contain mercury or other irritants. The cream is applied at night-time and the surplus, if any, wiped off in the morning before you wash. A generous-sized jar costs 2s. 9d.

I love cooking. And it has always seemed a shame that love's labour should so often be lost. Maybe it is the touch of genius in me, but I seem to prepare the most heavenly stews, casseroles and what-not, and then do not remember a thing about them until someone sniffs and says: "Is that something burning?"

By the time I get to the kitchen, the worst has happened and the menu is changed to *œuf à la coque* for two.

Now I have said good-bye to all that. When I have put my casserole in the oven, I now set my classy little cream and chromium cooking timer, take it with me into the living-room and continue tapping out these notes.

At the end of the period for which it is set, the ringing of the timer announces that dinner is ready. All I have to do is to take the dish out of the oven and enjoy the contents. To absent-minded cooks like me, or to harassed housewives with a dozen things on their mind, this cooking timer is going to be a trusted friend. It costs only seven shillings.

With so much partying going on, it is pretty difficult to get a full quota of sleep these days.

You know how it is when you promise yourself a long night after several late ones. You go to bed early and find you can't sleep. Nerves teed up. Restless. Head bursting with ideas or thinking about all those hundred and one things you meant to do that day and haven't done, and ought to do and won't, to-morrow.

I have had trouble of this kind lately. And then a sympathiser tried a herbal drink on me. Of course, I was sceptical. But having been told it was harmless, I said a fond good-bye to the dog and cat and drank it.

Next thing I knew, the sunshine was streaming in at my window and the clocks were striking eight. The first good night in weeks; and not a symptom of having taken anything to encourage the sandman's visit.

The herbal drink is pleasant to taste and is easily prepared with hot or cold water. Cost: one penny per cup.

Let us not be squeamish. We have to admit that every woman needs some kind of underarm deodorant in summer. Frequent washing even with eau de Cologne and toilet waters is not sufficient guarantee that disaster will not overtake that charming new frock during the day.

Underarm treatment need be no bother, if you make use of a deodorant in solid form. Just a rub or two and you and your dress are safe all day. If you perspire very freely in summer, take one of these neat little cases in your handbag. The price is 2s. 9d.

If any of the subjects discussed here are the answer to your own problems, write to me, enclosing stamped envelope, at Britannia & Eve, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4.

A vitreous porcelain bath with splash back of the same material

THE BATHROOM...

Its Decoration And Equipment

When personal cleanliness was still a social duty tardily performed, bathrooms were drab affairs. They had a surgical appearance that, in itself, made the necessity of steeping oneself in water a painful operation. One almost expected to smell ether.

But since we learned to enjoy our ablutions, the face of the bathroom is changed. It is a sociable, colourful, not to say comfortable apartment, and the scent of anæsthetic is changed to that of bath salts.

The fact is, the modern bathroom is no longer an afterthought to the construction and equipment of the new house; it is a close second to the kitchen for the title of "the most important room."

Compare your modern bathroom with its grandparents. What has it gained?

In size, not always very much. The compactness of the modern house has inclined to reduce the overall dimensions of the average bathroom. But this is no defect, for better lay-out, built-in fittings, and decorative effects which create an illusion of spaciousness make up for any loss in this regard.

Comfort has come to the bathroom in many different ways, but first in the banishment of cold and colourless decoration.

No scheme is too exotic for the modern bathroom—and why should it be? Decorative tiles, vitreous panelled walls, high gloss paints and synthetic glass have filled the place vacated by the white tiles or the varnished paper that was once as inevitable as, and no less gloomy than, the tomb.

Floor coverings that are warm to the tread and reasonably absorbent have taken the place of chilly tiles and the linoleum which always curled at the edges in protest at its constant inundation with water.

Cork tiles, warm and hard wearing. Jointless composition, inexpensive and permanent. Rubber, waterproof and highly decorative. And finally, *carpet.* These are only a few of the floor coverings that are making the modern bathroom kind to feet.

Carpet for bathrooms is slow in gaining popularity, mainly because we still persist in regarding the bathroom as a kind of licensed puddle. At the same time, better organisation and the improved design of fittings are steadily making the bathroom drier.

Water is seldom splashed overboard from the bath which is fitted into a wall recess, and partly shielded with a glass screen, while the modern lavatory basin is so designed that only a porpoise is likely to splash the water on to the floor.

Anyway, carpet is steadily climbing to popularity as a bathroom floor covering, and in most tests passes out with honours.

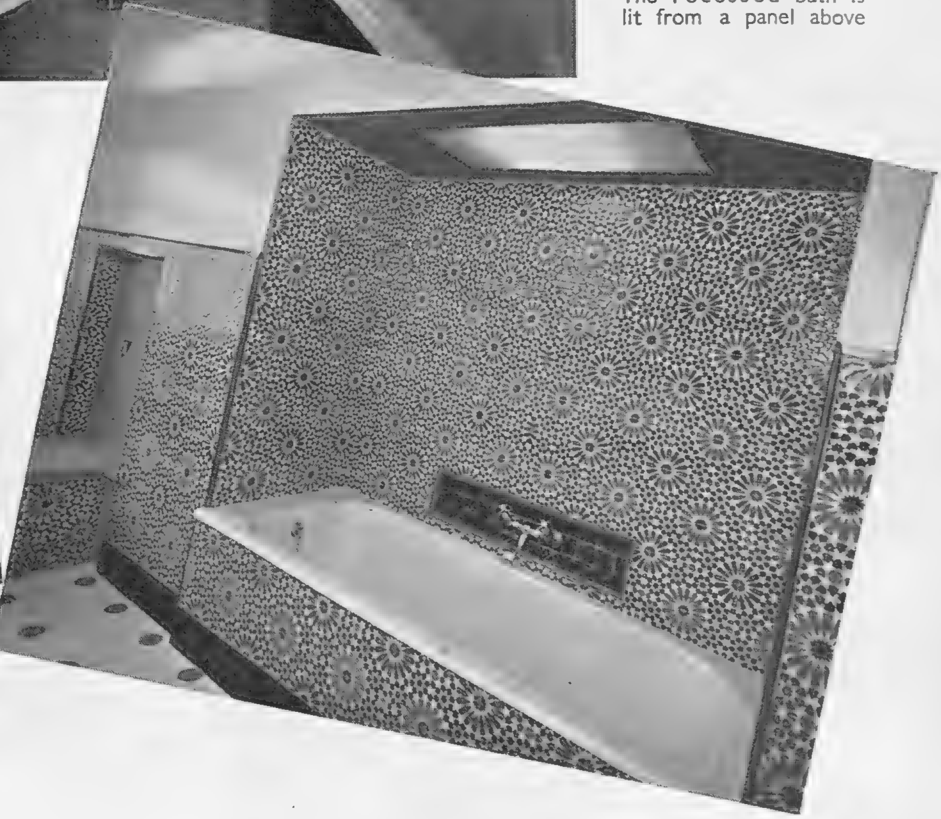
As for fabrics, one wonders how any bathroom can be dull with so much variety.

Oil silk, plain and fancy, probably holds the championship for popular favour, although the great variety of effects that can be obtained with this fabric has still to be fully appreciated.

(Left) This scheme typifies the modern taste for comfort in the bathroom. A cork tile floor, painted walls, a radiator supplied by an Ideal Boiler and a hot and cold shower

(Left) Black and white curtains of glazed chintz against a background of white tiles, edged with black. Bath and lavatory basin have black porcelain surrounds

(Below) Standard Sanitary Appliances fitted in a moderate sized bathroom. The surface of these vitreous china fittings is non-porous and uncrackable



(Below) A decorative scheme in the Moorish style carried out in shaded red and white tiles. The recessed bath is lit from a panel above

Charming window treatments can be had by using two colours of oil silk, one veiling the other. Yellow over blue, parma violet over a deeper shade, rose pink over green.

In the more costly class of fabrics there are hand-painted oil silks. When these are used, a similar design is sometimes painted on the wall.

Coloured Turkish towelling, plain and striped, is popular for bathroom windows, and sailcloth curtains with applique designs in colour are being made at home.

The all-important subject of warmth in the bathroom is dealt with by radiators, hot towel-rails, and sometimes electrical or panel gas fires. These are fitted high in the wall so as to radiate the heat downward.

Nothing, so far, has come to surpass the Ideal Boiler unit, which provides almost unlimited supplies of hot water to bath, lavatory basin and radiators. The apparatus occupies the minimum of space in the kitchen, is economical to maintain and easy to stoke. It is, in fact, the answer to all problems of water-heating that the average house can set.

Sanitary fittings have done more than merely to improve in their appearance. Not only is design better and more practicable, and colouring more appealing, but the actual materials of which the fittings are made have undergone a vital change.

The new Standard Sanitary Appliances for bathroom equipment are made of vitreous china. This is a term which implies a vital step forward in the hygiene of the bathroom. A vitreous surface is absolutely non-porous and completely free from any danger of cracking. Porcelain baths and lavatory basins with this type of finish are therefore infinitely more hygienic than other types, and have a high gloss finish which cannot be surpassed.

With the type of sanitary fitting of which the surface cracks, refuse and germs inevitably collect. They may be invisible to the naked eye, but they are there.

It is obviously a good thing to eliminate the source of ill-health from the bathroom, and Standard appliances do it for you, at the same time saving money in replacements, as they are practically unbreakable.

Colouring in the bathroom is an important factor in the matter of comfort. Warm colour schemes give a permanent effect of warmth and cheeriness and should be carefully studied to this end.

Canary yellow tiles with black edging are effective and red curtains and accessories will bring warmth and gaiety to an all-white bathroom with the minimum of effort.

When A Few People Drop In

Apart from the many organised festivities and carefully planned entertainments of this season, there will be, I think, a great many impromptu got-up-at-the-last-minute affairs.

You had better be prepared for all sorts of unexpected guests. Look up your recipe books and make a little plan of campaign, earmarking a few good recipes for quickly made dishes which you might cook yourself.

A chafing-dish or a good spirit-lamp with a presentable bi-metal pan is most useful, as all sorts of pleasant dishes can be made at the last minute, even in the dining-room.

Soups

Have a little stock of tinned soups of a good brand. If you choose the more highly flavoured ones you can not only increase the quantity but improve the taste by the addition of milk or a little cream.

Eggs

Apart from omelettes (these are so quickly made, being the affair of a few minutes), there are many little egg dishes which require no trouble at all. Buttered eggs can be treated in many ways: with saffron (put in when the butter has melted) and served with a few croûtons of buttered toast or fried bread . . . with tomato purée made hot and put in the middle of the dish . . . with grated cheese mixed in just as the eggs begin to set.

Œufs mollets

Very good for a party. You put them in boiling water and boil for five minutes from the time the water comes to the boil again. (Remember that putting in the cold eggs brings down the temperature of the water at once.) Peel the eggs in cold water and serve them in various ways . . . standing on a bed of tinned sweet corn made thoroughly hot . . . with tomato or curry sauce . . . with a cheese-flavoured béchamel sauce.

Try some eggs fried crisply and served on rounds of neatly cut fried bread, the whole covered with a tomato sauce.

Fish

Fish is not easy to prepare at the last minute, but there are one or two good dishes which can be made quickly. Fillets of soles with artichokes are excellent.

Cut the fillets in strips about half an inch thick, roll them in a floured cloth, and fry in butter for two or three minutes until golden brown.

Take some globe artichoke bottoms in tins, cut these in small pieces and heat them in butter. Mix with the fish, adding salt and pepper, and when in the serving dish add a good squeeze of lemon juice.

Cold cooked lobster can be done up in a few minutes to make a most luxurious dish. Remove the flesh from the shells, cut it in small pieces and heat in butter. Add salt, pepper and a good pinch of paprika, also a port-glassful of Madeira or brown sherry. Cook for two or three minutes and add a good glass of cream. Bring to the boil and let the cream boil hard for three or four minutes, and when it thickens a little your dish is ready.

Entrées

Fillet of beef, cutlets, kidneys can be turned quickly into excellent party dishes. Let us start with the beef. This is better cut into neat rounds about four inches in diameter, and one inch or a little more thick; these we call *tournedos*.

Fry in butter and keep hot. Put into the same butter salt, pepper, a glass of white wine or sherry and a few chopped shallots. A tomato also can be added, which you cut up. Simmer the sauce for a few minutes and pour through a strainer over the beef.

Cutlets could be treated in the same way.

A veal kidney is excellent if cooked in the same sauce which I gave for the lobster. You should remove the skin, trim the kidney well and cut it into pieces before frying it. Remember that kidney requires very little cooking; just a few minutes, otherwise it will be tough.

Add mustard to the sauce, and when the dish is ready add a squeeze of lemon with half a lemon which you have sprinkled with a dash of cayenne pepper.

To simplify matters I would serve any of these *entrées* with mixed vegetables bought in a tin (macedoine of vegetables). Make these hot, add a little piece of butter, salt, and pepper, and if you have time, add a little chopped parsley at the last minute.

Hors d'œuvre

A few hors d'œuvre, as I have often said before, are most useful, and will quickly turn a dull meal into something much more important, so always have a good stock of these. Sardines, fillets of anchovies in oil, tunny fish, olives stuffed and plain, herrings.

Any one of these with a potato or some other salad will help out an otherwise "short" luncheon, but unless you really want to fill people up at the beginning of the meal, it is not necessary to have more than two hors d'œuvre dishes with, say, a few stuffed olives.

Sweets

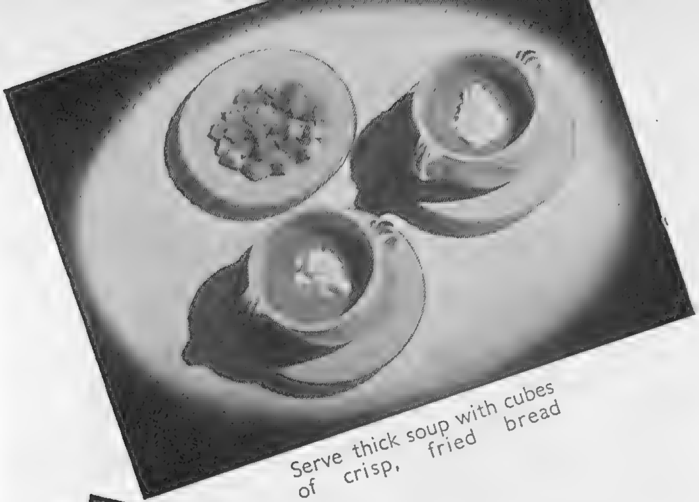
There are not many quickly made sweets, so if you want something elaborate it is better to order it from outside. Ice cream or a cold mousse with *petit fours*, or something of the kind. You can, of course, make a fruit salad or have a dish of fried bananas with a little rum, or a slice of pineapple burnt with Kirsch.

Junket need not be so dull as it sounds, and is very attractive served in individual bowls and flavoured with a little liqueur—this you put in when the milk is sweetened and warm, just before you add the rennet.

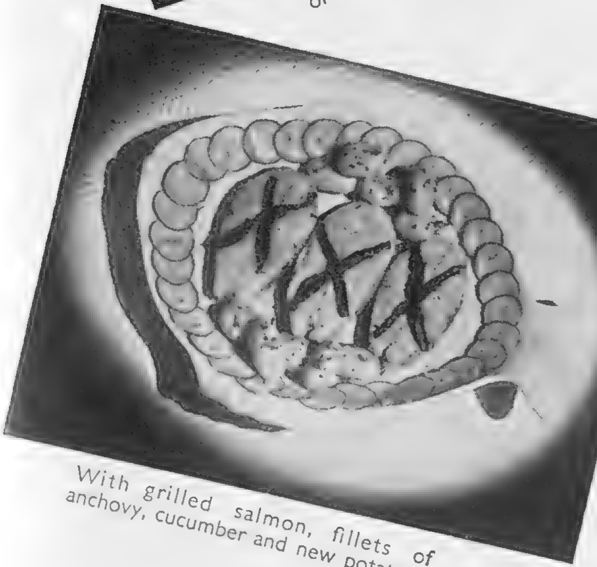
So with your collection of really quickly prepared dishes you have enough for quite a choice of meals for different occasions. Although they are quite easy to do, they are quite good enough for party wear.

GOOD SERVICE

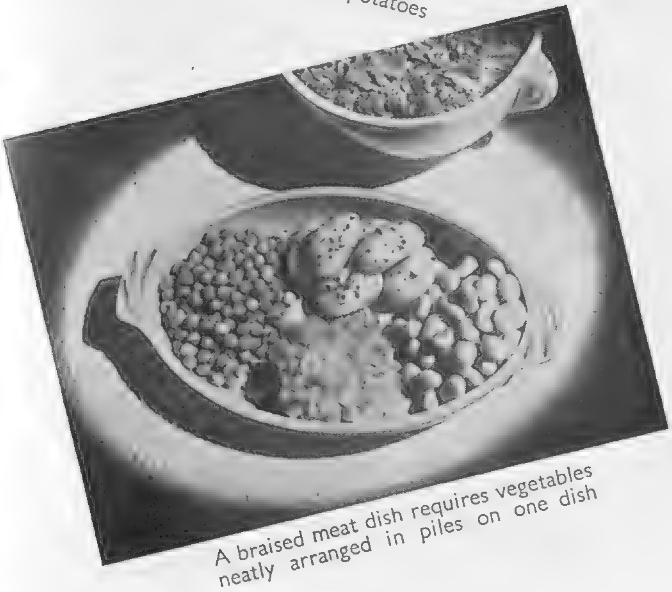
By A. H. Adair



Serve thick soup with cubes of crisp, fried bread



With grilled salmon, fillets of anchovy, cucumber and new potatoes



A braised meat dish requires vegetables neatly arranged in piles on one dish

Many a good dish is spoiled by being badly served—that is, with the wrong sauce or garnishing; the wrong vegetables, or too many of them; or by a salad, however good, which does not go with the dish.

I am giving here a short list of suggestions for sauces and trimmings, showing how various dishes should be correctly served. Following this list there are a few recipes for some of the sauces mentioned.

Soups

Most clear soups require nothing, but you can put in a "Julienne" (cut in thin match-like strips) of vegetables, or a little vermicelli. *Pot au feu* or *Petite Marmite* (clear soup served with a few of its vegetables cut in neat shapes, also one or two pieces of the meat) is usually accompanied by some small pieces of dry bread, very thin and browned in the oven and handed separately with grated cheese.

Thick soups, especially cream soups, are usually served with a dish of tiny cubes of crisply fried bread; but vegetable soups (with the exception of the Italian Minestrone, into which one always puts a little grated cheese at the table), need nothing added to them.

Fish

Plainly fried fish can be served just as it is with a piece of lemon, though many people like a *maître d'hôtel* butter as well, and, of course, Tartare Sauce is another favourite with, say, fried sole. For boiled fish the best sauce is Hollandaise.

Grilled fish is greatly improved if you serve with it a spicy sauce such as *sauce diable* or *sauce piquante*, but with grilled salmon I would have no sauce, just two fillets of anchovy arranged in a cross on each slice, with cucumber and new potatoes.

As a matter of fact all fish, whether it is quite plain or cooked with an elaborate sauce, needs nothing but a plain potato with it.

Meat

The more complicated your dish is, the less you should serve with it. For instance, take some escalopes of veal with a cream sauce and mushrooms, asparagus tips or cooked cucumber as garnishing. With this, serve only a few potatoes, either *sautées* or *rissolées* or Parisienne (these are delicious, being made by scooping little balls of raw potatoes—peeled, of course—with a special little instrument for that purpose, parboiled and then drained, dried in a cloth and cooked till soft and golden brown, in butter). A salad here would be quite wrong, as it is not necessary, and the rich sauce would spoil its crisp, fresh taste.

Grilled meat, on the other hand, could be served with a sharp sauce, two vegetables, and a salad also should you fancy it. Roast meat again permits of two or even three vegetables.

Cold meat lends itself to all sorts of treatment. For instance, nothing is better than a cold joint of lamb or mutton served with Mayonnaise or Tartare sauce. If you are re-heating meat, a variety of sharp sauces can be used, though these should be prepared, strained and finished well in advance, the meat being put in only just in time to make it thoroughly hot, as you do not want the meat to cook twice.

Incidentally, you should always trim very well slices of cold meat meant for re-heating. First of all, it is disagreeable to find, covered by a sauce, a gristly or fatty piece; also the fat, in melting, would make the sauce greasy and spoil it.

The "en casserole" type of meat or chicken dish usually has enough vegetables or trimmings in it, so that all you need serve is a dish of potatoes, either plain, fried or *sautées*.

The other type of meat dish is braised, and for this you may have as many vegetables as you like. But—and this is important—they should all be small, either naturally or cut into small shapes, very neatly arranged in one big dish. Little piles of young carrots, turnips, peas, beans, and so on.

Beurre Maître d'Hôtel

Take a piece of butter the size of a large egg. Work it to a cream to extract all the water, add a tablespoonful of chopped parsley and the juice of about a quarter of a lemon. Mix well together and keep the butter in a cool place until wanted. It should be put on top of the hot fish or meat only at the last moment.

(*Continued on page* 162)

TOUGHENING THEM

A Spartan Upbringing is Nature's Way to Healthy Childhood—but don't overdo it

I asked a famous children's doctor what he thought of the toughening process which many modern parents practise on their children—that is, putting them out of doors to sleep on a winter day at ten months, sending them to camp at ten years.

He was an elderly man and had practised in the days when nurseries were hermetically sealed, so he knew something of both sides.

" I like it," he said, " but I should like it even better if parents realised that babies are individuals and that the treatment of each depends largely upon temperament, sex and environment."

That seems to me to sum up. A spartan upbringing for babies is good so long as enthusiasm is tempered with discretion. You can't treat all children alike.

Three or four years ago, I was stopping at an inn on the coast of Dorset. It was summer according to the calendar, but the rain hurled itself against the windows and the wind lashed itself into a frenzy. The weather was vile.

About six o'clock in the evening a young couple arrived carrying a baby swathed in mackintoshes. They were wet through, but cheerful, and asked for a room for the night.

" We are camping down at the creek," they explained; " we don't mind the cold, but the rain has got into the tent, and all baby's clean clothes are wet. We should be glad to have a dry bed for the night."

The proprietress gave up her own room. She was a kind creature, and the mother of a family.

" I did it for the poor lamb," she told me afterwards. " As for them, they can drown for all I care. Downright wicked, I call it, camping with that mite."

It seemed she was right, but when I talked to the parents the next morning they gave me a different picture.

They were young and vigorous, the picture of radiant health themselves, and very serious in their intention to give the child a simple, healthy and intelligent upbringing.

" We think that fresh air and green grass won't kill her if she's made familiar with it from the start," the girl said. " We've always preferred a tent to an hotel, and we spent three weeks under canvas when baby was on the way—so she's used to it."

It seemed she was, because there she was, twinkling at me from her mother's arms, none the worse for a wetting.

We met those people and their child every summer after that. They always spend the whole of August camping by the creek, and when I last saw the little girl, now four years old, darting about like a butterfly, in a red swim-suit and a sunbonnet, plunging fearlessly into the water—a spartan baby if ever there was one—I parted with the last doubt as to the wisdom of her upbringing.

But there you are: babies differ, and, more especially, parents. The little girl we have been discussing had a fine start with parents who were themselves fit.

You could not do the same thing with a baby who had not been inured to fresh air from the start. The toughening process for these must be slow.

But it can be done. The practice of sending children almost naked to run about in the snow at all the Swiss sanatoria and, at English ones, of sleeping outdoors in the hardest weather, is proof enough that spartan living is Nature's way to health.

At the same time, it is essential to remember that in the first weeks of an infant's life it is adapting itself to an entirely new and terrifying environment, and that sympathetic treatment is necessary to ensure the future mental stability of the child.

Later, when the child is able to give coherent notice of his reactions to the toughening process, one is in a position to apply the brake or release it, as expediency or the baby dictates.

Apart from the effect upon the health, the freedom that a spartan training gives to the child is an important factor. Freedom, I mean, in the sense of facing things, meeting minor risks.

It is true that the baby who is put out into the garden to play instead of remaining by his mother may fall and cut himself or feed himself with dirt. But does it matter much?

A few minor injuries are the price paid for cultivating independence and that lack of self-consciousness without which he can never make a normal, happy life.

It is constant fussing that focuses a child's attention upon himself.

" David, where's your scarf? There's a cold wind to-day." " Come off the lawn, David; the grass is damp . . ." Perpetual reminders of himself and the possible consequences to his health of an inherent desire to be natural.

The fact is that natural resistance too often fades and dies for want of use. Coddle and pamper the child, shield him from those things for which Nature herself has provided adequate powers of resistance, and those very powers, for lack of use, will die.

Nor can anything that parents devise recompense the child for the loss of that which Nature alone can provide.

W. L.

'Rosebank' Fabrics
Regd
Trade Mark

THE Beauty and Quality of 'Rosebank' Fabrics for over half a century has been assured through close collaboration between artists and craftsmen . . . . . .
Write to-day for a copy of the new 'Rosebank' booklet.

ROSEBANK FABRICS

Manufactured by: TURNBULL & STOCKDALE LTD. (Dept. 20)
'Rosebank' Printworks - Ramsbottom - Manchester
London House: Roxburghe House, 273/287 Regent Street, W.1.

. . . the perfect gas cooker. Worthy of the most decorative setting, but designed for the cooking needs of the home . . . Embodying features unique in gas oven design, including reversible oven shelves, removable enamelled interior sides, and automatic control of the heat by the red dial "Mainstat". . . Produced in various enamelled finishes, durable in use and easy to clean. See the MAIN Cookers at your Gas Showrooms, or send for FREE RECIPE BOOK, which shows various models in kitchen settings, and also explains how the "Mainstat" ensures perfect cooking results without attention, and saves gas. R. & A. Main Limited, (Dept. 41), 48 Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1.

MAINSTAT CONTROLLED

MAIN

Gas Cookers

In Deluxe Colours
or Dapple Grey
Enamel Finishes

CONFIDENTLY RECOMMENDED

We are happy to give
editorial endorsement
to these reputable
advertised products

As a tempting, light, and nourishing breakfast food Kellogg's Corn Flakes need no recommendation, their popularity having increased annually over a number of years.

Now Corn Flake cookery is the latest Kellogg triumph, and the appetising golden colour, delicious crunchiness and perfect flavour of this cereal lend themselves time and again to many recipes in every branch of cookery.

Corn Flake crumbs, because they are easy to roll and need no sifting, make a splendid substitute for breadcrumbs for crumbing fish, croquettes, rissoles. These same crumbs mixed with melted butter and a sprinkling of sugar make an interesting topping for sweets.

Perfect figure-control without any restriction of movement is what women look for in a corset.

Aertex foundations embody both these features, and their wide range of models provides a corset, corselette or belt for every type of figure. Brassières, too, are available in many practical designs, and prices in all cases are extremely reasonable.

Aertex Sea Island Cotton fabric is the newest medium for Aertex corsetry, and is ideal for summer wear, for this light yet durable material, made in the famous cellular weave, while giving all necessary support, keeps the wearer cool and comfortable, and never becomes clammy or clinging in hot weather.

"French Fern" has proved one of the most popular of Morny's delightful toilet soaps. Since its introduction they have received a number of requests to extend this series. They have now produced a complete range, including perfume, talcum powder, bath essence, shaving soap, bath salts, brilliantine.

The "French Fern" perfume is undoubtedly a winner. It has an appealing freshness, a hint of the fragrance of autumn woodlands. Bottles are available from 3s. 6d. upwards. A charming crystal presentation bottle costs a pound.

Many women who want to slim complain that they cannot diet. It is not that they have not the will power to deny themselves those sweetmeats and fats which they should avoid, but they really do feel ill directly they cut down or change the diet to which they are accustomed.

To such folk "Redex" will commend itself. This fluid is absolutely harmless. An analytical report on it states that it contains nothing deleterious or irritating to the skin. It reduces flesh only where it is applied, and so is the very thing for those whose bogy is localised fat.

Although individual reaction to this preparation varies considerably, results should begin to show after seven to ten days' use.

Not so long ago women who wore lipstick were noticed, secretly admired for their courage and the way in which it improved their looks, but outwardly condemned for flouting convention and "painting their faces."

Nowadays one notices people who *don't* use it. They attract the eye because their faces seem to lack some feature, and their blue lips make them look anæmic and sickly.

Even a simple thing like a lipstick, however, must be used with intelligence. For example, you cannot wear a scarlet lipstick with a burgundy dress. You must use different shades with different colours, different shades for daylight and artificial light.

Michel lipsticks fulfil every requirement; they stay on, protect the lips, do not smudge, taste and smell agreeable and are available in a number of shades suited to every occasion.

Loss of appetite and partial, or in some cases complete, inability to digest ordinary food is a most difficult problem with which to contend after illness of any kind, when it is so essential that the patient shall have good nourishing food to help restore that vitality which has been sapped by fever and sickness.

A light, easily digested food that gives the necessary nourishment is the greatest blessing at such times, and Benger's Food, which has been known and approved by two generations of the medical profession, can be unreservedly recommended. Not only is it a complete food, rich in every element necessary to maintain vigorous health, but it is readily assimilated, and can be prepared in a number of appetising ways.

In a booklet on how to use Benger's Food for Infants, Invalids and the Aged many pleasant invalid recipes are given. A free copy of this, postage paid, may be obtained from Benger's Food, Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester, 3.

Rolled corn flakes (Kellogg's) mixed with melted butter and a sprinkling of sugar provide the crunchy crust and topping for this delicious refrigerator cheese cake

Fill up at the pump that gives you a MILEAGE BONUS

NATIONAL
NATIONAL · BENZOLE · MIXTURE
benzole makes good petrol better!

NATIONAL BENZOLE MIXTURE gives you a bonus! With every gallon you get a gift of extra miles *free.* Your car will cover more miles per gallon on this fuel blended from British Benzole and high-grade petrol. AND the presence of Benzole ensures the even burning which your engine needs if it is to give its full power without any trace of roughness or pinking.

for

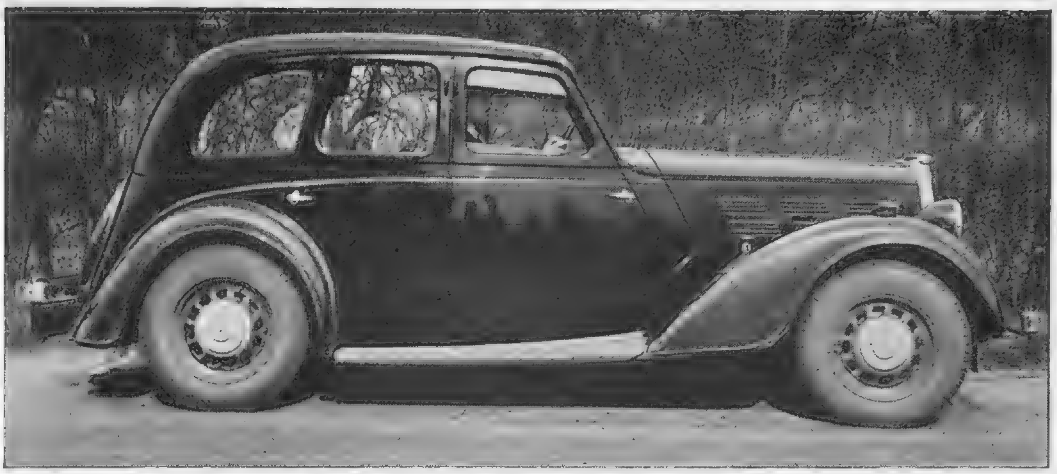
more miles per gallon

NATIONAL

BENZOLE MIXTURE

NATIONAL BENZOLE CO., LTD. WELLINGTON HOUSE, BUCKINGHAM GATE, LONDON. S.W.1

(The distributing organisation owned and entirely controlled by the producers of British Benzole.)



THE outstanding feature of this 14 h.p. Morris is its very generous size, which enables coachwork of a most roomy type to be carried. Five people are accommodated easily

The 14 h.p. Morris in Brief

Engine: Six cylinders with side valves; 14 h.p.

Transmission: Four-speed gearbox, third and top ratios synchromesh.

Performance: Third gear 45/50 m.p.h.; top gear 65 m.p.h.

Springing: Good, semi-elliptic.

Brakes: Efficient, hydraulic type.

Steering: Definite, self-centring.

Coachwork: Unusually roomy.

Price: Sliding-head saloon, £225; 'Jackall' jacks £5 extra.

An Addition to the Morris Range

The 14 h.p. "Six"

By The Earl of Cardigan

I EXPECT that most motorists are acquainted with the annoying type of person who habitually fails to recognise any motor car correctly. If we happen to meet him when we are driving our new "Platypus Super-Twelve," of which we are properly proud, he is certain to greet us with: "Hullo, a new car! Congratulations. I always say—what a nice little job the 'Platypus Nippy-Ten' is!"

There is always something extraordinarily aggravating in having a superior model mistaken for an inferior one. It seems almost an insult if the car of one's choice is credited with less power or fewer cylinders than it actually possesses. The implication is that, however well it may go, it is a poor specimen in the eyes of the outside world.

It is perhaps only a secondary virtue of the Morris "Fourteen"—but I think it deserves to be recorded—that this car at any rate is never likely to be thus "insulted." It is far more likely to be taken for a 16 h.p. model. It is built in every way on a generous scale, so that it "fills the eye" in an extremely satisfactory manner. Although actually the smallest of the Morris "sixes," it gives the impression of coming almost into the big car category.

There is no doubt about the luxurious roominess of the saloon coachwork. The driver can push his seat back and enjoy all the leg-room that he may wish for, without in the least encroaching upon the passengers behind him. The back seat is a wide one, so that five people can perfectly well be carried, all of them being seated in very genuine comfort.

This Morris also possesses the virtues of a big car as regards the ease with which it can be driven. The engine—a six-cylinder side-valve unit—does its work with remarkable smoothness, and with a complete absence of apparent effort. The rate of acceleration is good, although not phenomenal, and one's general impression is that the car "takes itself along" in good style, without requiring any urging from the driver.

There is a very useful turn of speed, for the top-gear maximum is in excess of 65 m.p.h. The smoothness (*Continued on page* 181)

THE six-cylinder engine gives ample power, and runs with uncommon smoothness. There is no "fussiness," even at the maximum speed, which is a good 65 m.p.h.

LIGHT luggage is stowed away behind the back seat, where there is a compartment of considerable size.

THESE hydraulic jacks are a most valuable "extra." They cost (on four-speed models) an additional £5, in return for which they eliminate all the trouble and difficulty experienced in jacking a car up

(Right)

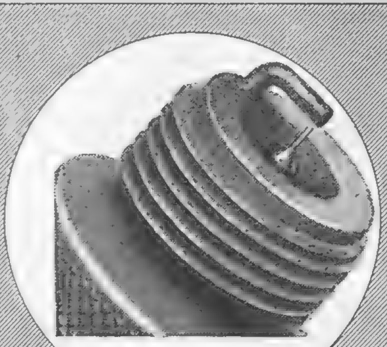
HOW the jacks are operated. The driver does not even have to leave his seat, but merely engages this lever with a control box which is located just below the floor boards

The 4½ litre 4 Seater D.H. Coupe is unquestionably recognised by all admirers of the dual-purpose car as the most beautiful, powerful and practically designed car of its type. 95-100 m.p.h. Price £1150.

A recent addition to the fine Lagonda range is the 30 h.p. de Ville on an 11' 6" wheelbase (9" longer). The stately charm of a perfectly designed and commodious "town carriage" combined with Lagonda tractability and power. Price £1195 (Division £30 extra).

NEW ALL-SILENT GEARBOX. Synchromesh on 2nd, 3rd and top gears. LAGONDA-MADE COACHWORK by true craftsmen. UNIQUE GUARANTEE 3 years chassis . . . 1 year coachwork.

L. G. MOTORS [STAINES] LIMITED, STAINES, MIDDLESEX. Telephone: Staines 1122 [5 lines]

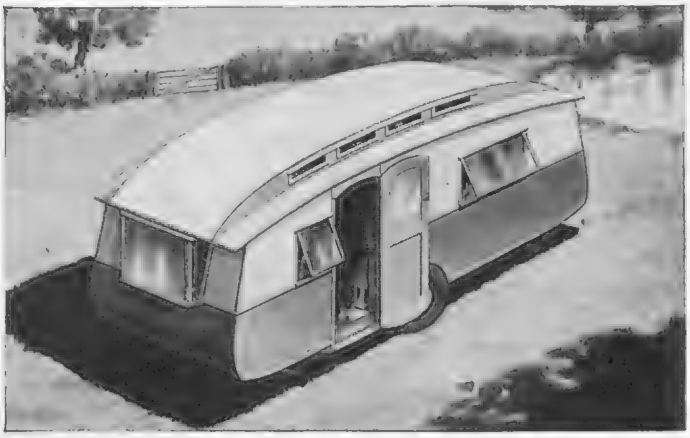


"FIT AND FORGET"

K·L·G

Platinum Pointed Plugs

they give
easier starting
smoother slow running
and increased length of life



ECCLES and the

NATIONAL CAMPAIGN for PHYSICAL FITNESS

Plenty of fresh air, rational ventilation, damp, draught and weather proofness—these are Eccles contributions to *your* physical fitness. You know the health value of caravanning, but before you buy, make a careful study of these important points—points that have been given the most thoughtful consideration when designing Eccles Caravans. Consider also the merits of the caravan that is planned to save work and give you maximum freedom—with the very maximum of economy too—and you will choose Eccles—built by the pioneers of trailer caravanning and the acknowledged leaders of the industry. Send now for 1937 Catalogue.

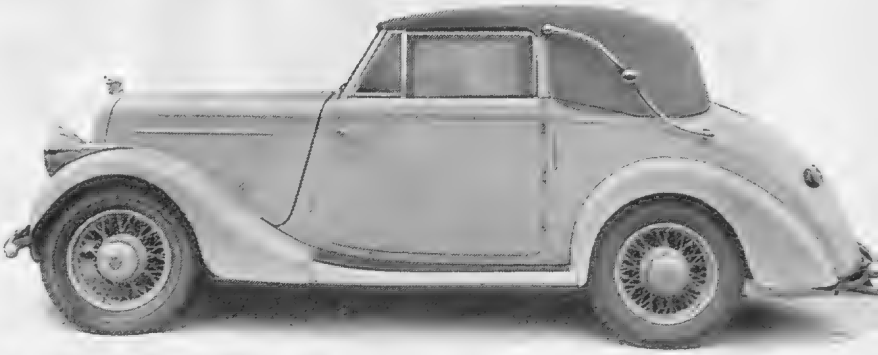
ECCLES MOTOR CARAVANS LTD.
Hazelwell Lane, Stirchley, Birmingham

fbl

An Attractive "Twelve"

The Humber "Foursome" Coupé

By The Earl of Cardigan



BOTH in appearance and in behaviour, the Humber "Twelve" is a really substantial motor car. This Drop-head Coupé model, with the head raised, has notably attractive lines

THERE is a special interest attaching to brand-new cars—those which have just been designed and are now coming on the market for the first time. They represent all that is most novel and striking in present-day motoring.

Almost more interesting, in some respects, are those cars which may be regarded as "old friends." They have been on the market long enough to be thoroughly well established, and are subject to continual slight improvements, without, however, requiring to be altered in basic design.

Among cars of this latter type we may count the Humber "Twelve." How has this model contrived to be so consistent a success? How is it that its popularity remains a constant factor, and shows no sign of waning?

I believe that I discovered the answer when I recently spent a week-end at the wheel of a "Foursome" Drop-head Coupé on this 12 h.p. chassis. The Humber is essentially a car which can be driven with pleasure, no matter what the journey may be. It has quite distinctly a big-car "feel" about it. It never tires the driver: it never irritates him. It just takes him along, mile after mile, in a delightfully easy style.

The maximum speed is 65 m.p.h., which by modern standards is not especially high. None the less, on a long run, I should consider this Humber to be a faster car than most. The four-cylinder side-valve engine is uncommonly smooth, and thus can be run at speeds between 50 and 60 m.p.h. without ever giving rise to that disagreeable sensation of being "pushed" beyond its natural pace.

I proved this by getting on to a particularly (*Continued on page* 181)

THE engine has plenty of power, and is notable for the ease with which it will maintain consistent high speeds. The permanent inspection lamp under the bonnet is an attractive asset

The Humber "Twelve" in Brief

Engine: *Four cylinders with side valves; rated 12 h.p.*

Transmission: *Four-speed gearbox; all ratios synchromesh.*

Performance: *Third gear, 45 m.p.h.; top gear 65 m.p.h.*

Steering: *Light and pleasant.*

Brakes: *Efficient Duo-Servo type.*

Springing: *Semi-elliptic, with "Vari-load" device. Good road-holding.*

Coachwork: *Comfortable, extremely so in front.*

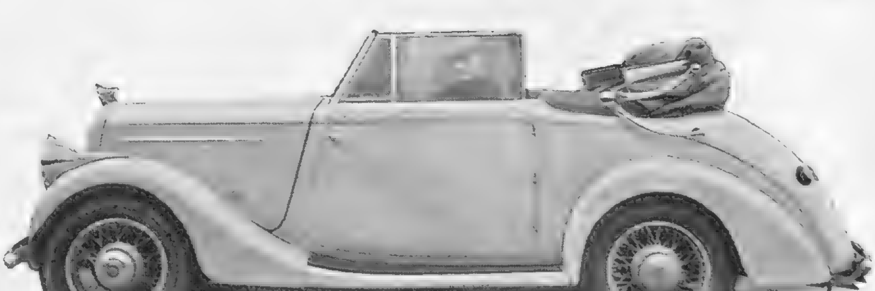
Price: *Foursome Drop-head Coupé, £298.*

Right:

THE driving position is extremely comfortable, and the controls and instruments are well laid out. On the right is the hand brake—inverted, so that it cannot obstruct the off-side door

Below:

THE luggage locker is really capacious. When the lid is left extended, any sort of baggage can be accommodated. There is a compartment here also for the spare wheel



WHEN the head is lowered, the occupants enjoy practically the same sense of freedom as in an open tourer. Open or closed, this body has a remarkable freedom from rattles

ALVIS

Luxury Motoring in its most perfect form.

Smoothness and silence beyond comparison . . , exceptional dignity and beauty of appearance . . . luxurious comfort . . . absolute safety . . . these qualities, added to a very high degree of power, have won for the **ALVIS** a reputation second to none. For a most discriminating clientele **ALVIS** build only thoroughbred cars. Prices from £545

"The TATLER" Motoring Correspondent

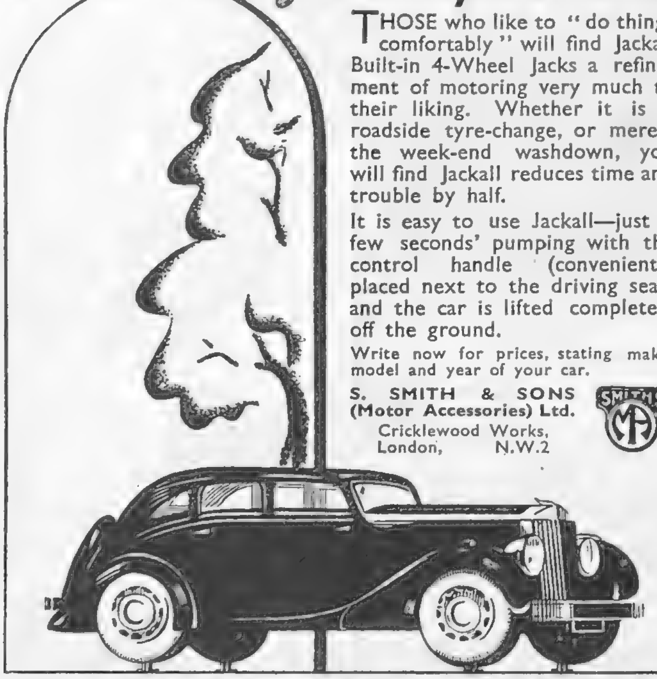
"Ninety-five miles an hour can be put up on the clock when the driver wants it. At 75 m.p.h. on top one has the knowledge that the car will jump to it eagerly . . . all this is done in a smooth and confident manner, *the car running like a sailing ship.* It gives the most civilised form of motoring to be had for under £1,000

ALVIS LTD., COVENTRY, and BYRON HOUSE, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

H.P.

A Refinement

worthy of a fine car



THOSE who like to "do things comfortably" will find Jackall Built-in 4-Wheel Jacks a refinement of motoring very much to their liking. Whether it is a roadside tyre-change, or merely the week-end washdown, you will find Jackall reduces time and trouble by half.

It is easy to use Jackall—just a few seconds' pumping with the control handle (conveniently placed next to the driving seat) and the car is lifted completely off the ground.

Write now for prices, stating make, model and year of your car.

S. SMITH & SONS (Motor Accessories) Ltd.
Cricklewood Works,
London, N.W.2

SMITHS MA

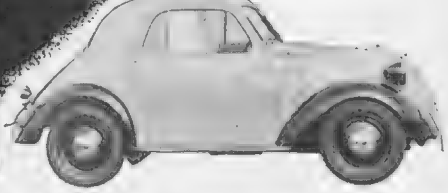
SMITH'S JACKALL

BUILT-IN 4-WHEEL JACKS

FIAT '500'

THE MOST ECONOMICAL

BABY CAR



FIFTY MILES FOR 1/7$^{\text{D}}$

REAL economy with the 'big car feeling' 50 miles to the gallon, tax only £5.5.0 yet a perfect car. Streamlined for speed and safety; independent front wheel suspension, four speed synchromesh gears, hydraulic brakes, and lively ! Saloon price only £120—try one at any Car Mart depot.

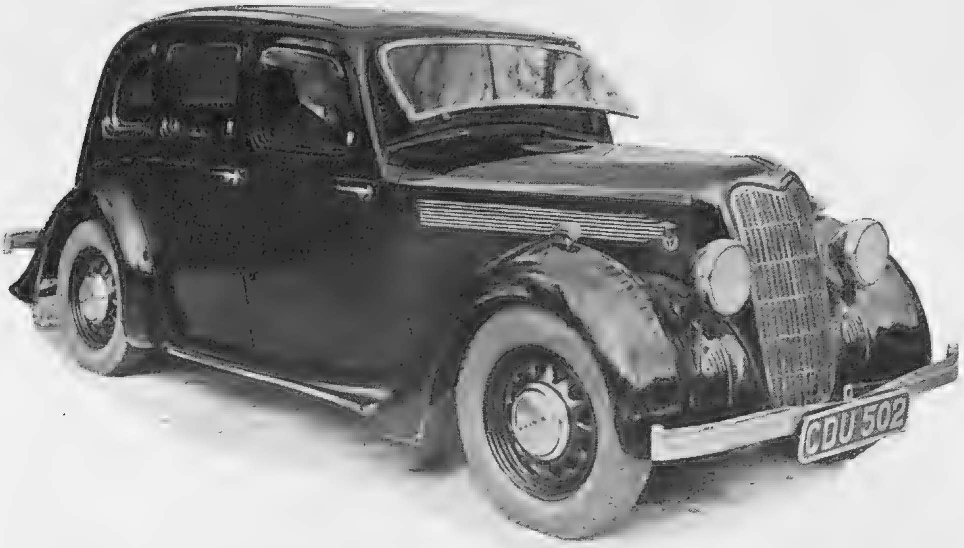
The Car Mart Ltd

146-50 Park Lane,
London,
W.1.
Grosvenor 3434

Stanhope House,
320-4 Euston Rd.,
N.W.1.
Euston 1212

16 Uxbridge Rd.,
Ealing,
W.5.
Ealing 3821

832 Finchley Rd.,
Temple Fortune,
N.W.11.
Speedwell 7841



The 12 h.p. Singer in Brief

Engine: *Four cylinders, overhead valves and camshaft; 11.4 h.p.*

Transmission: *Four-speed gearbox; second, Third and top gears synchromesh.*

Performance: *Third gear 50 m.p.h.; top gear 70 m.p.h.*

Springing: *Good, semi-elliptic.*

Brakes: *Hydraulic type.*

Steering: *Very light and accurate.*

Coachwork: *Comfortable, ably planned.*

Price: *Saloon model, £225.*

THE 12 h.p. Singer is very pleasantly proportioned, and its appearance is an immediate point in its favour. There is plenty of coachwork space, but this is not obtained at the expense of an overhang. The radiator grille is designed very much in the modern style, and yet has a distinct character of its own. It is likely to become still more familiar as this 12 h.p. car becomes better known

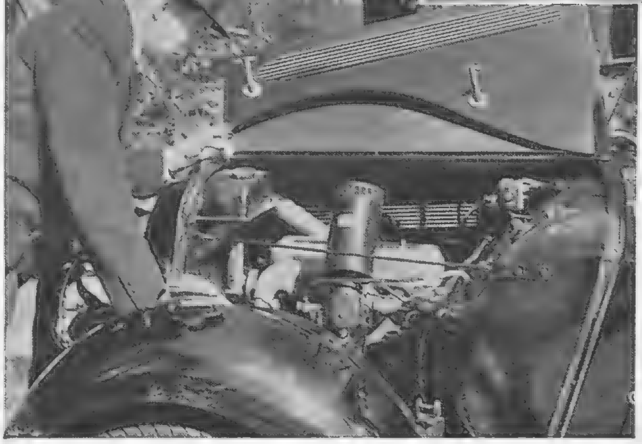
A Lively New Singer Model

The 12 h.p. Saloon

By The Earl of Cardigan

WHEN one drives a car for the first time, there is always some aspect of it which makes an immediate impression. One may have travelled only a hundred yards along the street, and may barely have commenced the process of "getting acquainted." It is already possible, none the less, to say, "Here is *one* feature—good or bad—which can't be overlooked."

THERE is plenty of room for small luggage in this compartment behind the back seat. In addition, a luggage grid is provided at the extreme rear



THE engine is notable for its advanced design, and for its highly efficient running. The overhead valves are operated by an overhead camshaft

A NEAT instrument panel leaves room for two large cubby-holes. Note that the front seats have folding backs—a distinct asset on certain occasions

In the case of the new Singer "Twelve," what struck me immediately was the behaviour of the engine. For a relatively low-powered car, carrying substantial coachwork, the general liveliness of this power unit seemed quite out of the common. To use an everyday description, it was obviously full of "go," and much more so than its 11·4 h.p. rating might lead one to expect.

Actually, this new engine is of very advanced design, which accounts for its high efficiency. The four cylinders have overhead valves, and these are operated by an overhead camshaft. Except that the valve gear is apt to be somewhat audible, this layout is much to be commended.

Acceleration with the Singer "Twelve" remains good throughout the engine's entire speed range. In third gear, a good 50 m.p.h. can be recorded, while in top gear there is a 70 m.p.h. maximum. These are high figures; but they are very quickly attained. The power of the engine does not "tail off" between 60 and 70 m.p.h.—or at least not to any perceptible extent. There is also no vibration except at extreme "revs" in the lower gears.

When driven in traffic, the Singer proves itself very flexible, and is willing to make a quick get-away in top gear from almost a walking pace. The ignition is advanced and retarded automatically, and there is no "snatch" or liability to pinking.

The gearbox, however, is so designed that, when it is needed, the veriest novice can use it with certainty and confidence. Three of the four ratios are synchromesh—that is, all except the bottom gear, which, in the ordinary way, is used only for starting from a standstill. Thus, in making all the normal changes, the driver can encounter no sort of difficulty.

The springing is comfortable, and the car at all times holds the (*Continued on page* 182)

SHORTHEADS

for Women are in Fashion

THEY are in fashion because women are finding out that they can clean their teeth far more efficiently with a Tek Shorthead. The Tek is cut to fit the inside arch of the teeth exactly. There's not much point in keeping your teeth white in front if you give decay a chance in the dangerous tartar zone *behind the teeth*. The specially clipped and exceptionally springy Tek bristles reach into every crevice *from behind*.

The Tek Shorthead design was sent to dentists all over the country for their opinion. 96% gave it their signed approval. There's nothing 'just as good' as Tek. Tek is registered — legally protected from imitation. If you want to keep your teeth healthy and beautiful, buy a Tek — the original shorthead toothbrush — and clean them from behind as well as in front.

EVERYONE IS TAKING TO A

Tek

SHORTHEAD TOOTHBRUSH 2/-

Prices do not apply in the Irish Free State

IT FITS THE ARCH

Tek is sold surgically clean in a sealed carton. Six colours and crystal: hard, extra hard, and medium bristles.

MADE ONLY AT SLOUGH. Guaranteed Product of Johnson & Johnson (Gt. Britain) Ltd., Slough, Bucks.

ALSO TEK JUNIOR FOR THE CHILDREN 1/3
made to fit the arch of their little teeth

Up for the Coronation

(*Continued from page 43*)

If your nails have been giving you trouble, if they are not as shapely as you would wish, if they split, or if the cuticles are coarse, go to see Coralie Godfrey, at the Hand and Nail Culture Institute, 2 Old Bond Street. She will treat them—with extreme firmness, and within a month or so she will have them healthy and beautifully curved.

And now for the stern business of shopping. If you have not been to London for a year or two you will find its old familiar face has drastically changed. The big shops are becoming Americanised.

There is Simpson's, in Piccadilly. This means present-buying for men, or, if you lure them in there, maybe you will get one yourself. Simpson's theory is that men never know what to buy for women, so they set out to give them suggestions.

There is Dolcis, and Lilley and Skinner, both in Oxford Street, with a maze of show-cases at their entrances, and an imposing array of American, French and English shoes. There is the new D. H. Evans building, with escalators running from roof to basement, and an unusual display principle inside. There is Peter Jones, a sky-piercing glass-house in Sloane Square.

In Bond Street there is Delman's, where the most exclusive and expensive American shoes are to be found. But then, you are bound to walk down Bond Street. It's a tradition, a tonic, a thrill.

For sheer beauty, wander through into Berkeley Square, and there you will see Moyses Stevens, a flower-filled hall, glass walled, with water running down the windows and banks of flowers making the air heavy with their scent. Here is a place to gather inspiration for your flower arrangements.

When you are wanting silks, go to John Lewis, in Oxford Street. Harrods for woollens and artificial flowers. Fenwick's, in Bond Street, for inexpensive underclothes and effective evening dresses. Jaeger's, in Regent Street, for suits, coats, jumpers and amusing accessories. Nicoll's for debonair outfits at little cost. Dolcis for inexpensive stockings. Harvey Nichols for American jewellery. Swan and Edgar's, of Piccadilly Circus, for ten-shilling handbags. Finnigan's, or Asprey's, of Bond Street, for the best-value guinea bags. Aaga Thaarup, of Grosvenor Street, for hats that you can't beat in Paris, or anywhere else. (You won't find them cheap, except in the sense that they will stay smart indefinitely).

This is beginning to sound like a catalogue, so let us think instead of having fun. Where will you go at night, and what must you see?

The floor shows at the Dorchester and at Grosvenor House come high on the list. At both of them the minimum cover charge for supper is one guinea. How much more you spend will depend on the size of your thirst. You must dress.

The London Casino offers you a glorious stage show, dancing on the stage, and dinner or supper for fifteen shillings (downstairs), twelve and sixpence upstairs. Dress or not.

Any night after the theatre you'll find the Savoy Grill (day clothes will do) packed with celebrities—so packed, in fact, that if you forget to order a table in advance you will not get in.

If you want to see a really representative London crowd, go down to the ballroom (evening dress). You will be able to enjoy one of the biggest cabarets in town, and to dance to two of the best bands—if there is room.

For a sidelight on the arts, the stage, and the press, wander in to the Café Royal, fairly late. You will hardly be able to hear yourself speak, but there will be so much to look at that that will not matter. Go there one evening and eat lots. It is worth it.

Be sure to go along to the Curzon, the little luxury cinema in Curzon Street. It is a favourite with Mayfair socialites, and it shows the sort of films you never see outside London. The Academy and Studio One also have foreign films that provide good conversational leads at slow dinner parties. The Empire and the Plaza are the Londoner's favourite drop-in cinemas. The Leicester Square, the London Pavilion, the Carlton, the Regal always have first-class programmes.

In this uncertain world it is a little difficult to forecast events in the theatre, but you will certainly enjoy "Home and Beauty," "Balalaika," "Swing Along," and "Over She Goes." You will find "George and Margaret" an amusing and witty play about the sort of people everybody knows, "French Without Tears," a grand comedy, and, if you like thrillers, you will have a splendid time at "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse."

What else you do will be largely a question of stamina and of the length of your visit. Personally, I would suggest that you make sure in advance that you are being given a nice, quiet bedroom in which to rest.

END

Coronation Ladies

(*Continued from page 13*)

Maureen Dufferin and Ava, the Guinness heiress. She has married into a great name, the fame of a former Lord Dufferin who was Viceroy of India and Ambassador at Rome still lingers. It does not perturb her in the least. She has reduced life to the simple angle of the fun that can be had from living.

Rolling round the world on her father's yacht as a girl, she watched harassed foreign kings and presidents come aboard, knew all about the coming fall of this Government or the rise of that, even had a rare peep into British politics. In a word, she had too deep an insight into the intrigues of ambition ever to have any.

What was in fame, she argued, merely fleeting joy and quite a lot of pain. Pain was to be avoided. Money gave most things that were pleasant, and was to be both judiciously conserved and spent. Life should be amusing.

So she lives for her husband, her two children, Clandeboye—the great house where she entertains in Ireland—and a few loyal friends to whom she is equally loyal, and who join in her mad pranks.

Up to the present that is all, except that her gift of lightning repartee classes everything she does as rather individual. Her husband is Lord-in-Waiting to the King.

MARCHIONESS OF QUEENSBERRY. Here is someone very different. Petite, dark and socially superficial, Kathleen Queensberry is inwardly intent. She is first and foremost an artist, second a mother, and third a Marchioness. All three duties she fulfils very seriously.

She has always drawn, and with her brush. Her art education at the Slade School was interrupted by the war, during which she drove a motor-lorry for the Air Force. That in itself is astonishing, for she is quite minute.

Her father—the late Harrington Mann, the portrait painter—taught her later all that she did not know about painting. Consequently she paints like a man, but with a concentration that is all her own.

Her children play round her in the studio while she is working. She likes them to be present; nothing can disturb her. She will paint up to the last moment of having to rush out to a lunch party—she will not miss the luncheon, for it is part of her duty as a Marchioness—come back, take up the brush and go straight on, her thought unbroken.

She is ambitious: the urge to create is strong within her. By no means is she a comfortable or easy-going person, for whatever she sets her mind on—and it is always set on something—she is determined to achieve.

So, because she is an artist first and foremost, but will be sitting in the centre aisle of the Abbey as a Marchioness, we may look forward to a fine picture of the ceremony from the brush of Kathleen Mann.

BOND STREET
YARDLEY
LONDON

BY APPOINTMENT

BOND STREET

The new perfume by Yardley

A notable new Perfume, delightfully gay and fresh and with a rich, opulent beauty of fragrance, which distinguishes it as a Perfume of supreme quality. As a fitting accompaniment to this season of ceremony and splendour, "Bond Street" Perfume will be worn by those whose taste and discernment have marked them as leaders of fashion . . 7/6 . 12/6 . 21/-

YARDLEY
33 OLD BOND ST
LONDON

She's taken to stealing pictures . . .

Molly isn't a child prodigy. She's never done any real acting. She's just like your children and mine.

But not long ago her father bought a Ciné-'Kodak' Eight, and the fun began. Father, or Mother, just aims and presses the button—it's even easier than taking snaps. Molly meanwhile is playing about, or being a Red Indian, or registering emotion in a close-up; like all children, a born film-star.

Of course there's been plenty more to film; the rest of the family, the dog, all kinds of sport—and soon, the Coronation celebrations and perhaps a trip abroad. But so far it's Molly who 'steals the picture.' Father generally 'shoots' at least ten little scenes or episodes a week, and yet he reckons that his film-costs, including developing, come to only a few pence a day. The "Eight" is the world's cheapest movie-camera to run.

Remember, you can also film in superb colour even with the Ciné-'Kodak' Eight. You just use Kodachrome Film, with no gadgets or attachments at all. *And* there are over 300 films you can hire from the Kodascope Library.

The Ciné-'Kodak' Eight, at £10 and £15, according to lens.
Hire Purchase terms available.
Price includes carrying-case.
FREE. Ask the nearest Ciné-Kodak Dealer for illustrated book (shown here) about 'Kodachrome' and Ciné-'Kodak' (or write to Mr. B. E. Taylor, Dept. 57N, Kodak House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2, for this booklet and names of Ciné-Kodak Dealers in your neighbourhood).

THE second officer and other members of the crew checking the stores and equipment of one of the lifeboats

Before the Cruise Starts

Behind the Scenes on a Luxury Cruise Ship on Sailing Day

By Ronald F. Tiltman

I RAN down the gangway and it was dragged clear. Four ropes were cast off and on time to the minute the great white ship glided away from its berth in Southampton Docks. Five hundred passengers had commenced their luxury cruise.

I had been aboard that ship since dawn, a privileged visitor behind the scenes, watching the activity before the arrival of the passengers on sailing day.

Little would any of the five hundred aboard know of the feverish activity and amazing organisation which had been a prelude to their coming.

For four days shore gangs had been busy repainting the exterior of the ship, cleaning out the boilers and carrying out general replacements and overhauls. I saw the gangs trooping off the ship, leaving only a few men to replace a ventilator on deck and several men laying sections of new carpeting.

Promptly at 9 a.m. the entire ship's company mustered on deck under the Commander. Three hundred and twenty men and women of all trades. The places of three absentees were filled from waiting men, and then everyone was allotted sleeping and messing accommodation and issued with a button marked with his or her boat and fire station.

GETTING things ready for the passengers' first dinner on board. Cooks preparing six hundred lobsters which form part of the elaborate menu

Then I saw a very practical demonstration of the "Safety First" measures on British ships. The first activity of the day was a comprehensive boat drill to ensure that everyone aboard was aware of their emergency post. The "Abandon ship" alarm was followed shortly afterwards by a fire alarm, when all water-tight doors and fire-fighting points were manned.

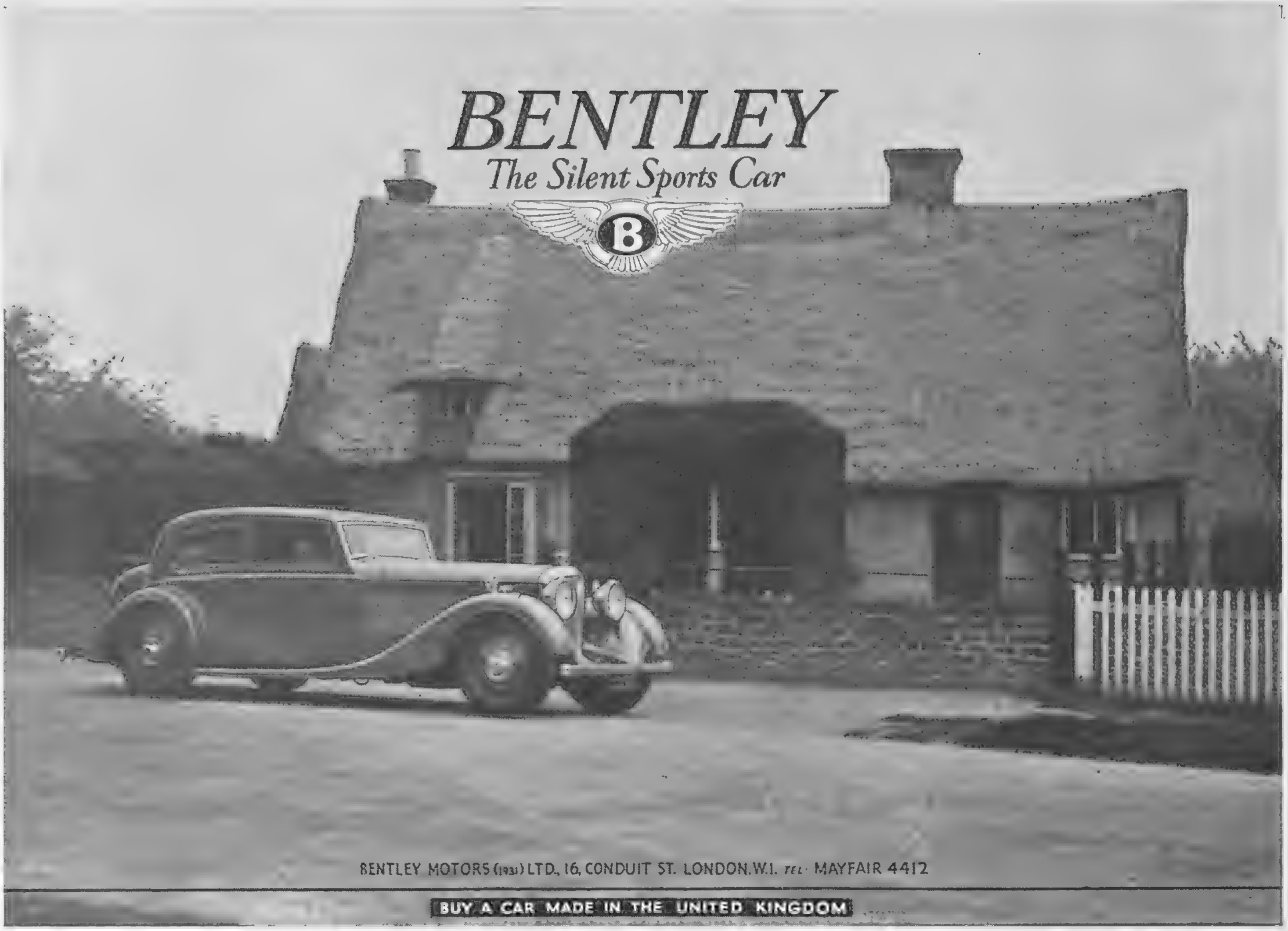
Then the ship's company split up into its various sections and work started at top speed.

The stewards and stewardesses had to make five hundred bunks and beds and have everything spotless in all the cabins ready for the chief steward's eagle-eyed inspection at 2 p.m.

I went down into the engine-room to see what they were doing down there. They had just tested their water-tight doors and were getting up steam so as to have a full head by noon. One thousand four hundred gallons of oil had been taken aboard.

Back on deck again, where stewards were filling the swimming-pool, marking out spaces for the usual deck games and setting up deck chairs. The lifeboat stores and equipment were being checked over by members of the crew under the supervision of the second officer. Up in the bridge

(*Continued on page 107*)



BENTLEY

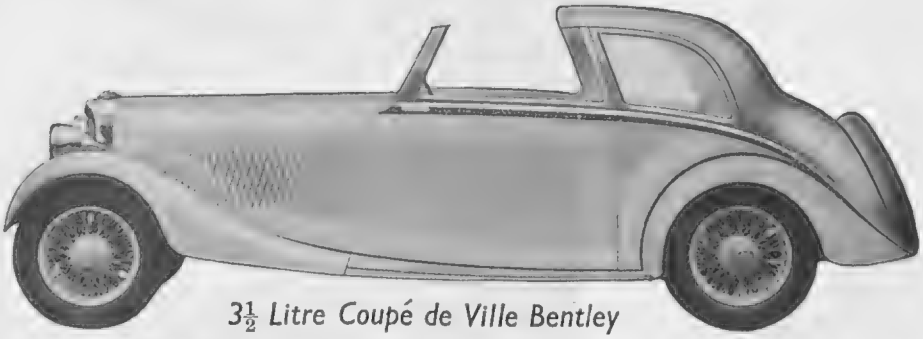
The Silent Sports Car

BENTLEY MOTORS (1931) LTD., 16, CONDUIT ST. LONDON.W.1. TEL. MAYFAIR 4412

BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

COACHWORK *of* REGAL BEAUTY

Dignity of design that has never been equalled . . . beauty of line and finish that has never been excelled. Such are the distinctions that only Park Ward can claim. To unexampled magnificence are added luxurious comfort and outstanding construction . . . the keynotes of regal coachwork.



3½ Litre Coupé de Ville Bentley

OFFICIALLY APPOINTED RETAILERS OF ROLLS-ROYCE AND BENTLEY

PARK WARD

AND COMPANY LIMITED

40 Conduit Street, London, W.1. Tel.: Regent 2744-5-6
Works: 473 High Road, Willesden, N.W.10

house a group of officers were studying the route of the cruise marked on the charts. Unless they met fog or very bad weather the ship would be kept as strictly to schedule as a train.

STACKING away the mountains of provisions in one of the storerooms

It was when I reached the spacious kitchens that I really began to wish that I were staying aboard for the three weeks' cruise.

Here were cooks, fishmongers, butchers, bakers, milkmen, and confectioners all busily preparing a menu that few hotels ashore could equal, ready for the healthy appetites that will be awakened by sea breezes.

I saw—and smelt—six hundred lobsters and two hundred pounds of crabs boiled in great pans. A lorry dashed up alongside filled with English mushrooms straight from market.

Mountains of food were being brought aboard and stacked in the storerooms, which are kept at ten degrees below freezing point. I witnessed the packing of 8,000 lb. of beef, 500 turkeys, 4,500 chickens, 28,000 eggs, 18 tons of potatoes, 100 dozen cauliflowers, 150 dozen heads of celery—and, mark you, fruit and vegetables and other supplies would be taken aboard at every port!

There was also a goodly supply of wines, spirits and liqueurs and a little matter of 1,600 tons of fresh water.

Not much chance of dying of starvation or thirst during the trip!

The passengers, of course, will eat far more afloat than they would normally. Not very surprising, perhaps, for apart from the effect of sea air there are the games and exercises on and below decks.

The purser was responsible for organising the sports and entertainments, but he told me that the passengers invariably form a committee among themselves to help in the non-stop enjoyment of the trip and to run the shuffleboard and other nautical pastimes which are so easy to learn and so delightful to play.

The bakers and confectioners were busy on the first batch of cakes, pastries, bread and rolls, which would be made twice daily throughout the trip. The milkmen were starting up the "Iron Cow," an ingenious machine that churns up butter, dried milk and water and runs it out as fresh creamy milk that looks good and tastes good. With this they make fifteen gallons of cream and fifty gallons of milk daily. The ice-cream-making plant alongside turns out ten gallons in twenty minutes.

In the ship's laundry I found them busily dry-cleaning and pressing fancy dress costumes which would be available for the dances. As soon as the voyage commenced they would be washing four thousand articles a day with the latest machinery.

By 3 p.m., when the special train came in, all was getting peaceful on the gaily decorated ship. Every room and cabin was spick-and-span, and the only non-stop activity was in the kitchen, where preparations for five hundred elaborate dinners were keeping everyone busy.

As the laughing crowds of happy cruisers came swarming up the gangway the ship's photographers commenced photographing groups, while stewards sorted out passengers and luggage.

The bugle sounded "Officers' stations" at 3.45 p.m. On the bridge are the commander, two officers, pilot, quartermaster and several boys. The chief officer takes his post at the fore anchor head, the 2nd and 4th are on the poop, the 3rd fights his way to the gangway. In the engine room the third and fourth engineers take an engine control each under the watchful eyes of their seniors.

It was a work of art to get the visitors off the ship in ten hectic minutes of ringing bells and continual cries of "ALL visitors ashore *please*." Like me, they had a glimpse of the delights of luxury cruising and wanted to stay.

At 3.55 p.m. all the officers had reported to the bridge from their stations by telephone and the visitors had finally been pushed ashore.

I took myself off reluctantly. At 4 p.m. to the minute the ship moved off amid frantic waving from decks and quayside.

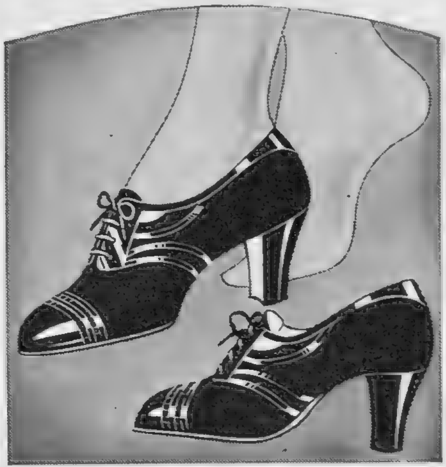
The cruise begins—but only after many hours' activity for the ship's company!

"my arches let me down"

Like most other women in my shoes, I put smartness before commonsense. I paid for it dearly with cramped feet and fallen arches. Work was misery; the only shoes that promised relief looked a fright, so I suffered in silence.

To-day, you're luckier with Arch-Rite shoes

They make comfort *and* style hit it off nicely together, with support for your arches that makes walking a delight. You won't feel a martyr or look a frump in fashionable new Arch-Rites, & the price won't worry you



Smart Oxford laced walking shoe in nigger suede with glace strapping and toecap to match ... 32/6

ARCH-RITE
FASHION-SHOES

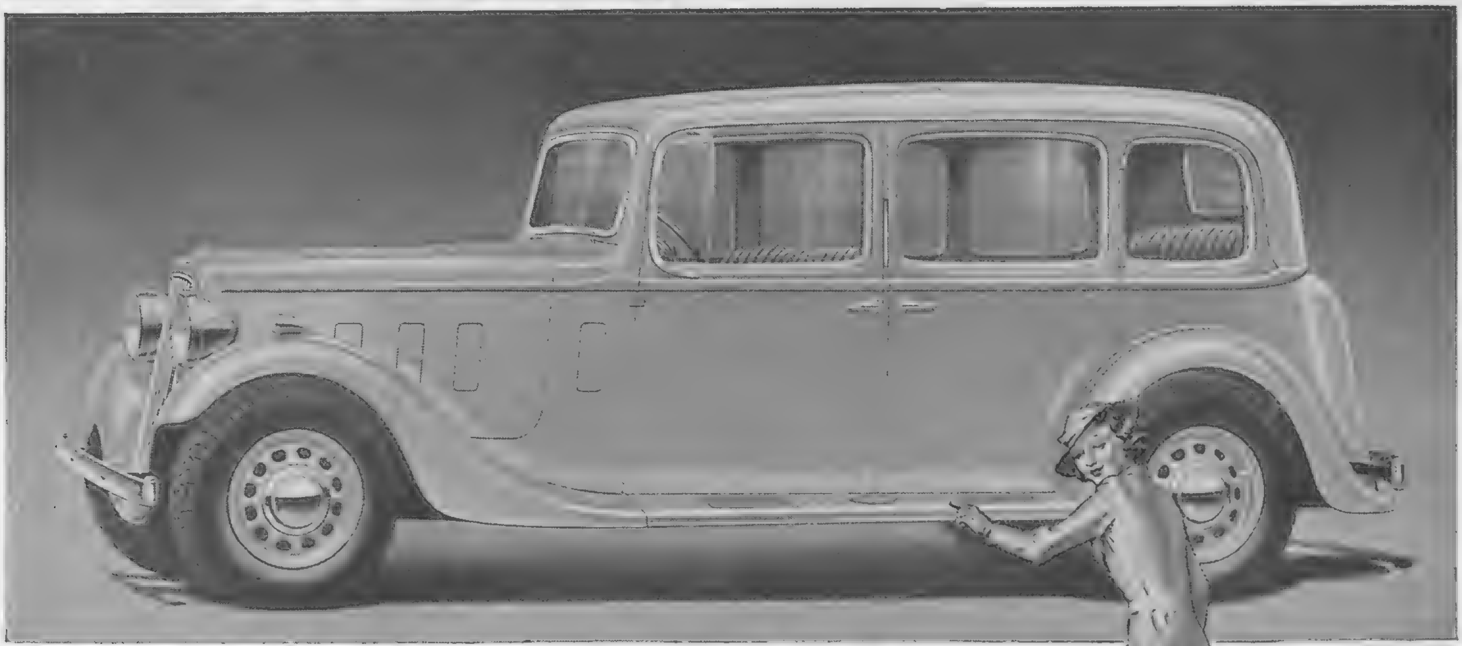
MODELS AT 25/-, 27/6, 29/6, AND 32/6

Made by the firm that makes Start-Rite shoes for children, in the Start-Rite factory, Norwich. Write for name of nearest stockist and booklet of Arch-Rite styles to

START-RITE FACTORY, DEPT. D.1. NORWICH

BE SURE YOUR CAR IS MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

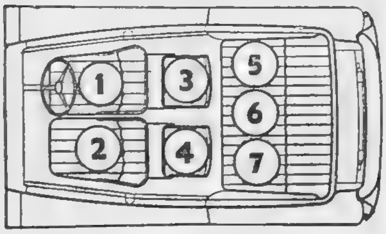
Oh yes-**ALL*** get in *there's heaps of room*



*THE ONLY BRITISH 7-SEATER SALOON ANYWHERE NEAR THIS PRICE—£328

This car is a *real* seven-seater. There is no question of being able to squeeze in seven 'at a pinch'; seats are provided for seven passengers. Yet the Austin Eighteen, with its extraordinary seating capacity, costs only £328. No other British full seven-seater can be bought at such a low price.

Since, then, the Austin Eighteen York Saloon is exceptional among motoring values—and in addition gives you the lasting satisfaction of the soundest workmanship, a wealth of minor refinements, and the dependability of an Austin—no wonder it is a popular investment especially among professional and business men.



HAVE YOU SEEN THE AUSTIN MAGAZINE FOR MAY?

NOTABLE FEATURES:

Two occasional folding seats. Folding occasional tables. Front seats independently adjustable—rear seats also adjustable. Smooth six-cylinder engine. Synchromesh gears. Girling brakes. Jackall hydraulic jacks. Hydraulic shock absorbers. Zinc interleaved springing. Adjustable steering column. Pytchley sliding roof. Extra low-pressure tyres. Triplex toughened glass.

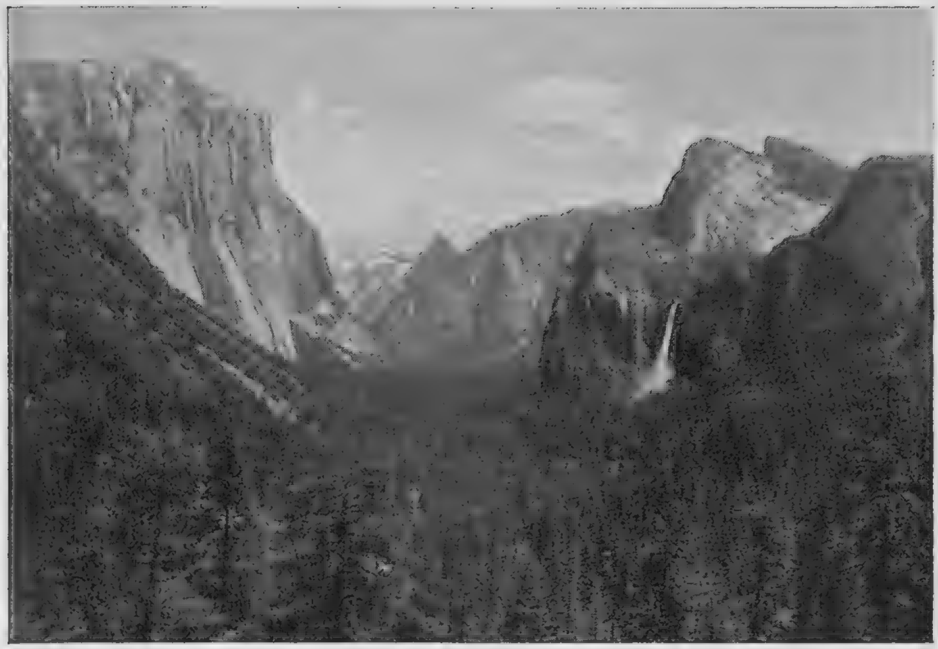
PRICES (*at works*) YORK SALOON ... £328

CHALFONT SALOON (*with division*) £335 HERTFORD SALOON (*five-seater*) £298

THE *Austin* EIGHTEEN

YOU BUY A CAR—BUT YOU INVEST IN AN AUSTIN

Austin Motor Co. Ltd., Birmingham & 479 Oxford St., W.1. London Service Depots: 12, 14, 18 & 20 h.p.—Holland Park, W.11. 7 & 10 h.p.—North Row, W.1. Export Dept.: Birmingham



YOSEMITE Valley, as seen from the new Wawona Road Tunnel. This view shows El Capitan on the left, Cloud's Rest and Half Dome in the distance, and Cathedral Rocks and Bridal Veil Fall on the right

Nature's Fairest Valley

is the Yosemite—California's crowning glory. Its mixture of wonders is really awe-inspiring to the most seasoned traveller

By Harold J. Shepstone

THE "biggest-ever" complex of our American cousins is apt to irritate many of us—especially when we are not so sure that it is. But when they commence talking of the wonders of Yosemite Valley we must sit back patiently and give them best. For this fairest of valleys has no serious rival when it comes to scenic thrills and unique points of interest.

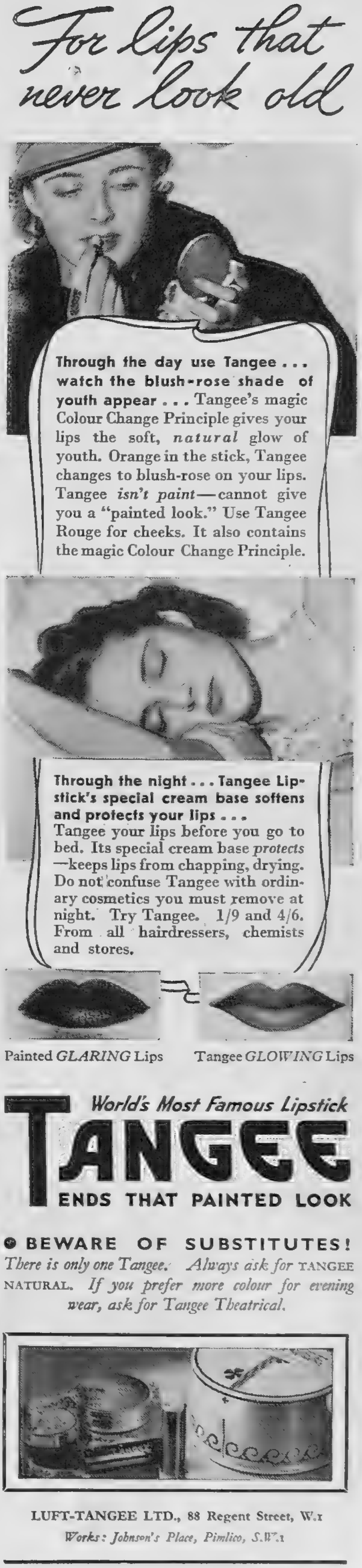
"You must give Yosemite the once-over," said friends in San Francisco.

But I was a little travel-weary and had just visited the Bow, Columbia, Athabasca and other famed valleys in the Canadian Rockies, and I did not believe that the Yosemite Valley had really anything more majestic or inspiring to offer. The artificialities of Hollywood were beckoning and I was anxious to spend a few days in the famous film colony. However, San Francisco friends prevailed and I decided to give Yosemite the "once-over" in a couple of days . . . I stayed ten.

To me it was not just another huge valley—it was another world. Though there is more than a touch of the prehistoric about it, there pervades a strong feeling of the eternal wherever you wander in its enchanting glades. This is all the more remarkable when it is remembered that the valley is only some seven miles in length and from half a mile to just over a mile in width. There is only one approach to it, a narrow entrance between towering granite peaks. When you pass this portal you find yourself surrounded on either side by mountains rising almost sheer up from the valley floor to a height of nearly a mile. Down through it flows a singing river, flanked on either side by grass-carpeted and floral-strewn meadows and trees of noble girth. No wonder Yosemite has proved a riddle to the geologists, some attributing its unique formation to glacial action and others to the result of its floor, which lies some 4,000 feet above sea-level, having dropped bodily into a subterranean abyss.

At its very door towers the giant rock, El Capitan. It rises 3,604 feet above the valley floor, more than twice the height of Gibraltar and seven times as high as the tallest cathedral. Its glacier-worn, storm-beaten granite face of 320 acres bespeaks its great age, its irresistible power, strength and infinite repose. On the other side of the roadway flows the Merced River and beyond is the Bridal Veil Fall, pouring over the mighty cliff from its elevated bed 620 feet above, to be torn and dashed into silvery spray on the rocks below. The wind rushing through the narrow entrance here—for it is less than a quarter of a mile across—carries the spray twenty feet and more away from the cliff, giving the falls a distinct bridal-veil effect.

Every mountain which encircles the valley possesses (*Continued on page 111*)



For lips that never look old

Through the day use Tangee . . . watch the blush-rose shade of youth appear . . . Tangee's magic Colour Change Principle gives your lips the soft, *natural* glow of youth. Orange in the stick, Tangee changes to blush-rose on your lips. Tangee *isn't paint*—cannot give you a "painted look." Use Tangee Rouge for cheeks. It also contains the magic Colour Change Principle.

Through the night . . . Tangee Lipstick's special cream base softens and protects your lips . . . Tangee your lips before you go to bed. Its special cream base *protects*—keeps lips from chapping, drying. Do not confuse Tangee with ordinary cosmetics you must remove at night. Try Tangee. 1/9 and 4/6. From all hairdressers, chemists and stores.

Painted *GLARING* Lips Tangee *GLOWING* Lips

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

● **BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES!**

There is only one Tangee. Always ask for TANGEE NATURAL. *If you prefer more colour for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.*

LUFT-TANGEE LTD., 88 Regent Street, W.1
Works: Johnson's Place, Pimlico, S.W.1

MORRIS

TEN-FOUR SERIES II (*Tax £7.10*)

SALOON (*Fixed Head*) complete with 4-speed gearbox	**£172.10**
SALOON (*Sliding Head*) ,, ,, ,, ,,	**£182.10**
COUPE - - - ,, ,, ,, ,,	**£215**
TWELVE-FOUR ENGINE - - - (*Tax £9*)	**£5** extra
Additional for Jackall System on all the above models - -	**£5**

All prices ex works

IF YOU DON'T BUY MORRIS AT LEAST BUY
A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

MORRIS MOTORS LIMITED COWLEY, OXFORD (Sole Exporters Morris Industries Exports Ltd., Cowley, Oxford, England) M.171

some distinctive feature and every waterfall boasts of an individual beauty. At the eastern end is Mirror Lake, so called because of the marvellous reflection of the trees, shrubs and rocks in its clear waters. Here is Happy Isle, a favourite picnicking ground. This is a tree-covered island formed by the river as a result of a series of tumbling cascades. So far as attractions go, they are many. At the camps there are open-air swimming baths and dancing floors, and at night great log camp-fires, around which one can sit, light up the surrounding peaks. I went one evening to see the bears. The brown and black bears which inhabit the valley have been driven by the game wardens to a definite section, and here at night they are fed with the refuse from the hotels under a powerful arc light. I counted fourteen bears at one time feeding some twenty feet away from the visitors at the edge of the forest. A new and novel spectacle is the fire-fall. Every evening throughout the summer there is a huge fire of pinewood logs on the edge of Glacier Point. As the fire dies down to red-hot embers it is pushed over the mountain top, to fall a distance of 1,400 feet, a spectacular cataract of glowing embers.

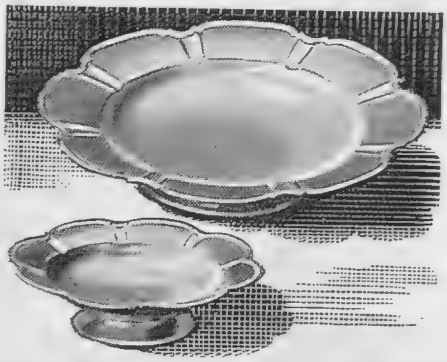
FOUR giant Sequoia trees of the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees in Yosemite National Park. These trees are 3,000 years old

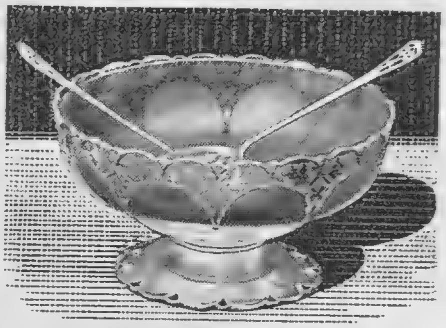
Glacier Point is another great granite eminence, towering 3,200 feet above the valley floor. It can be ascended, the most direct route being that by the ledge trail, a zigzag path up the steep mountain face. From its summit one has an unsurpassed view of the valley and the surrounding country. From here every deep cleft, every storm-chiselled gorge, every heaven-scraping crag and towering peak of the great chain of the mighty Sierras for a radius of many miles, is visible to the naked eye. Away to the east are the Vernal and Nevada Falls pouring into Merced Canyon far below. Extensive snowfields and glaciers may be detected, and far below lies the comparatively narrow, peaceful valley, with its lake and silver stream wending its course between the almost barren mountains. Jutting out from the top of Glacier Point is the famous overhanging rock. This is a block of granite some twelve feet in length by six feet in width, which looks as if it might have been carried and balanced here by some prehistoric giant, with one-third or more of its length hanging over the 3,200-foot cliff in splendid disregard of the breath-taking void beneath it. The more daring venture out upon it and stand there in space while their friends "snap" them. I must admit that it is a feat that calls for no little pluck and nerve.

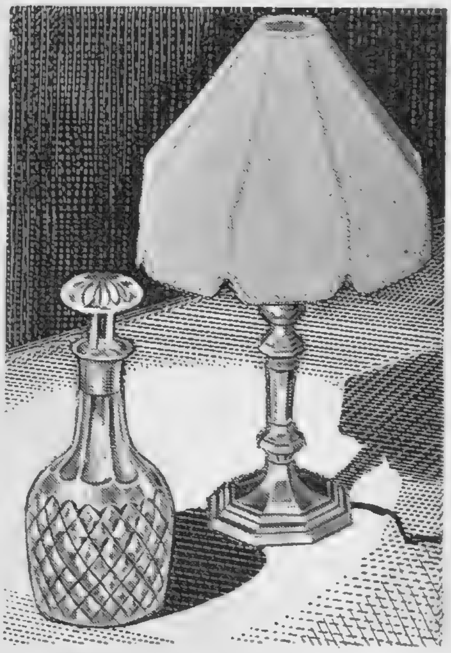
IT is from Glacier Point that one obtains the finest view of Half Dome, a truly stupendous glacier-polished boss of granite, rising 4,892 feet above the valley floor, fourteen feet above the height of the Capitol at Washington. As its name implies, in design it resembles the half-dome of some Brobdingnagian structure, and from whatever point you see it, it is most impressive. Until 1875 the cloud-draped top of this towering granite peak had never known the tread of human foot. The ascent had baffled the attempts of all and sundry until it was accomplished in that year by Captain George Anderson, a resident in the Valley. Like many another, he longed to scale the peak because it was tacitly understood that to the man attaining this distinction would be granted a concession to build an hotel in the valley. One day the Captain disappeared, without informing anyone the reason of his absence. After three days had elapsed grave fears were felt for his safety, and a search party was organised to look for him. They concluded that the most logical place to search for him was in the vicinity of Half Dome. Proceeding in that direction, they met him, and to their query as to where he had been he said: "Gentlemen, I have been to the top of Half Dome," at which answer they only stared in amazement until he promised to lead them to the top of the peak the following day.

When they reached the base of the dome they were surprised to discover at regular intervals in an unbroken line straight up the glacier-polished surface a succession of iron pegs, from each of which dangled a short length of rope. Captain Anderson had conceived this idea after days of the most painstaking exploration had failed to disclose any other way to the top. Taking no one in his confidence, (*Continued on page* 113)

WEDDING GIFTS
IN
STERLING SILVER


Sterling Silver Cake or Fruit Dish, 9 in. diam., £3 15 0
Sweet Dish to match, 5 in. diam. £1 5 0


Sterling Silver Salad Bowl, richly hand pierced, 8½ in. diam., Jade green glass lining £11 5 0
Servers to match £2 2 0 pair.

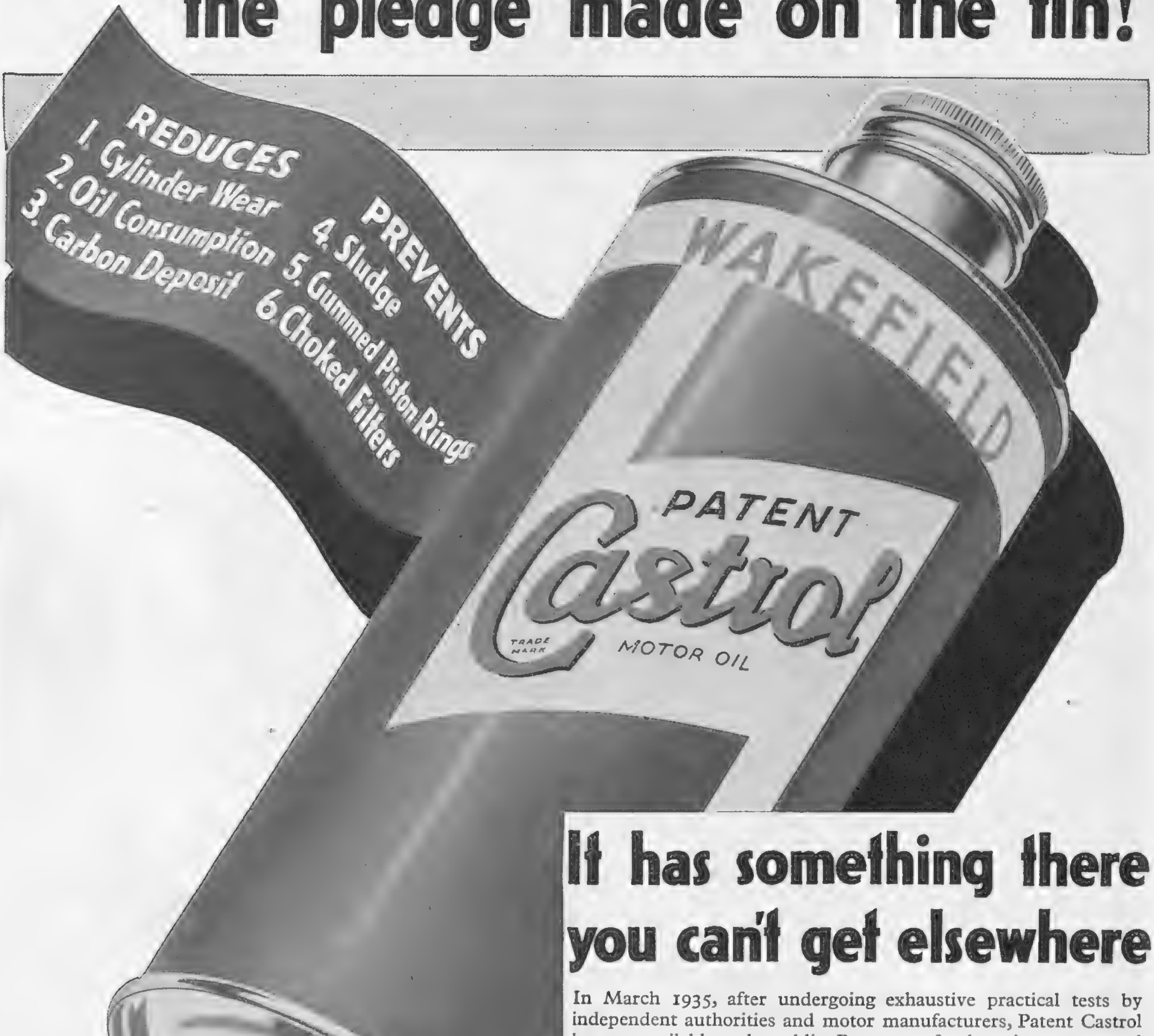

English Cut Glass Decanter with Sterling Silver mount £2 2 0. Sterling Silver Electric Reading Lamp with Silk Shade, total height, 15½ in. £5 5 0

A large and varied selection of Wedding Gifts in Sterling Silver is available at any of our showrooms, or a Catalogue will be sent upon request.

MAPPIN & WEBB
Ltd.
2, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.4
172, REGENT STREET, W.1
156-162, OXFORD STREET, W.1
LONDON

A promise well kept!

Patent Castrol fulfils on the road the pledge made on the tin!


REDUCES
1. Cylinder Wear
2. Oil Consumption
3. Carbon Deposit
PREVENTS
4. Sludge
5. Gummed Piston Rings
6. Choked Filters
WAKEFIELD
PATENT
Castrol
TRADE MARK
MOTOR OIL

It has something there you can't get elsewhere

In March 1935, after undergoing exhaustive practical tests by independent authorities and motor manufacturers, Patent Castrol became available to the public. By means of a chromium compound in microscopic soluble form $Cr\,(C_{17}H_{33}COO)_3$ the cylinder walls were protected from chemical corrosion caused by the products of combustion, while a tin-derived inhibitor $Sn\,(C_{17}H_{33}COO)_2$ protected the oil itself against oxidation. Patent Castrol promised to reduce cylinder wear, oil consumption and carbon deposit, to prevent sludge, gummed piston rings and choked filters.

Now literally millions of motorists have proved that Patent Castrol is unique. During 1936 more Patent Castrol was sold than ever before. It is recommended by Rolls-Royce Ltd., and 32 out of the 35 British car makers. Yet it costs no more. Your car deserves Patent Castrol and it will save you money.

C. C. WAKEFIELD & CO. LTD. *All-British Firm* **WAKEFIELD HOUSE CHEAPSIDE LONDON E.C.2**

he had, alone and unaided, gathered his materials, transported them over the ten miles of rough trail to the beginning of his ascent, fashioned the pegs, and slowly, step by step, had drilled the holes and built himself a ladder, ninety feet long, to the coveted summit. To-day this primitive rope ladder has been replaced by a cable stairway.

ANOTHER view of Yosemite Valley from Merced River, North Dome and Half Dome

EL CAPITAN, monarch of the Yosemite Valley, a rock that rises to twice the height of Gibraltar

From the Lodge I made an excursion to the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees, and it was an experience I shall not readily forget. The Yosemite Valley, it should be added, is a very small part of the Yosemite National Park, which embraces over eleven hundred square miles of territory, consisting of valleys and mountains, lakes and waterfalls, extensive snowfields and glaciers, and some twenty-six groves of giant trees, the more famous being the Mariposa Grove, 125 acres in extent, boasting of some 545 trees, at once the largest, tallest, and the oldest of all living things. In that mighty forest, on the slopes of a great mountain range, I seemed to be standing in some sacred temple. With the exception of a small hotel and wardens' cabin built of logs and looking lost against the towering boles of the forest giants, there was nothing to remind one of the busy world outside. The trees seen here are the *Sequoia Gigantea*, named after a young Cherokee Indian who invented an alphabet for his tribe. Could these trees but speak, what strange stories they could relate of struggles against storms, droughts and earthquakes! Yet they still stand erect and defiant.

Not far from the entrance to the grove is the Grizzly Giant, the pride of the forest, and without question the oldest of all living things on this earth to-day. It towers nearly 300 feet in height, and has a diameter at its base of 33 feet, and a circumference of just over a hundred feet. It retains this enormous diameter for a considerable distance above ground, and one has to look up 125 feet to the first branch, which is 20 feet in diameter. Parts of the roots were exposed, and the park wardens, hoping to prolong its life, covered them

(*Continued on page 114*)

In Spring especially-

this is why you need the tonic aid of Phosferine

Your system—worn and weakened by long months of winter, is most in need of restoration in the early Spring. Phosferine stimulates your whole being to activity at the very time when your nervous force is most depleted and your vitality at its lowest ebb.

Take Phosferine *now*. This great tonic—truly the greatest of all tonics—will immediately make good your exhausted reserves, feed your nerves and fit you for keen participation in the renewed joy of life.

Never think of Phosferine merely as a medicine to be taken when you're ill. It is essentially a tonic, a nerve-food, a restorative, and a protection.

Remember that all the ingredients of Phosferine are openly declared, and that every one of them is a recognised specific of high tonic and medicinal value. It is the combination of these which makes Phosferine the Greatest of all Tonics.

Start taking Phosferine to-day and enjoy life better

PHOSFERINE

BRAND TONIC

The Greatest of all Tonics

for
DEPRESSION
HEADACHE
INDIGESTION

for
BRAIN-FAG
NEURALGIA
SLEEPLESSNESS

for
INFLUENZA
RHEUMATISM
SCIATICA

for
ANAEMIA
DEBILITY
NEURASTHENIA

TABLETS or LIQUID 1/3, 3/- & 5/-
The 3/- size is nearly four times the 1/3 size; you save almost 2/-

WARNING. The public is warned against purchasing worthless imitations.

kempat
BRASSIERES
& GIRDLES

FOR DAY
FROM
2/11
FOR EVENING
FOR SPORTS & FULL FIGURES

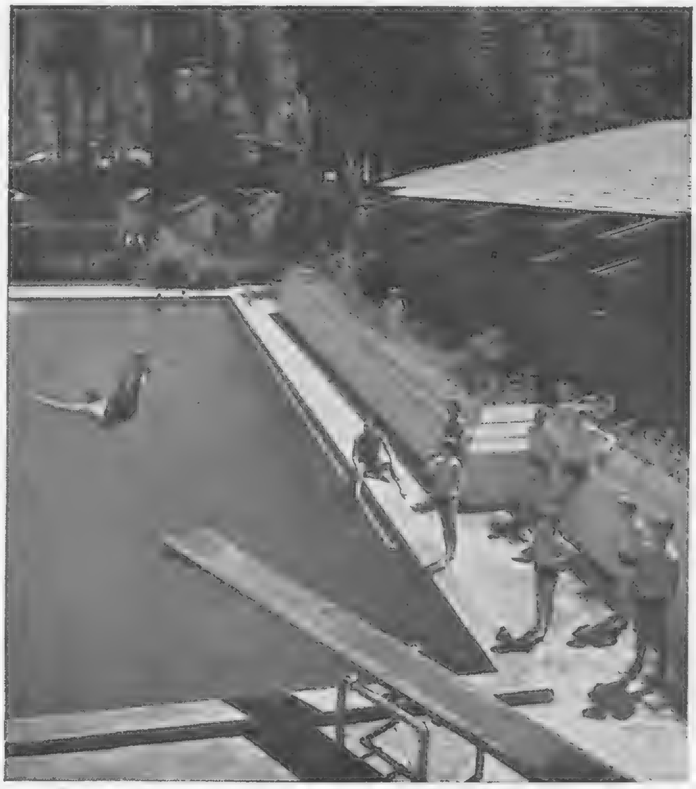
Day and Backless Evening Models from 2/11: Special Sports Models from 3/11 . . . including a beautiful range in Pure Silk Crepe de Chine, Satin, etc. at 7/11. Sizes 30"—42". Patent Nos: 366376/436720.

Kempat Brassieres cannot slip and are comfortable every minute; for patented devices keep that youth-line "uplift" through all the movements of the body. **Kempat Girdles** are scientifically designed in materials to match the Brassieres. Suspender Belts from 2/11 to Hip-controlling Girdles from 5/11.

Drapers everywhere are selling Kempat.
Send a p/c for Style Brochure to Dept. B.E.72
KEMPAT LTD., ALBANY HOUSE, EUSTON RD., N.W.1

with earth. So to-day one finds a considerable mound around the base.

To stand in front of this noble forest giant and recall its great age stirs the imagination. Scientists assure us that it is at least 3,500 years old. It may be even older, for no one knows exactly. How can one vouch for its age? It is quite simple, by counting the annual rings, or concentric circles, but this can only be done when a tree is cut down or a core taken out from the bark to the heart. In the forest trees of similar dimensions to the Grizzly Giant have fallen, and the larger have been found to contain as many as 3,000 to 4,000 rings, each of which denotes a year's growth.



THE bathing pool at Camp Curry in the Yosemite Valley

When Saul was anointed King of Israel, these giants of the forest broke their way through the soil, mere little green sprouts. Israel was conquered and taken into Babylonian captivity; Babylon in turn fell before the armies of Persia and was brought to the dust by Alexander the Great; Rome arose and drew the whole of Greece into its vast possessions; and all the while these trees grew steadily upwards in their mountain solitude. Rome fulfilled her stupendous destiny, and then fell before the victorious barbarians; the Middle Ages began, and the nations of the modern world slowly evolved out of savagery into civilisation—France, England and America gradually became what they are to-day; and the big trees of California grew with them, and many of them still flourish.

OF the fallen trees, of which there are a number, the most noteworthy is the Fallen Monarch of the Forest. When this monster waved his branches to and fro in the breeze it must have stood at least 460 feet in height, nearly a hundred feet higher than St. Paul's Cathedral. Perhaps the best known tree in the grove, on account of its having been photographed so many times, is the Wawona Tree. So far back as 1880 a ten-foot roadway was cut through the base of this giant, yet it still lives. Our car passed through this opening. The tree is 227 feet in height, and the diameter at the base 30 feet.

SO shapely, beautiful, and symmetrical are these trees that one cannot realise their unusual size and height. The splendid beauty and form of the Mark Twain, with its height of 331 feet, attract attention among these grim and silent warriors. Another of special interest is the Telescope Tree. It is possible to stand within the trunk, where the heart has been destroyed by ancient fires, and, looking upward, have a clear view of the sky.

The trees are now protected by law, and it is to be hoped that no more will be brought low by lightning, which is the only thing they have to fear.

THE Upper Yosemite Fall drops a sheer 1,430 feet. The roar of this waterfall may be heard all over Yosemite Valley during the spring season

Floraison
HOUBIGANT
DEMI JOUR
HOUBIGANT
Demi-Jour
Floraison
Présence

In the glamour of the Orient, on the sun-kissed shores of the Mediterranean the material for the creation of perfumes is found. Of a wide variety of musk, of amber, of civet, of sweet-scented flowers, of fragrant leaves and roots, of rich spices and rare woods, the perfumer must know how to select the best and choicest specimens. He must know how to extract and fix the sweet-smelling scents secreted in all these, how to compose them — as a piece of music — into a harmonious ensemble free from the faintest note of discord. What a wealth of patience, of tireless experimenting — often a matter of years — is needed to decide upon a really new and novel perfume, few can realise!

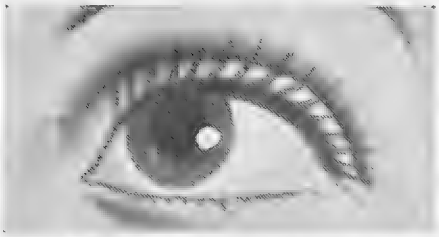
Such is the difficult art of the perfumer

And profiting as much by the discoveries of modern science as by respecting tradition — which dates back as far as 1775 — HOUBIGANT is a true Master of the Art.

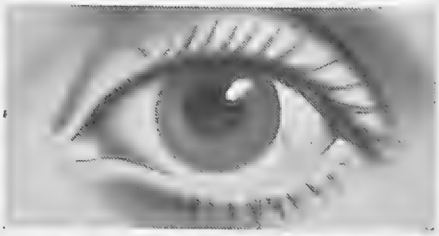
The latest creations "DEMI-JOUR", "FLORAISON", "PRÈSENCE" — each composed on an entirely different theme and each lastingly fragrant — give perfect and poetical expression to the highest standard of French quality.

Houbigant

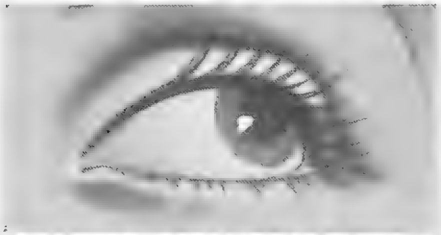
Made exclusively in Paris



Your own Eyes



Are crying



for OPTREX

NO WOMAN CAN DENY that for good or ill her looks depend on her eyes. Her complexion, lips, hair, even figure can be transformed in an hour or two. But not her eyes. Once the tell-tale ugly wrinkles appear, the red swollen look, and the lack-lustre dullness of advancing age or wilful neglect, her youthful freshness is gone, and it will not easily be recovered.

Decide to-day always to have pretty eyes. Quietly, secretly, your eyes have been looking a little older ever since you were a young girl. You can make that happen much more slowly. You can keep that inviting twinkle, that youthful freshness by regular use of Optrex, to tone up tired muscles, reduce swelling and congestion, and wash away the germs and dust that are enemies of your beauty. It is easy to keep your youth!

Optrex is a scientific lotion for the eyes, used and recommended by Doctors and Opticians everywhere. It is perfectly safe — even for the most sensitive eyes.

Whether you wear glasses or not, you should have your eyes examined regularly by a Qualified Practitioner.

Optrex
BRAND
EYE LOTION

On sale at all Chemists at 2/- (with free eye bath). Triple size 3/6. Family size 8/-. For interesting booklet 'The Care of the Eyes' full of vital information, please write to Dept. B.E.6, Wilcox, Jozeau & Co. Ltd., North Circular Road, London, N.W.2.

Milk *for Good* Health

WE all agree that milk is good. Good to drink and good for health. It builds up resistance, and beautifies in the process, but there are limits to the quantity of milk one can drink in its raw state.

For perfect health and the sparkling beauty that goes with it we are told that we should each consume a quart of milk a day. Very well . . . but how? The practical obstacles which defeat our efforts to drink glasses of milk at odd moments of the day are too obvious for words. So what?

The obvious thing to do is to get as much milk as possible into the daily menu. Raw milk, cooked milk, milk camouflaged and milk in combination with other things.

You can start the day with a large cup of chocolate. There's half a pint of milk in that. If you're fond of cereals, so much the better. That means more milk to accompany it.

At eleven o'clock, if you're wise and it's possible, you'll treat yourself to . . . milk.

Now about lunch. Here's a good and quite simple milk soup. Just the thing for a light midday meal.

Cook two tablespoonfuls of rice in two cups of milk until the rice is soft. Sieve and return to the double boiler. Stick three cloves into half a large onion and add to the rice and milk. Cook twenty minutes and then remove the onion. Add two tablespoonfuls of butter, a good pinch of salt, and two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley. Stir all together and then serve.

You can thin this soup if you wish with more hot milk.

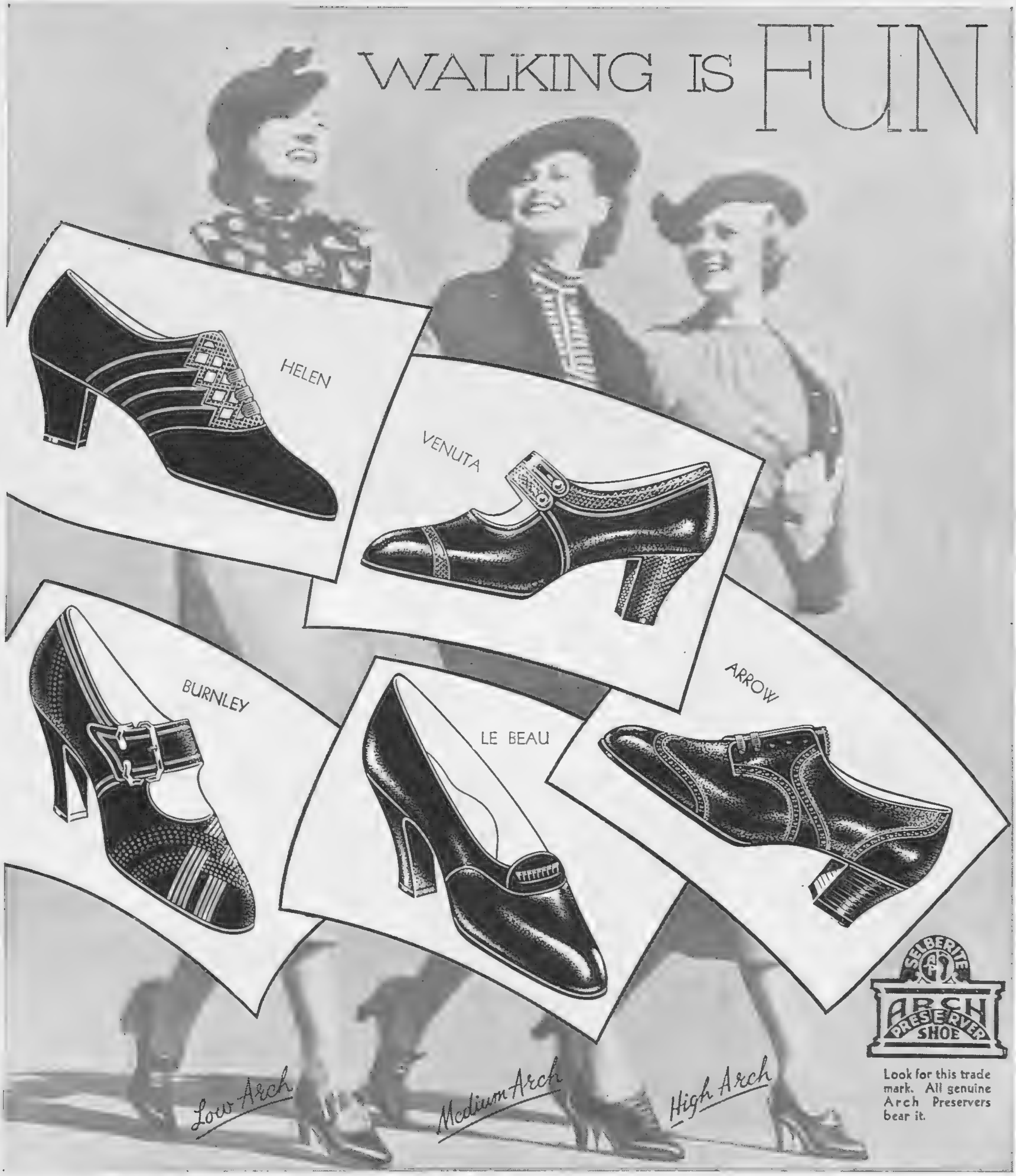
Here's another good soup with a basis of milk. You can change over to this when the other one palls.

Scald one quart of milk to which have been added a tablespoonful of chopped onion and a blade of mace. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter and blend with it two tablespoonfuls of flour. Strain the milk mixture and add very slowly to the butter and flour, stirring all the time. Add a half-cup of grated cheese, salt and pepper, and stir until the cheese melts. Add two well-beaten egg yolks, stirring well, and serve at once. This makes enough for four persons.

Now for a milk pudding to follow your evening meal. Yes, it's rice, but it's different.

Put half a cup of rice in a double boiler. Add three cupfuls of milk and cook until the rice is quite soft. Now add a half-cup of sugar, the grated rind of a lemon and a brimming tablespoonful of juice, a good pinch of salt and two beaten egg yolks. Cook until the mixture thickens, then turn into a buttered oven dish. Beat the egg whites until stiff and fold in gradually two tablespoonfuls of caster sugar and a few drops of lemon essence. Pile on top of the pudding and bake in a moderate oven until lightly brown.

Some of the Royal herd of Jerseys at Sandringham


WALKING IS FUN
HELEN
VENUTA
BURNLEY
LE BEAU
ARROW
Low Arch
Medium Arch
High Arch
SELBERITE
ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

Look for this trade mark. All genuine Arch Preservers bear it.

WITH *Arch-Curve* FITTING

You will instantly sense a thrilling freedom in your stride.... grace in your posture.... ease in every step....when your ARCH CURVE has been correctly fitted. It can be now, whether it is low, medium or high, but only in Selberite Arch Preserver Shoes. Besides the *feel* of these shoes, you will love to *see* them on your feet.

They are made in a smart array of new *Slenderized* styles.

300 Shops in the British Isles are authorized to fit and sell Selberite Arch Preservers. Write for a list of them, with a catalogue of new styles for Spring, to—

ARCH PRESERVER SHOE LTD.
(London Office) 53 REGENT ARCADE HOUSE, REGENT STREET, W.1

SELBERITE *Slenderized* **ARCH PRESERVERS**

Spring Cruises by
'ATLANTIS'

MAY 14-21
- Whitsun Cruise, including the **Coronation Naval Review, Spithead.** 7 days from 15 gns.

MAY 22
- Cruise to the Baltic Capitals and Kiel Canal. 12 days from 19 gns.

JUNE 5
- Cruise to the Mediterranean and Lisbon. 13 days from 22 gns.

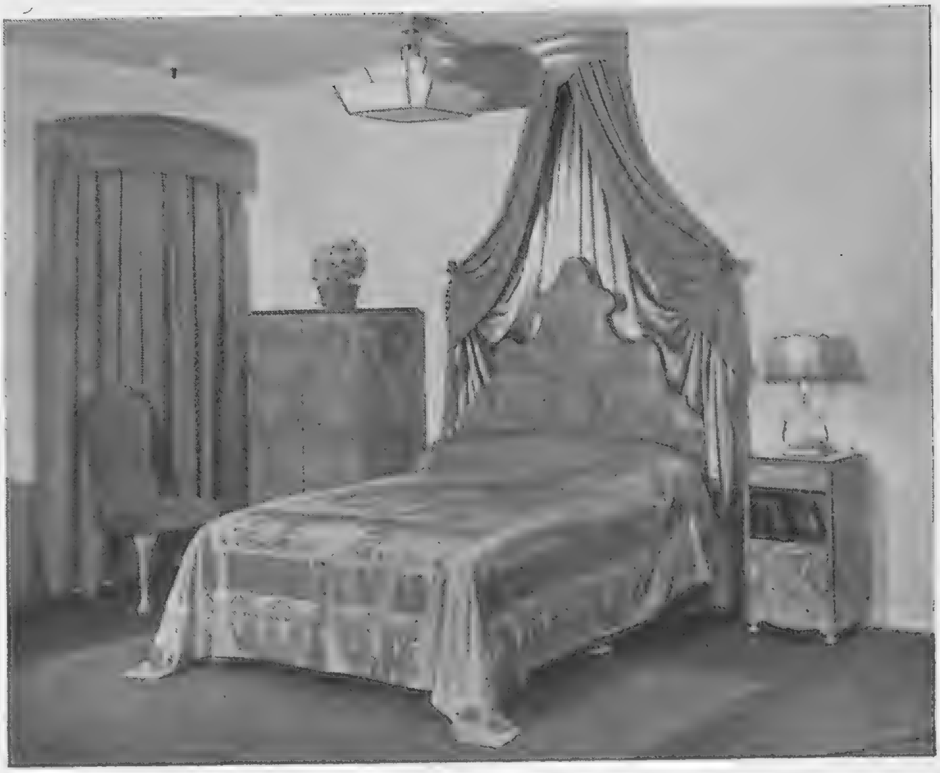
JUNE 19
- Cruise to the Atlantic Islands and Lisbon. 13 days from 22 gns.

JULY 3
- Cruise to the Northern Capitals and Kiel Canal. 12 days from 19 gns.

Other 'ATLANTIS' Cruises sail:
JULY 16, 24. AUGUST 13.
SEPT. 3, 25. OCT. 16. DEC. 18

Write for a copy of the 'Zodiac' Booklet giving full cruising programme.

ROYAL MAIL
ROYAL MAIL LINES, LTD.
America House, Cockspur Street, S.W.1. (Whitehall 9646). Royal Mail House, Leadenhall Street, E.C.3 (Mansion House 0522) and Southampton, Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester, Cardiff, Glasgow or Agents.



A bedroom suite in decorated leather mounted on sycamore showing the dwarf wardrobe, headboard and pedestal cupboard

LEATHER comes BACK

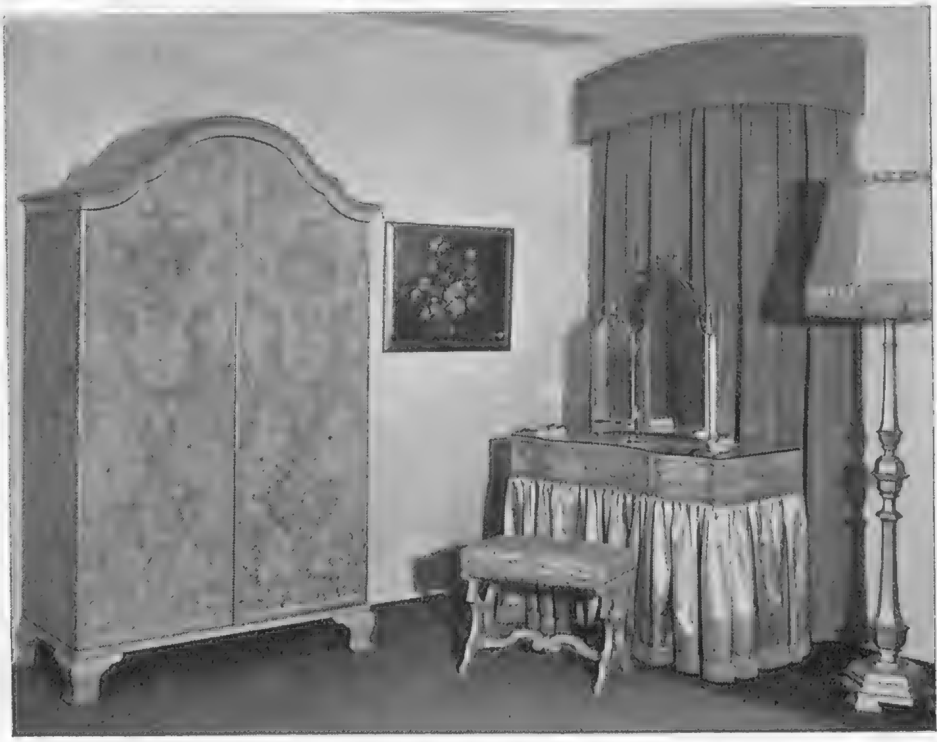
By Winifred Lewis

Leather has come back to furniture. Or should it be furniture has come back to leather? Perhaps it should, because leather was put to practical and decorative use when furniture was still a luxury.

Primitive man began it by clothing himself in the skins of wild animals. They were warm and, even then, decorative, but it was not until much later that the curing and decoration of animal hide for purposes of decoration came into general use.

The Romans understood the craft and decorative leatherwork was used in their domestic interiors.

Examples of (*Continued on page 120*)



The wardrobe and dressing-table of the same suite. Gleaming folds of satin in pale gold drape its exquisitely dainty dressing-table

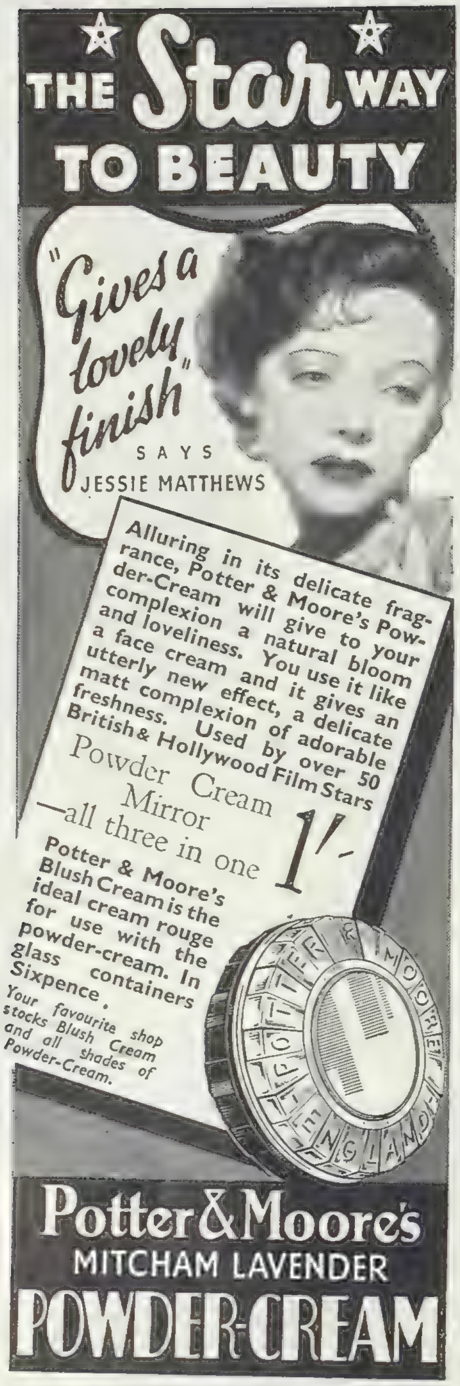
Paris is jealous
because they're
British made

Confidence . . . . . .

Every woman desires that supreme self-assurance which only perfection in matters of detail can give. Unsightly stockings never escape criticism, always provoke comment — but Bear Brand are right every time! 3/11 is so very little to pay for peace of mind.

Bear Brand *Crepe Luxury Stockings* **3/11 to 8/11**

MADE BY HOWARD FORD AND COMPANY LIMITED


THE Star WAY TO BEAUTY

"Gives a lovely finish" SAYS JESSIE MATTHEWS

Alluring in its delicate fragrance, Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream will give to your complexion a natural bloom and loveliness. You use it like a face cream and it gives an utterly new effect, a delicate matt complexion of adorable freshness. Used by over 50 British & Hollywood Film Stars

Powder Cream Mirror —all three in one 1/-

Potter & Moore's Blush Cream is the ideal cream rouge for use with the powder-cream. In glass containers Sixpence.

Your favourite shop stocks Blush Cream and all shades of Powder-Cream.

POTTER & MOORE ENGLAND

Potter & Moore's MITCHAM LAVENDER POWDER-CREAM

EGGS WILL BE SCARCE and DEAR THIS WINTER
PRESERVE EGGS NOW!

Preserves eggs perfectly for TWO YEARS. Mr. C. D. Keeler, Meadowbrook Poultry Farm Ashford, Mdx., writes: "Your preservative is all and more than you claim for it, and should be more widely known. I have preserved 228 dozen two years (by accident), and not one complaint received on sale of same."

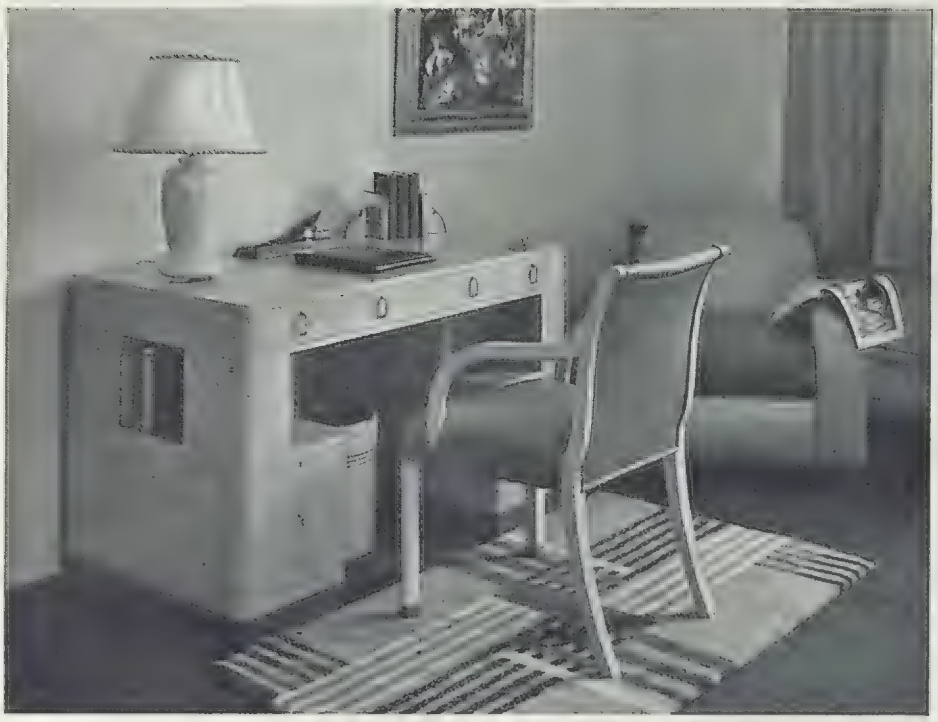
GARANTOL was awarded only gold medal at International Hygiene Exhibition, and is used regularly by Principal Hospitals, etc. Prices: 9d. for 120 eggs, Postage 2d.; 1/3 for 300 eggs, Postage 3d.; 1/6 for 400 eggs, Postage 4d.; 2/- for 600 eggs, Postage 6d.; 3/6 for 1,000 eggs, Postage 6d. Particulars and Price Cards post free from

GARANTOL EGG PRESERVATIVE

BRITISH GARANTOL CO.,
2a, SHIRLEY ROAD, NOTTINGHAM

MOTHERSILL'S The SEASICK REMEDY

STOPS AIRSICKNESS



Showing the use of washable hide in a modern interior. The Masur birch writing-table is cream in colouring, and light fawn washable hide is used for the chairs

the leatherworker's craft throughout the ages still exist to show that this form of decoration has passed through many recurrent phases of popularity, but it is only just recently that science has taken a part in the manufacture of leather.

The result of this is that modern leather is more durable; it is softer and infinitely brighter in colouring.

This softening and brightening process has brought leather back to popularity as a versatile, comfortable and durable decorative medium.

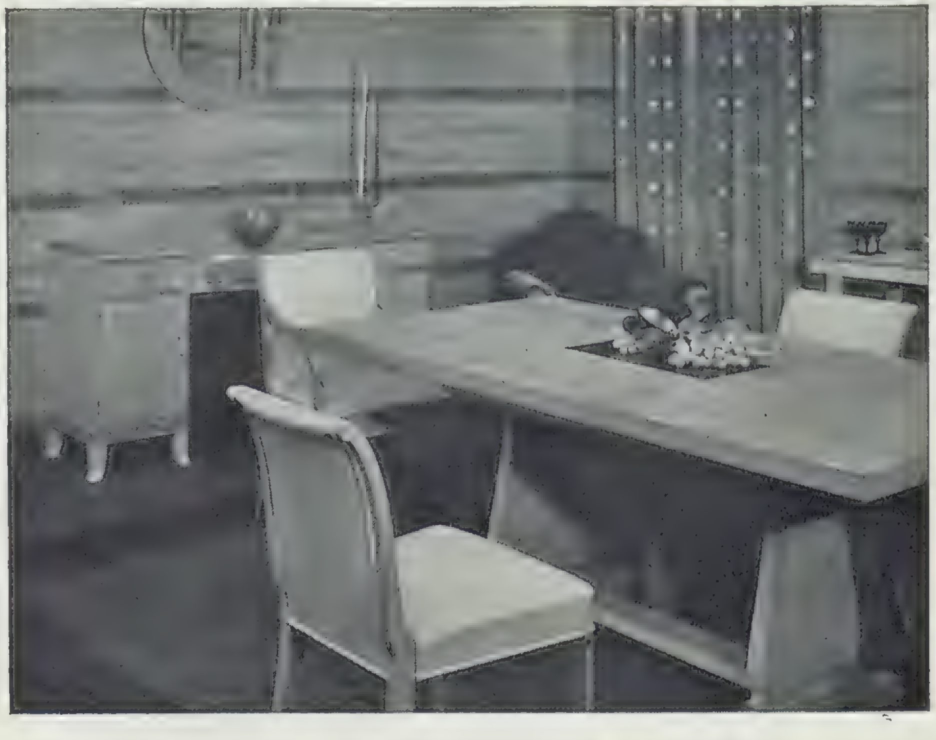
The last burst of popularity which leather enjoyed is associated with shiny sofas and incredibly painful stiff-back chairs, but all that is over now. Science may congratulate itself on the fact that the leather of to-day is soft and beautiful and yet durable.

Probably the best feature of leather is its complete adaptability. It associates itself equally as well with an antique scheme as with an emphatically modern one.

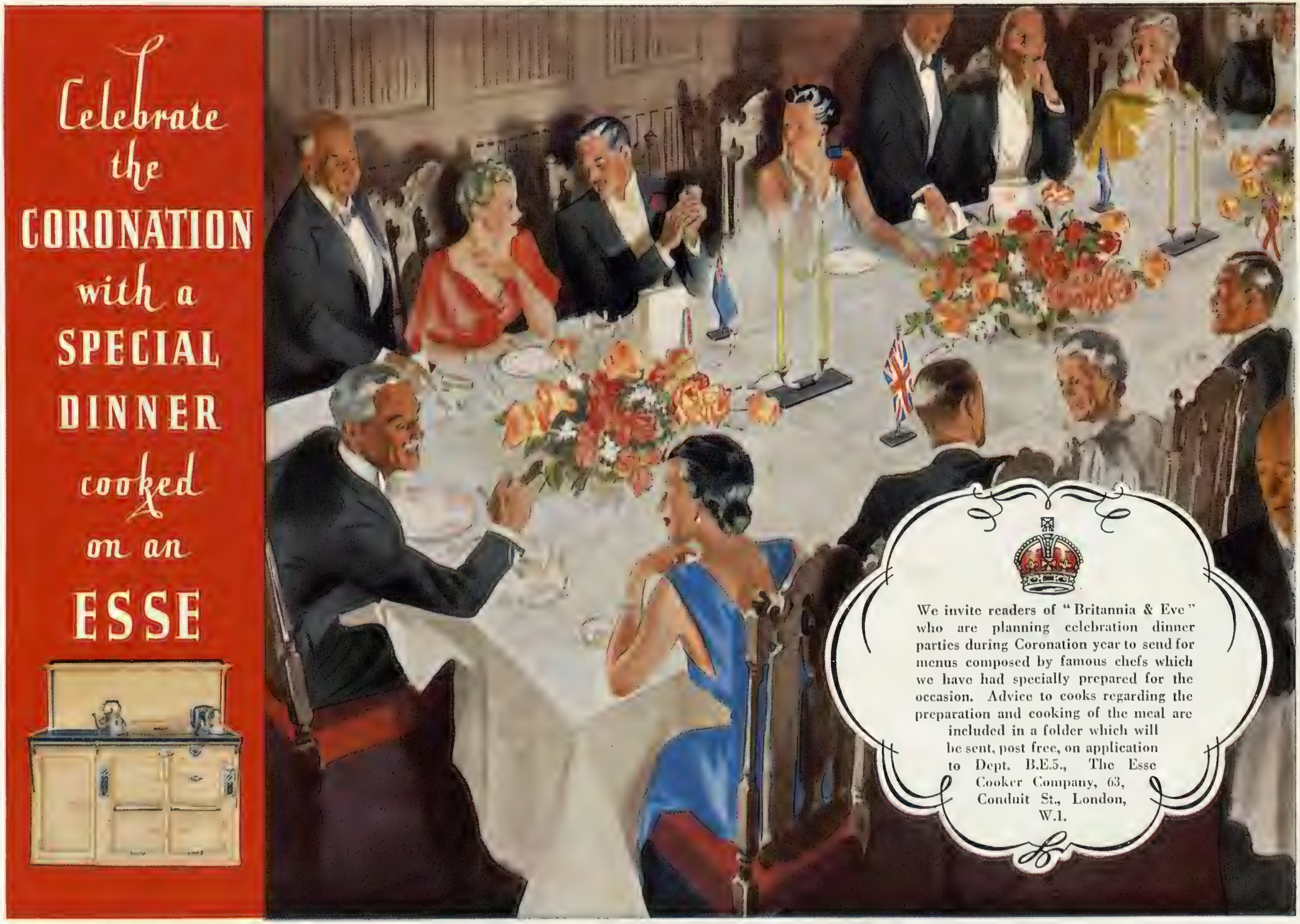
They are "ageing" leather now, by a process which gives the mellowed touch of time to perfectly new skins. This brings the right touch of authenticity to period schemes.

Leather stools, screens, and tables are decorated in colour for the same type of room and, whilst attractive in themselves, are useful for imparting "character."

Furniture faced (*Continued on page* 123)



A dining-room with sycamore panelling, sycamore furniture and white washable hide upholstery


Celebrate the CORONATION with a SPECIAL DINNER cooked on an ESSE

We invite readers of " Britannia & Eve " who are planning celebration dinner parties during Coronation year to send for menus composed by famous chefs which we have had specially prepared for the occasion. Advice to cooks regarding the preparation and cooking of the meal are included in a folder which will be sent, post free, on application to Dept. B.E.5., The Esse Cooker Company, 63, Conduit St., London, W.1.

The PREMIER ESSE No. 71, as illustrated, is ideal for large residences. This famous Heat Storage Cooker is noted for its fine cooking, efficient service and low running costs. Fuel : anthracite.

Glaze that cannot craze*

. . . beauty that is more than skin deep, this gleaming white glaze does not just cover the body, it is amalgamated with it. So that even without the glaze "Standard" Vitreous China is perfectly sanitary, as the body is hard and absolutely non-porous. It cannot crack or become crazed as will ordinary earthenware, that is, become covered with minute cracks which allow the moisture to soak into the absorbent body making it stained and consequently fouled.

When building a new house or modernizing the old, insist on "Standard" Sanitary Appliances, and you will be sure of permanent hygiene as well as lasting beauty.

Write for further information and leaflet S.11

"Standard"
SANITARY APPLIANCES

"Standard" Vitreous China showing permanent glaze, and non-absorbent body.

* Ordinary earthenware showing crazed surface and fouled porous body.

IDEAL BOILERS & RADIATORS LTD., IDEAL WORKS, HULL. Showrooms: LONDON, Gt. Marlborough St., W.1. BIRMINGHAM & HULL

with hide is the most important and attractive innovation, however.

The leather bedroom suite illustrated is a beautiful example of this new decorative effect in furnishing.

In this case sycamore is used as a lining and faced with decorated leather exquisite in colouring and design.

The dressing-table has a glass top and is hung with satin in a pale gold which picks up the rich tones of the leather. The seat of the dressing stool is also of the same leatherwork, and has a shaped wood underframe.

The dwarf wardrobe, the bedside cupboard and the attractive headboard complete a luxurious suite, the qualities of which can be counted upon as much as those of wood.

Washable hide is the modern decorator's "life-saver." It enables him to use the most delicate colourings for upholstery without fear of impracticability.

In the illustration of the modern writing-table on page 120 the effect of washable hide in a modern scheme is well featured.

The Masur birch table with its rich creamy colouring is perfectly off-set by the cream washable hide covering of the two chairs. In the easy-chair a velveteen cushion of rich brown is used for contrast and the same colouring appears in the fitted carpet. The modern rug before the writing-table is in tones of cream, beige and shaded brown.

White hide as a chair covering is responsible for many dramatic effects in the modern interior. You see it in the dining-room illustrated. Here the colour scheme is a delicate one of Wedgwood blue and white.

A sycamore sideboard and table are perfectly displayed against walls panelled in the same rich timber. The sycamore armchair covered in powder blue velvet mingles its colouring with that of the lustrous curtains of the same velvet decorated with leather stars of scintillating silver.

The small sycamore chairs are covered with white hide and simply need sponging to keep them immaculate.

An alternative to this scheme was carried out very successfully with leather-panelled walls in powder blue hide.

This type of panelling is steadily gaining favour on account of its durability, washability and, above all, its tendency to reduce noise.

It is worth while noting that leather was extensively used on board the *Queen Mary* for panelling for the reason that it combined the properties of silence with those of colour and dignity.

There are two distinct types of cowhide used for modern decorative work. One is known as "aniline," in which the leather has been dyed so that pores remain open. This type of hide will absorb a leather cream, and is improved by the occasional application of one of the branded creams to keep it supple and restore its natural gloss. This type of leather should not be washed.

The second type is enamelled hide (this is the material obtainable in such a fine range of colourings that is mostly used now for modern interior effects).

In this type of hide the colour is applied by spray guns, with the result that the pores are closed by the enamel, which itself acts as a preservative.

Only sponging with tepid water is needed to keep hide treated in this manner perfectly clean and in fine condition.

A wax polish on enamelled leather merely leaves a film which obscures the natural colouring and the subtlety of its delicate shades.

The cocktail bar of a modern flat, showing bar chairs in chromium plate with seats upholstered in scarlet washable hide

A SLIMMING TREATMENT *which is* DIFFERENT because it tones up the System at the same time as it effectively and safely rids you of superfluous adipose. NO Drugs.

Prepared from a formula which includes over 40 herbs.

You drink it like tea—and you make it like tea.

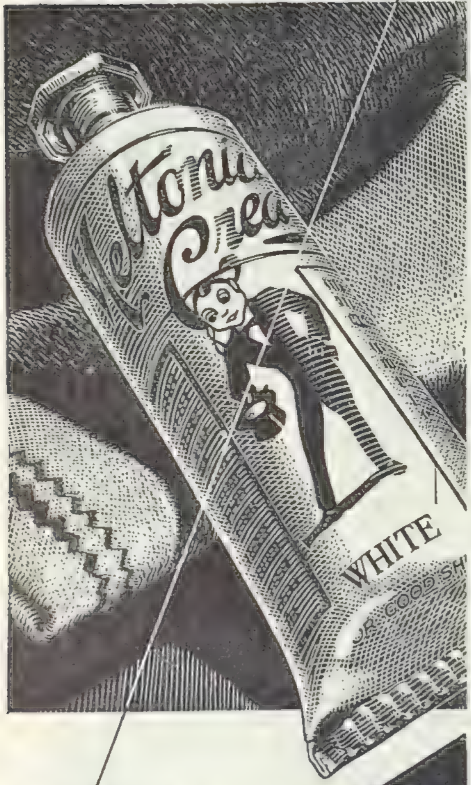
SIX WEEKS' INTENSIVE TREATMENT COSTS ONLY 7/6 (Post Free)

Write for Slendene-Valetta Literature

SLENDENE-VALETTA
SLIMMING TONIC

Dr. H.E.P., CLASSICS, LTD.
Dominion House, Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.1

GLACE KID SHOES



need MELTONIAN

White cream

in tubes and jars, 6d., 9d., and 1/-

THERE ARE MELTONIAN DRESSINGS FOR EVERY TYPE OF SHOE

CROOKED HEELS

BEFORE
AFTER

If the heels of your shoes tend to turn over, correct the cause by wearing **Dr. Scholl's Walk-Strates.** Small cost repaid many times by preservation of shoe and reduction in repair-bills. Equalize body's weight; take strain off ankles, and correct faulty walking. Obtainable from Chemists and Dr. Scholl's Depots. Price 1/- per pair

Dr. Scholl's Walk-Strates

Home Canning for Garden Fruit

TO those who are lucky enough to own an orchard, or even a garden big enough to produce a quantity of fruit, the disposal of surplus produce is often a problem.

In a good fruit season, even a small orchard produces more fruit at one time than an average family can deal with, and there is a limit to the amount of jam needed even if one has the time and energy to devote to making it up.

Wastage is, in fact, a serious problem to garden lovers who cultivate fruit trees. Gooseberries, currants, cherries, plums and pears, in fact, an endless variety of delicious and health-giving fruits are every year left to rot or just given away for sheer inability on the part of the grower to keep pace in the season of their abundance.

Bottle preserving has been one way out, but this method of keeping fruit has its limitations. The cost and the fragility of glass bottles are factors to be considered, whilst their storage and transport are even more complicated.

Home fruit canning seems to be the solution of the whole problem. It means that all those who cultivate a garden can (literally) enjoy the fruits of their labours, and in some cases even look to the process as a useful source of revenue.

The advantages of home canning over other methods of preserving are these:

After the initial cost of the sealing apparatus, canning costs considerably less than other methods. That is to say, after the first season, profit is practically one hundred per cent. on the outlay.

Canning is quicker and simpler than bottling and, more important than all, involves no problems of breakage.

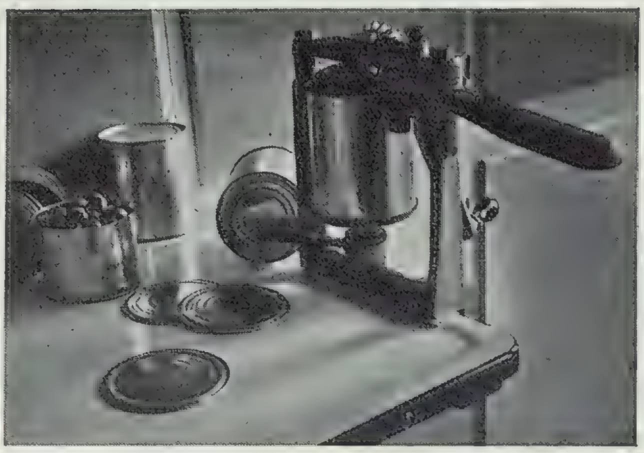
Cans can be stored with much greater facility and in (*Continued on page* 126)

The syrup for covering the raw fruit is made by bringing to the boil a mixture of preserving sugar and water, the quantities varying in accordance with the character of the fruit

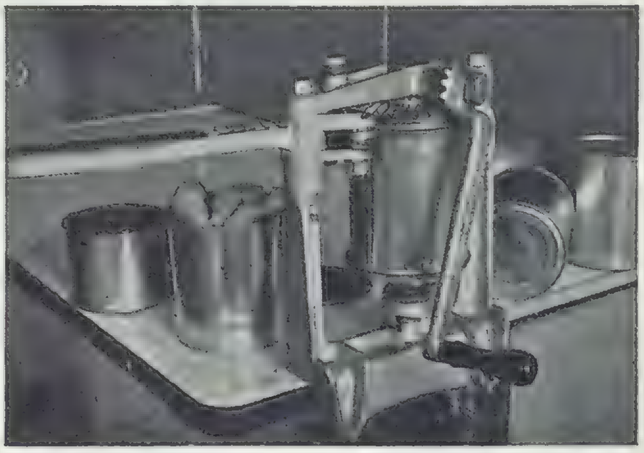
BRITISH CELANESE LIMITED, CELANESE HOUSE, W.1.

Spring clothes the world anew—and suggests

Lingerie in 'Celanese' Crepe Satin and 'Celanese' Crepe de Chine.



The Hand Sealer is here shown fully set for business with a fruit-filled can in place ready for sealing by operation of the lever



Sound, clean fruit should be chosen for canning. Another view of the Hand Sealer with a can of fruit sealed ready to take out of the machine

larger quantities than glass bottles; moreover, their transport from place to place is obviously far less risky than that of glass.

It is truthfully claimed that the fresh flavour of the fruit is retained to the full in the home canning method on account of the fact that the fruit is sealed airtight before cooking. By quick cooling the colouring of the fruit is also more thoroughly preserved than in other methods of preserving.

HERE, briefly, is the procedure for fruit canning at home:

Sound, clean fruit should be chosen and packed into the cans provided with the outfit, which should first be cleaned and scalded. The fruit is packed within one-eighth of an inch of the top of the can.

Although fruit can be preserved in water, a heavy syrup is recommended, as it preserves the flavour and colour to a far greater degree. From four to ten pounds of sugar to one gallon of water is required to make the syrup. These quantities are varied, however, according to the nature and sweetness of the fruit concerned.

When actually boiling, the syrup is used to cover the fruit in the can. Now, before the fruit has cooled, the tin, with its separate lid, is placed in the hand sealing apparatus which, with a few turns of the lever, seals the lid on and renders the contents perfectly airtight.

WHEN a number of cans have been filled and sealed, they are placed in a pan of boiling water and, as the temperature of the water is lowered by the cold immersion, quickly brought back to the boil.

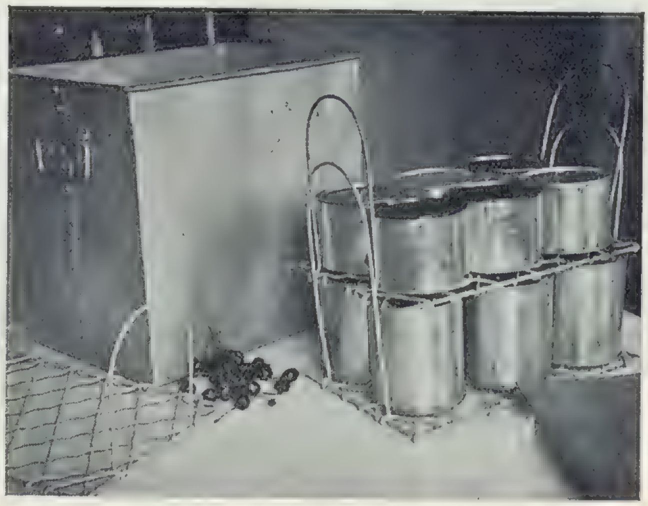
Boiling is sustained for fifteen to thirty-five minutes, according to the type of fruit. The cans are removed and plunged into running cold water to prevent further cooking from the heat inside.

After cooking, the cans simply need to be dried, labelled and stored in a dry place.

VEGETABLES can also be preserved by the home canning method, but on account of the difference in their chemical composition their treatment is quite different from that of fruit.

The process of canning vegetables is admittedly more difficult than fruit, though definitely successful in such cases as young carrots, peas and beans if the official instructions for treating them are carefully followed.

For housewives who are in any doubt about their first efforts at home canning there are one or two safe rules to follow. Tins which emit a rush of air on being opened should at once be discarded, also those which bulge at all or are rusty. Such failures, however, should not occur, and are always easily detected.



The packed and sealed tins are arranged on wire trays and lowered into boiling water contained in the metal pan shown. After boiling for the prescribed period they are removed and quickly cooled

DON'T LET HALF-WAY CARE STEAL ANOTHER TOOTH

DOES BOTH JOBS

CLEANS TEETH

Firm, handsome teeth depend upon two things—cleaning them thoroughly and keeping gums healthy. Even if teeth *look* white the dentifrice you are using may provide only *half* the care you need. Forhans brand dentifrice ends this half-way care. It whitens teeth and—

SAVES GUMS

Forhans was developed by an eminent dental surgeon especially to give you *double protection.* When you brush your teeth, massage your gums, too, with Forhans, rubbing it in gently with the fingers. Note how it stimulates your gums, how it leaves in your mouth a clean, fresh feeling! Forhans costs no more than most ordinary dentifrices. Try a tube to-day. On sale throughout the world.

FORMULA OF R. J. FORHAN, D.D.S.

Forhans
BRAND

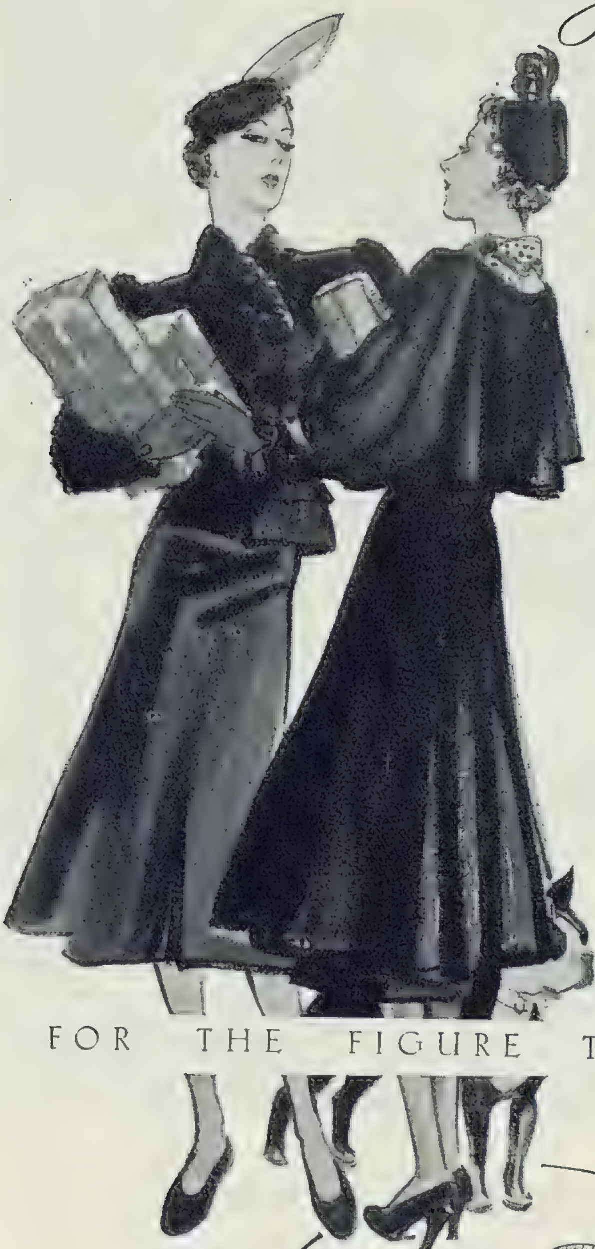
Original DENTIFRICE
for MASSAGING GUMS
and CLEANING TEETH

NEW 1/3 SIZE Now on Sale

IMÉDIA
The
PERFECT PERMANENT
HAIR TINT
20 natural shades

Interesting "IMÉDIA" Booklet Free on request
C. Nestlé & Co., Ltd., 48 South Molton Street, London, W.1

Gay Adventure!

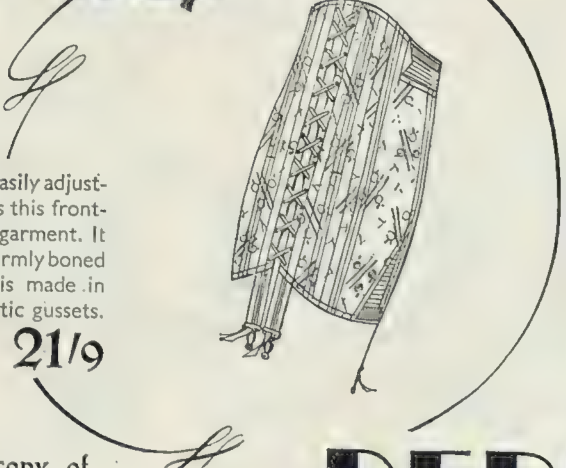


Shopping Days are active days! There are fashions to be tried on . . . favourite shops to be visited . . . a spot of window-gazing—just to see what's news . . . and hardly a moment to spare for even that necessary snack of lunch. Yet at the end of a busy day you can wend your way home thrilled with your purchases and as fresh as the moment you started out.

How is it done? Wear Fitu foundations and the secret is yours. New fashions slip on so flatteringly over a Fitu—and for correct support and ease of movement there's nothing quite like them in the whole world of corsetry.

FITU

FOR THE FIGURE THAT'S ADMIRED



FITU 2140 Easily adjusted to the figure is this front-lacing, hook-side garment. It is lightly and yet firmly boned for control and is made in broche, with elastic gussets. Sizes: 24-36 (waist). **21/9**

Write for a copy of the new Fitu Brochure.

DERRY and TOMS
KENSINGTON W8
'Phone Western 8181

FN1012

Summer Skin
demands LAROLA

You will want to look your best in the weeks ahead. You will hike—swim—sunbathe, etc., etc. Make sure that your skin will be proof against sun and wind. Face, arms, hands and legs especially demand protection. Your immediate toilet need is Larola. The regular application of this delightful skin tonic will not only eliminate springtime blemishes and roughness, but also impart to the skin tissues natural resistance to summer-time extremes of heat and cold. Larola softens, cleanses, cools and enriches the lovely highlights of the skin. Larola is absolutely pure and free of all pore-clogging gummy ingredients. "Summer Skin" needs attention now—with the daily use of Larola.

BEETHAM'S
Larola

1/6 & 2/6 per bottle

From Chemists and Stores, or Post Free in U.K. direct from

M. Beetham & Son, Cheltenham.

Send for Larola booklet "The Cult of Beauty." Post free

Larola Soap—in boxes of 3 Tablets, 2/-, Single Tablets, 8d.
Larola Rose Bloom—(Rouge), the Natural Tint. Sifter Boxes, with Puff, 1/- and 2/6

DON'T WASH BABY'S HAIR
use
NESTOL
IT CURLS & CLEANSES

A MONTH'S TREATMENT
3/6
Obtainable from :
BOOTS.
TAYLORS.
TIMOTHY WHITES.
LEWIS'S,
ALL GOOD CHEMISTS & HAIRDRESSERS

Baby's head will soon be clustered with adorable curls if the tiny head is cleansed with Nestol every day

C. NESTLE & CO. LTD., 48, South Molton St., London, W.1.

Katharina Schratt

(*Continued from page* 37)

parts she longed for were given to the older actresses to play.

"Go to the Emperor and complain to him," someone advised her jestingly.

"Yes, I should go to the Emperor. He might help me; he is the only one who might —when one has no other influence."

This idea kept on recurring in her mind.

She went to see an old acquaintance who knew a Privy Councillor who was in turn a friend of the head official in the Cabinet Chancellery. He put her name down on the list of applicants for an audience, and one morning the big white doors which gave access to the Emperor's study opened to admit the excited, trembling Katharina Schratt.

She held her petition in her hand.

But she was so embarrassed that she could not utter a syllable. She curtsied to the floor, so low that her face almost touched the parquet. She was already regretting the step she had taken ; all of a sudden it struck her as ridiculous that the Emperor should help her to get a part. How could he ? But now, there she was standing in front of the Emperor ; she must say something to explain the reason of her coming.

"Your Majesty. . . ."

She could not get any further. The petition slipped from between her fingers, tears rolled down her cheeks. She bent down to pick up the petition, but the Emperor was quicker than she. Gallantly he picked up the paper.

"Am I so terrifying," he asked, handing her back the paper, "that you have to cry ?"

"No, indeed, your Majesty . . . but you are the Emperor . . . ," and suddenly, the words coming from the depths of her heart, she said, "What would your Majesty do if you suddenly found yourself standing before the Emperor ?"

Franz Joseph laughed. This restored Fräulein Schratt her courage. Her tears were quickly wiped away.

"What can I do for you ?" asked the Emperor.

"Your Majesty. . . ." She had recovered her voice; her agitation was overcome ; she had regained her self-assurance—"I want so much to act. . . . I am so anxious to get on . . . but at the Burgtheater it is a misfortune to be young . . . one has to wait years before one can get a part. . . . Your Majesty can have no idea how hard it is for a young actress."

She had blurted all this out in one breath. Now she faltered.

The Emperor nodded kindly. The audience was at an end. Katharina Schratt curtsied and backed with bent head until she felt the big white doors touching her back. Then she fled.

"It was stupid of me to importune the Emperor," thought Katharina Schratt as she crossed the palace yard. "He will not do anything for me. He will have forgotten me the moment I left the room."

But she was wrong.

The Emperor had not forgotten her.

Her fresh and natural individuality had made a deep impression on Franz Joseph.

The following morning the Emperor said to the secretary making his report :

"I wish to see the playbills of my theatres with the morning paper."

The Court official bowed in acknowledgment of this command. Perhaps he wondered : why this sudden interest in the theatre ? But he had no time to ponder on this question ; he had documents to present for signature, reports to make and to explain ; he jotted down a memorandum, and for him the episode was forgotten.

The time was 5 a.m. The Emperor was an early riser. He usually rose at four. His day's work began at five. He carried through his extensive daily programme with the precision of a clock.

He began by studying the menu for the two meals of the day, after which he perused the petitions of the members of the family ; then came his personal correspondence. During these hours, from five until eight in the morning, the Emperor despatched his private business. During these hours there was no trace of the court ceremonial ; the atmosphere of the palace was free of stiffness and formality.

Then at eight o'clock the day's programme began. High officials, ambassadors, politicians ; one audience followed another. From eight o'clock the strictest etiquette prevailed.

But now it was still the grey light of dawn. The clock of the Minareten Church was just striking six. Franz Joseph had already signed several letters, issued certain instructions.

Now he asked the Privy Councillor who was on the point of retiring with his portfolio :

"You go fairly often to the Burgtheater, do you not ?"

"Yes, your Majesty, as often as my duties permit," replied the official.

The Emperor extracted a paper from the pile of petitions on his table.

"I gave an audience yesterday to an actress of the Burgtheater, Katharina Schratt."

The other listened with interest. This was the first time in many years that the Emperor had started a conversation on the theatre.

"Your Majesty, Fräulein Schratt is one of the most talented members of the Burgtheater," he replied assiduously. "She is young . . . twenty-eight at most."

The Emperor laughed.

"And is that the reason that she never gets a part ?"

"Your Majesty, at the Burgtheater it is not easy for a girl to make a name. There are older, famous actresses . . . It is a slow business. One must have patience, wait."

The Emperor was silent for a while. He appeared to be absorbed in study of the document. Then he asked :

"Is she Viennese ?"

"Her father was post-master in Baden."

"Thank you."

The councillor knew what he had to do. He had been in imperial service long enough to be aware that the Emperor's apparently casual questions indicated a desire.

The very next day he paid a visit to Adolf Wildbrandt, the director of the Burgtheater.

They began their conversation—like true Viennese—by lamenting bad conditions, then the old courtier confidentially recommended the theatre magnate a cheap restaurant in the Nusdorferstrasse where an excellent goulasch could be had for thirty kreutzer, and after this preamble—Wildbrandt was by now on tenterhooks—he disclosed the object of his visit.

"His Majesty has been making inquiries about the programme of the Burgtheater. I imagine that he is thinking of attending a performance in the near future."

Wildbrandt was pleasurably excited.

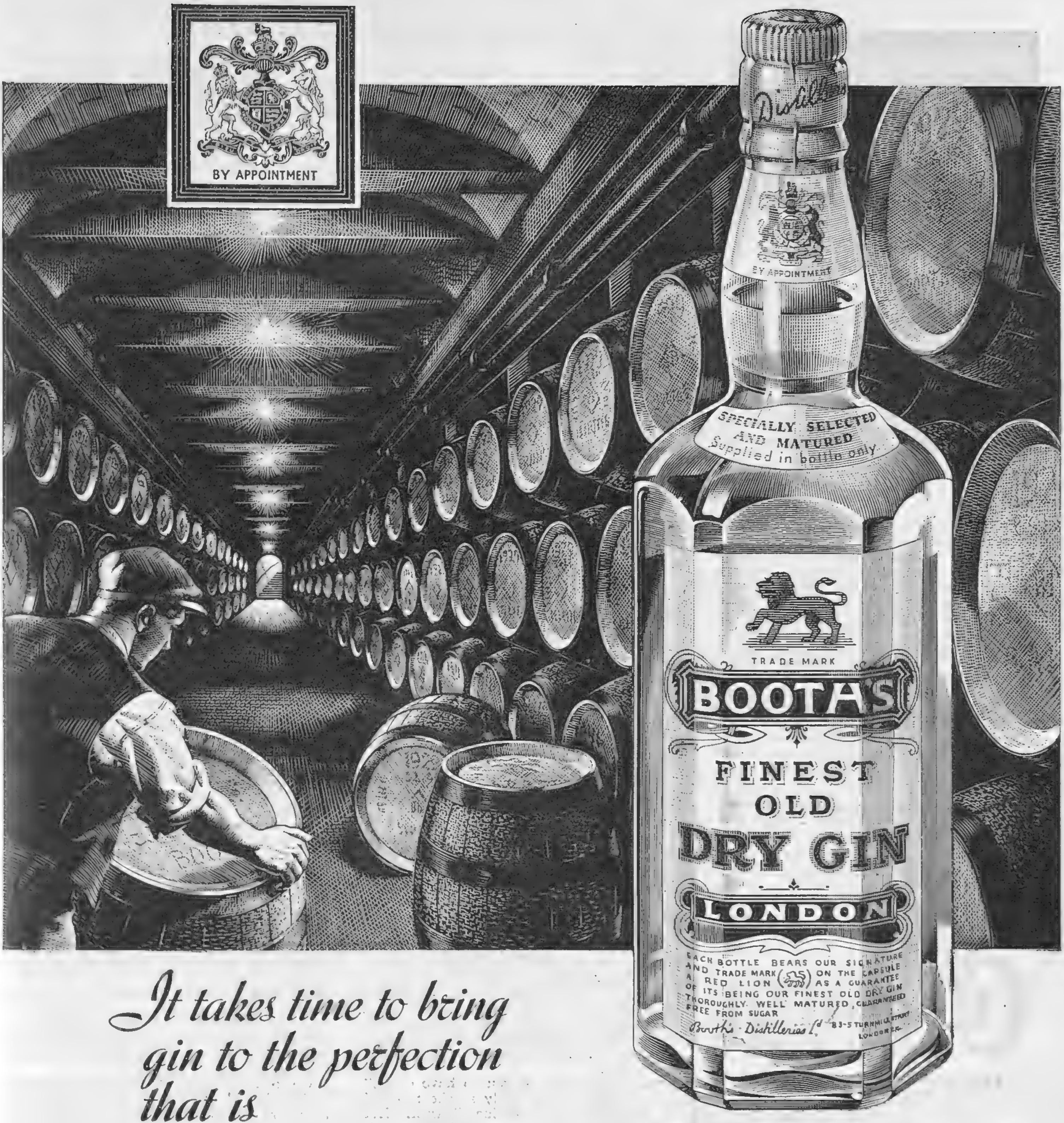
"That is splendid news. It is a long time since his Majesty has honoured us . . . It is the best thing that could happen. But why has his Majesty suddenly remembered his theatre ?"

The old courtier drew his chair a little closer, a barely perceptible movement of the hand. Wildbrandt knew that what he was about to hear must be treated with discretion.

"A member of your company, the gifted Fräulein Schratt, has had the good fortune to win the Emperor's favour at an audience which she was granted yesterday . . . I trust that you understand me ; I am not here at his Majesty's command. My visit is only in the nature of a friendly hint."

Wildbrandt understood. The programme was redrafted. That very same day Fräulein Schratt received two leading parts to study.

From this moment the young actress became the heroine of a fairy-tale. It seemed as if she were living (*Continued on page* 130)


BY APPOINTMENT
Distillers
BY APPOINTMENT
SPECIALLY SELECTED AND MATURED
Supplied in bottle only
TRADE MARK
BOOTH'S
FINEST OLD
DRY GIN
LONDON
EACH BOTTLE BEARS OUR SIGNATURE AND TRADE MARK ON THE CAPSULE A RED LION AS A GUARANTEE OF ITS BEING OUR FINEST OLD DRY GIN THOROUGHLY WELL MATURED GUARANTEED FREE FROM SUGAR
Booth's Distilleries Ld 83-5 TURNMILL STREET LONDON E.C.

It takes time to bring gin to the perfection that is

BOOTH'S

THE ONE *Matured* GIN

THE ONLY GIN WITH THE **BLUE SEAL** *OF THE INSTITUTE OF HYGIENE*

BOOTH'S DISTILLERIES LIMITED • 83-85 TURNMILL STREET • LONDON E·C

Dorland

For beauty's sake
Shampoo
your face

TO have a radiantly clear and healthy complexion you *must* cleanse the tiny "breathing" pores in your skin of *every* trace of clogging grime. Soap-and-water washing merely cleanses the surface of your skin, leaving the pores choked with dirt. For the *pore-deep* purity which signifies perfect skin health, you need something more than soap-and-water—you need a twice daily "FACE SHAMPOO" with Cuticura. The soft, luxuriant, mildly antiseptic lather of Cuticura Soap gives you the *EXTRA* tonic and beautifying benefits of a really thorough SHAMPOO-CLEANSING. The skin is healthier immediately, and daily you watch your complexion become clear and lovely as all blemishes disappear.

Apply Cuticura Brand Ointment direct, in cases of pimples, skin eruptions or rashes. It quickly allays irritation and starts the healing process.

For the perfect finish to your daily bath, try Cuticura Talcum. You'll love it for its refreshing fragrance.

FREE: Sample of Soap, Ointment and Talcum sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps for postage and packing, etc: Address: Cuticura (Dept. 39D2), Newbery & Phillips Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C.4.

Cuticura
PREPARATIONS

CUTICURA SOAP   CUTICURA TALCUM
CUTICURA Brand OINTMENT

Sold by all Chemists and Stores

Nestlé

ALURA
Sets the wave-
gives colour
brilliance!
COLOUR WAVE SET

15
COLOUR
WAVE
SETS
1/-

IN FIVE COLOURS—
BLACK, BROWN, AUBURN, LIGHT CHESTNUT BLONDE, & NATURAL—FOR PLATINUM, BLEACHED OR WHITE HAIR AND WHEN ADDITIONAL COLOUR BRILLIANCE IS NOT REQUIRED

Get ALURA from your Chemist or Hairdresser. If any difficulty send P.O. for 1/3 stating shade required to:—C. Nestlé & Co. Ltd., 48 South Molton Street, London, W.1

in a dream. All at once everyone was different. They were all at once so friendly and so kind to her.

When she entered the theatre the stage-door-keeper almost swept the ground with his cap; her female colleagues overwhelmed her with attentions; even the unamiable wardrobe mistress smirked at her with the sweetest of honeyed smiles.

Why?

The secret was common property. No one knew who had spread it. No one spoke of it; it was only whispered surreptitiously. But the news spread like wildfire and with a rapidity that was uncanny it was soon known in all Vienna. It was repeated in the cafés and the clubs, dressmakers retailed it to their clients, chorus girls passed it on in awe-struck whispers, and in twenty-four hours the whole town knew that the Emperor was paying a visit to the Burgtheater because he wanted to see Fräulein Schratt.

On the evening of his visit a brilliant house awaited the arrival of Franz Joseph. Everybody who was anybody was in the theatre.

The fairy-tale of which the young actress was the heroine developed on traditional lines.

A few days later an imperial carriage and pair drew up before her lodging. The neighbours gaped at the gilded carriage open-mouthed. "Well, whoever 'd have believed it?" exclaimed the old concierge. To which the woman who kept the grocer's shop next door replied: "I always said that Fräulein Schratt was something out of the ordinary."

The carriage drove her to the Hermes Villa, the little summer palace of the Empress, built for this restless spirit in the sequestered park of the magnificent Tiergarten at Lainz.

The Empress Elizabeth, in defiance of all etiquette, had invited Katharina Schratt. She wanted to see the woman who had made such an impression on her husband, who was then in his fifty-ninth year.

The Empress, who was fifty-one, had long been living apart from Franz Joseph. She travelled about the world, from Corfu to the Riviera, from the Riviera to Switzerland. She hated the stiffness of the Vienna court, which she called ironically "the gilded cage." She found more enchantment in the sunset on the Mediterranean with Heine's poems in her hand than in the excitements of the life at court.

As the years went by she learnt to appreciate the Emperor's character, his iron conscientiousness in the performance of his duty, the isolation which was more and more of his own creating. She had grown to be his best friend; the Emperor frankly discussed all his problems with her, and so he had also told her of the impression which Katharina Schratt had made upon him.

Elizabeth's interest was aroused. She wished to make Katharina Schratt's acquaintance at once. And she sent her carriage for the actress.

"It is very nice of you to have come," said the Empress cordially as she received the embarrassed Katharina Schratt. Her voice was warm and sympathetic, her cordiality sincere.

She refused to allow Fräulein Schratt to kiss her hand. "I have not invited you as Empress, but as woman," she said as she led her guest up the steps of the villa.

The table was laid on the veranda. Dr. Christomanos, the Empress's reader and Greek teacher, was also present.

They drank coffee; Christomanos told anecdotes; the women laughed. Katharina Schratt's embarrassment was gone. She was enchanted by the charming manner of the Empress.

Christomanos finished his coffee and left them alone together.

Dusk was falling, the most congenial time for intimate conversation. In plain and simple words the Empress told the actress of her life. She had confidence in Katharina Schratt.

She told her of the restlessness which made it impossible for her to stay long in the same place; she spoke to her about the Emperor, who was always lonely and alone.

"You are young," she said, catching hold of Katharina's hand. "You have not forgotten how to laugh. You might bring some gaiety into his life."

Fräulein Schratt was confused. What should she reply?

"Your Majesty is so kind, but how could I, an insignificant actress, amuse the Emperor?"

Elizabeth repeated in a tone almost of entreaty: "You must interest yourself for the Emperor."

After this conversation the Empress showed Fräulein Schratt the villa. In the drawing-room hung portraits of the Emperor when he was young. Among them was a portrait of the year 1848 representing him as a boy of eighteen. It was painted at the time of his accession to the throne of the Habsburgs.

"How handsome he is!" cried Fräulein Schratt enthusiastically. "And how gaily he looks upon the world!"

"Yes," said Elizabeth meditatively. "That picture was painted in 1848. Then Lombardy and Venice still belonged to Austria. And the Habsburgs were still powerful in Germany. Then came 1866, the war. . . ."

Elizabeth sighed.

"You see, these are sorrows which weigh upon him. Under his rule our frontiers have become smaller."

Outside could be heard the crunch of carriage-wheels on the gravel and the sound of horses' hoofs. A carriage drew up.

Elizabeth went to the window and waved her hand affectionately.

A minute later Franz Joseph stood in surprise before the two women.

"I invited Fräulein Schratt to come and see me," explained Elizabeth with a smile. "I wanted to make her acquaintance. We have been having a most interesting talk."

The Emperor smiled.

He conversed with Fräulein Schratt, who told him of the excitement at the theatre and of all that had happened when the Emperor attended the performance. She told him about the actors. Her naturalness enchanted the old man.

It was already dark. A lackey opened the door of the dining-room. The candles in their magnificent glass chandeliers flickered and bathed the room in a warm, cheerful light. The table was laid for three.

FROM that evening on Fräulein Schratt became a regular guest at court.

And when the Emperor moved his residence to Ischl—Franz Joseph always spent the summer months in his villa in the Salzkammergut—Fräulein Schratt also was in Ischl.

In the early hours of the morning, at a time when even the peasants were still in bed—it was barely five o'clock—the Emperor was already up and about.

He took the path through the woods with their splendid trees until he reached the boundary of the park. Here a high railing barred his passage. But close by, almost concealed from view, there was a little gate. By this Franz Joseph left his grounds.

He walked on downhill into the valley, crossed the idyllic little stream, the Trenkelbach, and turned off on to a narrow path across the fields which led to a small house hidden amongst the pines.

Here lived Fräulein Schratt. The Villa Felicitas was her own property. She had furnished it with comfort. The furniture, the embroidered table linen, the curtains chosen with an exquisite taste, the little knick-knacks, Dresden figures, vases, flowers—all these things gave the house a homely atmosphere.

The Emperor was a daily visitor. He spent his early morning hours here. He drank his coffee with a Kugelhupf baked by Fräulein Schratt herself in the garden of the villa. He listened interestedly to the stories which she told him; the youth and freshness of Fräulein Schratt gave him a gaiety which he had never known. He was cheerful, he was happy.

(Continued on page 132)

BY APPOINTMENT

"fittening" ..not fattening

GAYMER'S is more than a delightful drink. Made only from England's choicest apples, it is full of the goodness which benefits health, figure and complexion.

GAYMER'S CYDER

FREE! *Gaymer's recipe book, "New Summer Drinks and Recipes," should be in the hands of every hostess for it gives numerous recipes for long and short drinks, as well as suggestions for cooling, tempting dishes. Post coupon for your FREE copy.*

To William Gaymer & Son Ltd., Dept. 4,
Attleborough, Norfolk.
Please send me a FREE copy of "New Summer Drinks and Recipes."

Name..
Address..
....

New
SUMMER DRINKS

Streets

FIRST OF CYDERS • FOREMOST OF DRINKS

Cleans Instantly

'Min' has made the cleaning of enamel paint one of the easiest of the household tasks. No rub, rub, rub. Just apply a little 'Min' and in a few seconds the dirt is removed and the brilliance of the enamel restored. And 'MIN' is just as quick and easy for polishing furniture. Try this work-saving polish and see.

MIN CREAM
FOR THE PIANO & ALL HIGHLY POLISHED SURFACES

TINS 6d. and 1/- of all Dealers

Min Cream

FOR ALL HIGHLY POLISHED SURFACES

Chiswick Products Ltd., Chiswick, London, W.4. M.S.25

Mrs. SHACKLETON

has a great demand for Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's Clothes, Furs, Jewellery, Linen, Oddments, Household Articles, Underwear, etc. Best prices possible given. All parcels answered by return. Ladies waited on. Only Address—

122 Richmond Road, Kingston-on-Thames

Tel.: Kingston 0707. Banker's reference.

NESTLE COLORINSE ADDS COLOUR BEAUTY TO YOUR HAIR

COLORINSE ESSENTIAL AFTER EVERY SHAMPOO 2 for 6d

From all CHEMISTS – HAIRDRESSERS and WOOLWORTHS.

There are many episodes of this period which reveal an unsuspected side of Franz Joseph's character. The most charming of them is the story of the chimney-sweep.

One morning the front door bell of the Villa Felicitas rang. No one answered it. The ringing was repeated. Then, as nobody seemed to be bothering about the visitor, the Emperor went out himself to see who it might be and what he wanted.

Outside on the doorstep stood the local chimney-sweep, who had come to sweep the chimneys.

When he saw the figure of the Emperor in the doorway he was so taken aback that he instantly fell upon his knees and began singing at the top of his voice: *"Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser."*

During these early morning visits to the villa Franz Joseph learnt to interest himself in the many little things of life; he heard of people and their destinies in a totally new fashion—not from the reports of court officials, but from the witty chatter of a young woman. The Emperor was, as it were, reborn.

In the midst of this happiness there fell a blow which shattered the idyl at one stroke.

On January 30th, 1889, the Emperor's son, the Crown Prince Rudolf, shot himself.

THE court officials in the Imperial Palace of Vienna were in a state of wildest consternation. Half an hour previously Count Hoyos had brought the dreadful news: the Crown Prince Rudolf was dead.

The Emperor's adjutant, Count Paar, pale as death, stared bewilderedly in front of him. Who was to carry this appalling news to the Emperor? No one liked the task.

"The Empress! Let her go to his Majesty!" suggested someone. But who was to break it to the Empress? Baron Nopcsa, the Empress's chamberlain, had broken down. He was crying like a child. Fräulein von Ferenczy, Elizabeth's lady-in-waiting, was summoned. She leant against the wall and sobbed aloud when she learnt of the catastrophe.

Then she went to the Empress.

In a few minutes she returned. "She took it with composure," she reported. "But the Empress does not wish to go to the Emperor alone. She begs that Fräulein Schratt be sent for."

A carriage was despatched to Hietzing, to Fräulein Schratt's villa.

Meanwhile the Premier, Count Taaffe, was with Franz Joseph. He was in conference. He, too, was still in ignorance of the tragedy.

In all the rooms of the palace the news was bruited; faces became grave; laughter died as the tidings sped from room to room.

Now everybody knew.

The Emperor and his Prime Minister were the only persons who did not know of Rudolf's death.

The horses raced furiously along the Mariahilferstrasse bringing the unsuspecting Fräulein Schratt to the Imperial Palace. She had no notion why she had been so hastily summoned.

The sight of Elizabeth's face frightened her. The Empress embraced her. She said only one word: "Rudolf." Then she gave full vent to her tears. Fräulein Schratt understood.

Elizabeth's eyes looked at her imploringly.

"You must come with me to the Emperor . . . please . . . he does not know yet."

The two women passed through the long suite of rooms in silence. Fräulein Schratt supported the fainting Elizabeth.

Count Paar interrupted the conference with the Premier and admitted them to the Emperor.

Franz Joseph came happily towards them, but his smile froze as he saw the faces of the two women.

"What has happened?"

Again the one word:

"Rudolf," and then barely audible, "dead."

The Emperor supported himself against his desk. Fräulein Schratt hurried to his side.

Then the Emperor went over to Elizabeth and put his arm around her shoulder.

"We must bear it together."

Elizabeth burst into sobs.

"He has . . . ." She could not utter the dreadful word. Katharina Schratt spoke it: "Shot himself."

Franz Joseph felt a stab of pain.

"Why did Rudolf do this to me?"

He kissed the Empress on the forehead, pressed Katharina's hand by way of thanks, and led the two women to the door.

Then he knelt down at his praying desk and remained there in deep and silent prayer before the cross.

When, some minutes later, he had Count Taaffe re-admitted, he had already recovered his composure and was outwardly calm. He issued his orders, expressed his wishes, and desired to know every detail of the tragedy. He imposed strict silence upon everyone.

While the Emperor was giving his instructions, Fräulein Schratt was with the Empress. She did her best to comfort her. But what words of comfort are there which can be said to a woman who has lost her only son?

Count Hoyos entered the room. He had been with Rudolf at Mayerling. The Empress had sent for him to hear his account of what had happened. The Count bowed low.

"You must tell me the truth. You must tell me everything without trying to spare me," said Elizabeth, and, noticing that Count Hoyos was looking questioningly at Fräulein Schratt, she added: "Fräulein Schratt is one of us."

Count Hoyos's face was white as a sheet as he began to speak. He sought for words to mitigate the horror of what he had to tell the Empress.

"The trouble started on Sunday evening at the reception at the German Embassy," began Count Hoyos. "Your Majesty was not present at the reception. . . ."

"I do not like receptions," whispered Elizabeth.

"As your Majesty knows, the whole court was at the soirée. It was given to celebrate the birthday of the German Emperor. Among the guests was the young Baroness Vetsera."

The Count hesitated for a moment.

Elizabeth nodded. "Yes, I have heard of Rudolf's liking for the baroness."

Hoyos continued: "The Crown Princess had also heard of it. She was exactly informed about everything. She accused Prince Coburg and myself of having misled her husband into what she called a 'dissolute mode of living.' I assure your Majesty upon my word of honour that we were in no way to blame for this connection. Rudolf never took us into his confidence as to how deep his feelings were for this seventeen-year-old girl.

"It was a fatality that the baroness should have been present at the soirée. Her presence was reported to the Crown Princess, and I remarked that she was particularly excited by it.

"I went to the baroness and begged her to leave. I told her that the Crown Princess had noticed her and pointed out that it would be terrible if she made a scene. But the baroness would not be persuaded. Nothing would induce her to go home."

Katharina Schratt sighed a scarcely audible "Poor child!"

"The following morning," went on Count Hoyos, "the Crown Princess went to see the Emperor. I do not know what she said to him—no third person was present at the interview—but I have reason to believe that she complained bitterly about her husband's mode of living. She instanced Rudolf's relationship with Baroness Vetsera and told his Majesty how humiliated she felt and how tactless she found it that Rudolf should have had his mistress invited to a reception at which she herself was present. But her most effective argument with his Majesty was a warning that there would be an open scandal unless Rudolf broke off his attachment. Already,

(*Continued on page* 134)

GOD
SAVE
THE
KING
Schweppes
INDIAN TONIC

PEPYS *into this* THIRST QUESTION

APRIL 2ND This morning comes word by telephone from my brother-in-law James that he hath procured us three fine seats to watch the Procession. Which I had abandoned hope of seeing, with places at fifteen guineas and suchlike rascally prices. So at luncheon I met with James and drank to Their Majesties' health. And methinks the Coronation giveth all men (and not a few women) a handsome excuse for drinking healths to the King and His Queen. In which pleasure, I admit, I have freely joined, but tempered my Whiskies and Gins with abundance of Schweppes Soda and Schweppes Tonic Water. For I find that your Schweppes doth soften the rawness of your spirit without extinguishing its fire, and doth add a twinkle and blitheness of its own.

BE SURE YOU SAY

Schweppes

PURVEYORS OF NOBLE REFRESHING DRINKS DURING EIGHT REIGNS

SOUTH AFRICA

The Ellerman & Bucknall service provides all the amenities of comfortable sea travel at very modest fares. The steamers were specially designed for tropical service, having spacious public rooms and extensive promenade decks, providing every facility for sport and recreation. All cabins have windows or portholes and are furnished with every requisite for comfort. Unexcelled cuisine and the service of a competent staff trained to your requirements.

Sailings from London via Madeira to Capetown, Port Elizabeth, East London, Durban and Lourenço Marques.

FIRST CLASS ONLY
CAPETOWN £40
DURBAN £46

ELLERMAN & BUCKNALL
STEAMSHIP CO. LTD.
104-6, Leadenhall St., London, E.C.3

TANG is the delightful refreshing flavour which tells that Euthymol Tooth Paste is cleansing your mouth and teeth. Try the delicious TANG of Euthymol to-day and enjoy the fresh, wholesome mouth it leaves. Dentists have been recommending Euthymol for over 40 years. You can get a large 1s. 3d. tube from any chemist, or send for a free 7-day sample to Dept. 33/103, Euthymol, 50, Beak Street, London, W.1.

Euthymol
TOOTH PASTE

she said, all Vienna was gossiping of this liaison. That was the most painful thing that anyone could tell his Majesty.

"As soon as the Crown Princess left, his Majesty sent for the Crown Prince. He reproached him angrily with the life that he was leading and demanded that Rudolf should give him his solemn promise not to see Baroness Vetsera again."

"How dreadful!" cried Elizabeth, drying her eyes with her silk handkerchief. "How dreadful Rudolf must have felt!"

"Yes," said Count Hoyos, "the Crown Prince took it very much to heart. He had no choice but to give his promise. The Emperor's wish is a command. No one can disobey it. Immediately after the interview the Crown Prince sent word to the baroness by his valet, Lokesch. We had arranged to go out to Mayerling yesterday to shoot. Suddenly the Crown Prince changed his plans. He left the palace and waited in a carriage outside Vienna while Bratfisch, Rudolf's personal coachman, the only person except Lokesch who was in the secret of his relations with the baroness, went to fetch her. She got into Rudolf's carriage outside the town and the two drove out to Mayerling." Hoyos paused.

"Please continue. Do not try to spare me. Tell me everything," said Elizabeth.

"They spent the night together alone at the hunting lodge."

Katharina Schratt put her arms around the weeping Empress.

"Yesterday," went on Count Hoyos, "we—Prince Coburg and I—arrived at Mayerling, and were surprised to find the baroness there. Coburg returned at once to Vienna as soon as he learnt that the shoot had been cancelled. I went out to inform the beaters.

"I did not get back to the lodge until evening. Dinner was only laid for two, the Crown Prince and myself. I did not notice any change in him. He was cheerful and amiable if rather silent.

"After dinner he became talkative. He complained of the circumscribed conditions of his life; he said he had no freedom. He spoke of the unhampered liberty of his friend, the Prince of Wales; he alluded with a sense of humiliation to the surveillance to which he was subjected, and pointed out how difficult it was to live in a small town like Vienna where everybody chattered and gossiped, and where all his actions were judged by the stupid, narrow-minded standards of a strait-laced society. Sometimes, he told me, the constraint of his existence became a torture; he was not even able to meet his friends. And he complained of the unpleasantness of having to apply to the financier Moritz von Hirsch for money."

"It is surely not possible that Rudolf had financial worries?" interrupted Elizabeth. "You do not mean that this was the reason why he took his life?"

"No," replied Count Hoyos, "but Rudolf was very distressed when he was short of money. He only mentioned how hard it was for him to decide in the very simplest matters. . . . Now after the tragedy all his remarks seem to me so important . . . He said that everything in his life was made into a complicated affair of state, into a drama in which he stood powerless. . . . Then he broke off the conversation and said good night. He said he was going to bed early. And I retired too.

"This morning, at six o'clock, I was awakened by Lokesch hammering on my door. He stood there in a state of terrible distress and told me that the Crown Prince . . . ."

Hoyos could not bring himself to utter the word.

"I hurried downstairs. The room was still in darkness. It was full of cigarette smoke and the scent of perfume. Lokesch lighted a candle. In the flickering light I saw Rudolf . . . he was lying on the bed, with a revolver clutched in his hand. . . ."

The Empress laid her head on Fräulein Schratt's shoulder. With only a weary movement of her hand she commanded Hoyos to continue.

"His face and his shirt were covered with blood. The bullet fired into his right temple had smashed his skull. . . ."

"Horrible!" murmured Fräulein Schratt. "And the baroness?"

"She lay beside Rudolf . . . dead . . . I believe a shot in the region of the heart killed her outright . . . I did not touch anything in the room. I left everything just as it was. I posted Bratfisch, the coachman, in front of the villa with orders to let no one pass . . . and then I hastened back to Vienna to bring the dreadful news."

Hoyos had ended his recital.

"Thank you for telling me everything," said Elizabeth.

The Count bowed low and left the Empress alone with Katharina Schratt.

Fräulein Schratt stayed with her all that day.

She did not return home until late that night. By that time the whole city was already in mourning. No music was to be heard, only grief-stricken faces to be seen.

In the official *Wiener Zeitung* it was announced that the Crown Prince Rudolf had died as the result of a stroke. No word of the baroness.

This untruth was the beginning of the legend of Mayerling. . . .

On her way home Fräulein Schratt met huge crowds. In spite of the secrecy which had been observed, it had become known that the dead body of the Crown Prince was to be transported to Vienna.

The crowds waited in silence. Fräulein Schratt got out of her carriage and waited among the crowd.

A hearse drawn by six black horses, with an escort on either side composed of officers of the Imperial Bodyguard in flowing white cloaks, appeared like a phantom in the distance. The horses snorted. They trotted with their tragic burden between the rows of mourning people.

AFTER Rudolf's death the Emperor sought refuge in work.

The Empress had left Vienna. Grieving and heart-broken, she wandered from place to place. First she went to Wiesbaden, then to Meran, and from there to Corfu, seeking peace and finding it nowhere.

Franz Joseph had also left the palace in Vienna and had moved out to Schönbrunn.

The sixty-year-old Emperor worked from early morning until late at night. He read every document which was submitted to him; he adhered scrupulously to the programme which detailed every second of the day with an exact punctuality.

He scribbled his orders on the unused pages of official documents and petitions. He led the life of a pedantic head clerk in an office.

His sole distraction in this arid existence, regulated by the hands of the clock, was the early morning, the first hours of the day.

It was then that Franz Joseph disappeared—just as he had done at Ischl—across the park and through a concealed gate built into the garden wall and entered the door of a house at Gloriettegasse No. 9, for here lived Katharina Schratt.

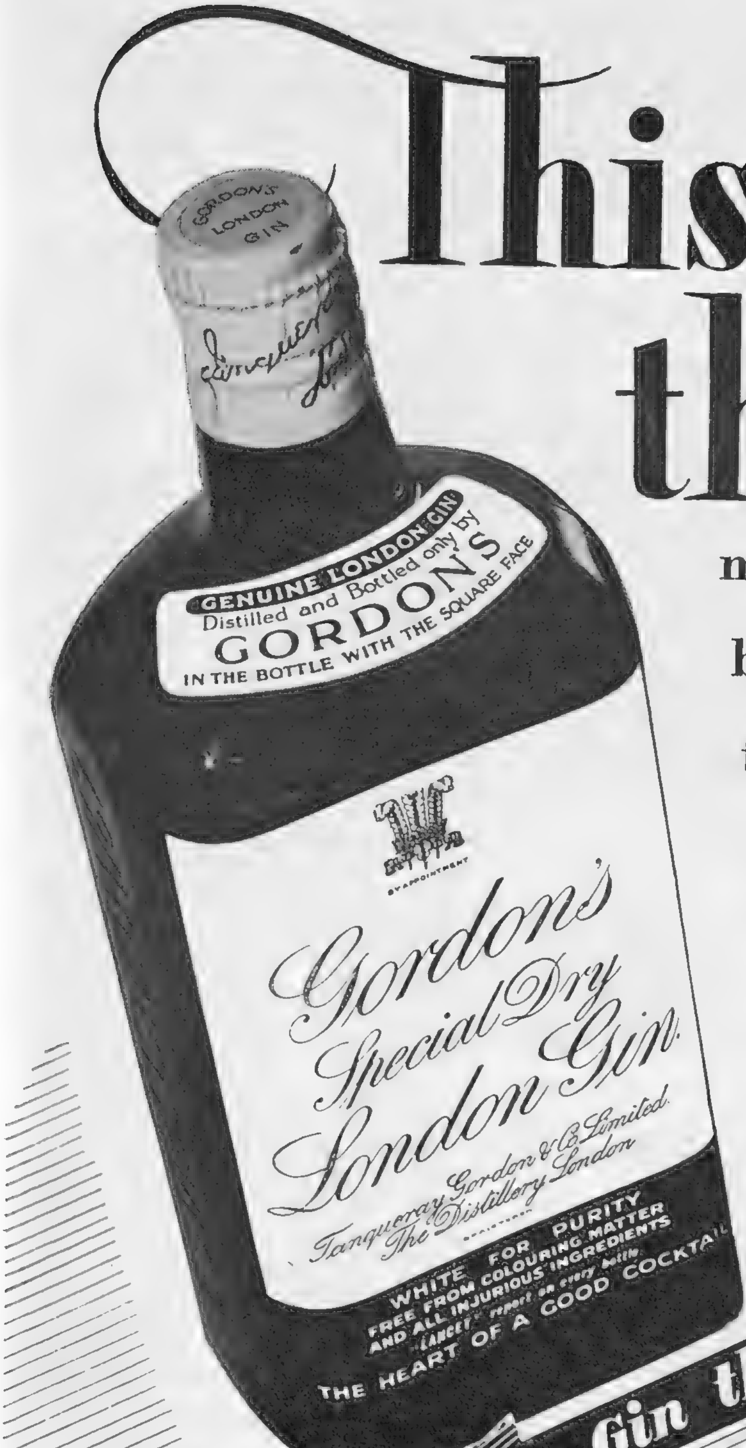
Meanwhile she had become the wife of a Hungarian nobleman named von Kiss de Ittebe, but neither her marriage nor the birth of a son interfered with the friendship which bound her to the Emperor.

The Emperor breakfasted with Katharina. During these morning hours he heard from her lips what people were saying in Vienna. He learnt from her what his subjects thought of him. He loved listening to tales about himself.

And Katharina Schratt understood how to cheer the Emperor. By this time she had become the centre of a large circle. Her house was frequented by politicians, financiers, journalists, all eager to be counted among her friends. Her friendship with the Emperor had set a halo about her head. She was sought after, flattered, courted.

It was from Katharina Schratt that the Emperor heard for (*Continued on page* 136)

ICH DIEN
BY APPOINTMENT


GORDON'S LONDON GIN
GENUINE LONDON GIN
Distilled and Bottled only by
GORDON'S
IN THE BOTTLE WITH THE SQUARE FACE
BY APPOINTMENT
Gordon's Special Dry London Gin
Tanqueray Gordon & Co. Limited
The Distillery London
WHITE FOR PURITY
FREE FROM COLOURING MATTER
AND ALL INJURIOUS INGREDIENTS
"LANCET" report on every bottle
THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL

This is the Gin

made as only the purest and best Gin can be made, by the process of distillation and rectification, the secret of the House of Gordon, and no colouring matter is added.

The Gin that has medicinal properties

If you value your health—insist on

Gordon's

GENUINE GIN—NO COLOURING MATTER

TANQUERAY GORDON & CO. LTD.,
GIN DISTILLERS, LONDON

The largest gin distillers in the world

FREE!
CORONATION SOUVENIR

E.P.N.S. CHUTNEY SPOON with beautifully designed top showing H.M. The King in full Coronation Robes. Spoon is 11 inches long, hooks on to side of bottle. Valued at 3/6. FREE with 3 printed discs from inside the lids of 3 bottles of 'green label' Chutney (1/5½d size upwards), bought in April and May. Send before June 5th with name and address to J. A. Sharwood & Co. Ltd., Offley Road, London, S.W.9. One spoon only to each applicant. After June 5th 12 discs must be sent, as conditions printed thereon.

'green label' Chutney makes every dish a tempting treat. Try it with stews, curries, cheese, sausages, and cold dishes; it is simply delicious. Contains quantities of selected ripe Indian mangoes Price 1/- to 2/6.

Look for the "Tom-Tom Man" and the name J. A. Sharwood & Co. Ltd. on the green label — *your guarantee of quality.*

Regd. Trade Mark

'green label' chutney
INDIAN MANGO

13.37

MORNING HEAD BANISHED!

Late nights and happy parties often mean a HEAD in the morning. A dose of Cephos will banish Morning Head like magic.

And for ordinary headache or neuralgia there is no finer remedy you could take. Cephos is not just a single drug, but the prescription of an Eminent Harley Street Physician—it does not affect the heart.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores in Powder or Tablet form 1/3 and 3/-. Single Dose Powder or Tablets 2D.

Cephos REGD
Pronounced See-foss
THE PHYSICIAN'S REMEDY

Sample of Cephos sent on receipt of p.c. to Cephos Ltd., Dept. 2T., Blackburn FREE

UGLY HAIR

At last—an amazing new vegetable liquid which actually ends unwanted hair *for ever*! Removes every trace of hair from face, arms, legs, in 2 minutes. Safest, quickest and only *permanent* hair *destroyer*. Cannot harm most delicate skin. *Money back guarantee.* Melita Hair Destroyer is used by leading stage and screen stars, 3/-, post free, sent privately. Details free, privately. **MELITA, 28 (B.E.), Dean Road, London, N.W.2.**

the first time of the deep-seated discontent of the Austrian people.

Count Badeni, who had recently been appointed Premier, was a bungler. His measures stirred the Viennese to open revolt.

On the 27th November, 1895, mounted police charged a demonstrating crowd; the military was called out, and it looked as if there were going to be a repetition of 1848. The following day the streets were black with people. They demanded Badeni's dismissal.

The Emperor was left with no other alternative except either to yield to the mob or to fire on it. Both these alternatives appalled Franz Joseph.

"I cannot give orders to fire on my people," he said to Katharina. "That goes against the grain."

He let Badeni go. The people of Vienna were triumphant.

The victory was theirs.

But now the Czechs began to revolt. They considered Badeni's fall as a national humiliation. For it was Badeni who had guaranteed the Czechs a right of speech satisfying their national demands.

The windows of the German inhabitants of Prague were smashed, and there was looting in several quarters of the town. Martial law had to be declared.

Trouble was brewing in all parts of the monarchy. Hungary threatened a customs separation. There were pogroms in Galicia. The Czechs were flirting with the Russians, and Russian politicians were working for a Pan-Slav Confederation.

The Emperor was harassed and worried. He strove with all his energies to hold together the disruptive forces of his peoples.

IN the midst of these portentous days the news arrived that the Empress had been assassinated in Geneva.

On the 10th September, 1898, late in the evening, the Emperor's aide-de-camp appeared at Frau Schratt's house. He begged her to come to the palace and to comfort the Emperor in this black hour.

Absorbed in thought, Frau Schratt accompanied the old courtier across the moonlit park.

The deep silence heightened the sense of tragedy of the sad news.

When she entered the Emperor's study Franz Joseph sat sunk in his reflections at his desk. All he said was:

"I am spared nothing!"

Telegrams and reports were piled in front of him. They gave fresh details of the assassination. The Emperor read the telegrams and then handed them to Frau Schratt.

They disclosed a dreadful tragedy.

Elizabeth was leaving Geneva at midday for Caux. She was walking along the quay to go on board the steamer, accompanied by her lady-in-waiting, Countess Staray.

Suddenly a man leapt forward and struck the Empress. Elizabeth collapsed. The man ran away, but was immediately arrested. At first it was not known what had happened. The Empress was still conscious.

"I am all right," she said to Countess Staray.

She stood erect. The siren hooted for the starting of the ship.

"We must hurry or we shall miss the boat."

But as soon as she reached the boat she collapsed again.

"My breast hurts me," she groaned.

They made her comfortable on deck. The boat had already left the quayside.

The blood ebbed from Elizabeth's face. Quickly her bodice was ripped open, her corset unlaced, so that she might have more air. Only then was it seen that she had received more than a blow. . . . On her chemise in the region of the heart there was a stain of blood. A wound was visible on her skin.

There was no doctor on board. The captain turned the ship and proceeded full steam back to Geneva.

Sailors carried the Empress on a stretcher with all speed to her hotel.

Here two doctors, Dr. Golay and Dr. Mayer, attended the Empress.

They tried to probe the wound. But it was not possible. They could not find the opening of the wound. After the removal of the corset the opening of the wound had shifted. The only chance of saving her life was an immediate operation. But Elizabeth's heart was now scarcely beating. They opened an artery—it did not bleed. The Empress was dead.

And the assassin?

He had been arrested by the police. His name was Luigi Luccheni, an Italian, twenty-five years old. He belonged to an anarchist organisation. He had committed the murder with a three-edged file, 20 cm. long, with a wooden handle.

These facts were disclosed in the telegrams and the reports which Frau Schratt and Franz Joseph now read.

They spoke but little. Only a groan, a brief word broke the silence.

Meanwhile the night had fallen. All the palace was alight. No one thought of sleep.

It was almost dawn when Frau Schratt left the Emperor. She was escorted home by a lackey carrying a light. She was deeply distressed, tired and exhausted.

THREE months later, on December 2nd, 1898, Franz Joseph celebrated his jubilee as Emperor. All the festivities were cancelled. The Emperor desired to forgo all tributes and congratulations.

Quiet years followed, with increasing anxieties about the monarchy. Trouble was brewing in all the provinces. The Czechs were up in arms against the compulsory use of German in the army; the Germans of Austria grumbled; the Hungarians railed against Koerber, the new Premier.

Amid the sea of dissatisfaction, like a rock, stood: Franz Joseph.

He was now completely isolated. He had no one left except Frau Schratt. She was the only person with whom the old ruler—he was now seventy-three—could share his cares.

And he had really cares enough.

The latest was: Franz Ferdinand.

The heir to the throne declared his wish to marry the governess of the household of the Archduke Friedrich.

The Emperor was in the utmost perturbation.

The Archduchess Isabella had reported to him that Franz Ferdinand had made seriously intended advances to one of her "servants." She had positive proof, no mistake was possible, for she had opened the letters which the "governess," Countess Sophie Chotek, had received from the heir-apparent. She was outraged. It showed a shocking want of tact that the future Emperor of Austria should have entered her palace on the pretext of visiting the daughters of the house in order to see the governess.

The Archduchess Isabella had now dismissed the governess. She had been told to leave the palace immediately.

On hearing this complaint against his heir the Emperor was deeply shocked.

Frau Schratt remarked to one of her friends: "I have never seen the Emperor so desperate as to-day when he spoke of the matrimonial intentions of the heir-apparent."

"It is quite impossible," said the Emperor, "utterly impossible . . . If he marries this Chotek woman it means the end of the empire."

But Franz Ferdinand was stubborn. He did not think that his marriage to Sophie Chotek meant the end of the empire. The Countess's dismissal by the Archduchess Isabella only stiffened his obstinacy. Now he really felt that he was obliged to marry her. His honour as a gentleman was at stake. After the humiliation which had been put upon her he was more than ever determined not to give her up. He conceived it to be a moral duty to wed the woman who had had to endure so much on his account.

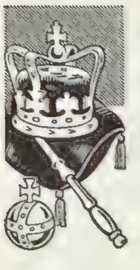
Neither the objections of the Emperor nor the warnings (*Continued on page* 138)

BY APPOINTMENT

REPLICA OF ONE OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S SALT CELLARS ENGRAVED WITH THE NAME CEREBOS

For four generations the salt cellars of the Royal Family have been filled with pure, white, free-running

CEREBOS SALT



accept corot's offer—*this* coronation year!

celebrate coronation by wearing a delightful corot model or perfectly tailored suit during may—and pay for it at your leisure—**confidentially.**

investigate the wonderful convenience of corot's new payment plan! **no references or guarantees are required, whether you are a householder or not—and there is no extra charge for credit.**

perfect fit—finer materials and inspired designing distinguish a corot model from all others. visit the corot bond street showrooms, or post the coupon for corot's latest fashion guide.

"ace high"
the horizontal print is the smartest you can choose this season, hence its use for this dainty jumper and skirt in silk crêpon.
cash 6½ gns. 19/6 **monthly**
(7 equal payments)

"with distinction"
if you wear a redingote coat in wool over a printed crepe de chine frock, you'll be sure of choosing one of the newest fashions.
cash 6 gns. 18/- **monthly**
(7 equal payments)

(other corot models 2 to 15 gns.)

corot
(dept. b.113)
33 old bond st.
london, w.1. regent 0234

(b.113)

free send me latest fashion portfolio and details of special offer.

name...

address...

....

Cardinal
POLISH
RED TILES
gives lasting charm to RED TILES
large tins 6d & 1/-

Never let your red tile or red composition floors look dull and colourless. Use 'Cardinal,' the polish that immediately imparts such a lovely rich red tone. It is easy to apply and gives a waterproof finish. Equally good for Front Steps and Brick or Concrete Paths.

Of all Dealers. Also in Buff, Green, White and Transparent.

Chiswick Products Ltd., London, W.4. CP.87.3

CARDINAL POLISH

of his friends availed. Franz Ferdinand had made up his mind to marry the "governess."

The Emperor offered him the choice of renouncing either the marriage or the throne. Franz Ferdinand refused to make the choice.

Ambassadors were sent to the stubborn Archduke. It was pointed out to him that, as future emperor, he must sacrifice his private happiness to the interests of the state. His peoples demanded this of him. It was pointed out to him that the loyalty of his peoples must be requited with a like loyalty; he was told that he had not the right to place his love higher than his royal calling.

It was all in vain.

The heir-apparent refused to give his lady up.

The question of transferring the succession to his brother Otto was considered, temporarily at least, until such time as his infant son Karl should attain his majority. But this was impossible.

The Archduke, who not long before had been the object of an open scandal—he had walked out of a private room in the Hotel Sacher *in puris naturalibus* and had had the misfortune to run into the British Ambassador in the corridor just as he was leaving the restaurant with his wife and daughter—was infected with an incurable disease which was destroying him with its dreadful ravages.

A last attempt to influence Franz Ferdinand was made. In vain.

An attempt was made to induce Countess Chotek to give up Franz Ferdinand—it was fruitless.

Sophie Chotek knew her own mind. She was ambitious. Her family was impoverished. She had been compelled to work, to earn her living as a governess. Now she felt that her hour had come. She clung to her determination with all her might. She had no intention of giving up the heir to the throne of Austria. On the contrary. It was she who, by her refined womanly cunning, made Franz Ferdinand even more decided than he already was.

The Emperor was desperately unhappy. He saw as a result of this marriage constitutional complications—the end of Austria-Hungary.

But no arguments availed. Franz Ferdinand was steadfast in his purpose.

The Emperor was forced to yield. He was unable to prevent the Countess Chotek from becoming Franz Ferdinand's wife.

On June 28th, 1900, in the presence of the Emperor and the highest dignitaries of state, Franz Ferdinand renounced all the rights of succession and of equality of birth for any children born of his union with the Countess Chotek.

In a voice of thunder the Emperor read aloud this form of oath in the throne-room of the Vienna Palace, Franz Ferdinand repeating the sentences after him with sullen agitation.

Then he left the room without looking round and retired to his castle in Bohemia.

A few hours after this act of state, to his mind so calamitous, Franz Joseph also left Vienna.

He went to Ischl and sought comfort in the Villa Felicitas.

Every morning, as he had always done, he paid a visit to Frau Schratt. His friendship to this woman who was so unselfishly attached to him became still closer. The contrast was obvious: between the ambitious, pushful Countess Chotek and the modest and retiring Frau Schratt. And the Emperor was grateful for the deep, self-sacrificing friendship which Katharina gave him.

THE marriage of the heir-apparent raised questions of etiquette. The morganatic wife of the heir-apparent was not permitted to appear in the intimacy of the court. The laws of the imperial house are inflexible. At court balls she was last in order of precedence, ranking after the youngest archduchess. Princess Hohenberg—the title which the Emperor gave Countess Chotek after her marriage—was subjected to humiliation after humiliation. At the imperial court etiquette is a matter of course. And it was scrupulously guarded against any infringement of court etiquette.

The ladies of the court did their utmost to humiliate the "upstart."

Franz Ferdinand put up a bitter fight against the antiquated etiquette. But he was defeated. The guardians of traditions were too strong for him.

Franz Ferdinand's wife was deeply hurt. In spite of all her efforts she did not succeed in becoming "presentable at court."

She began to hate the court and everything which belonged to it.

She persuaded her husband to move into the Belvedere, the palace of Prince Eugene, in Vienna.

Here she proceeded to form a court of her own.

Vienna had now two courts.

The one at Schönbrunn, the other at the Belvedere.

The fight against Franz Joseph began. (And it is terrible to reflect that this humiliation of the Countess Chotek was one of the deeper causes of the World War which broke out fourteen years later.)

Franz Ferdinand began to criticise the army. He railed against the "senility" of the peace-loving old generals who had no taste for war.

Count Sternberg, a deputy in the heir-apparent's entourage, alluded in parliament to the "dotage asylum of Schönbrunn."

The active opposition demanded more energy from the army.

Resolutely the work of disaffection went on.

The Emperor was worn out. At last he consented to the retirement of his life-long adviser and friend, Count Beck, Chief of the General Staff.

He was replaced by Baron Conrad von Hötzendorf on the recommendation of Franz Ferdinand.

Franz Ferdinand, egged on by his wife, had expanded his military cabinet to a kind of ministry. He formed a collateral government in the Belvedere.

He and his advisers beleaguered the Emperor. The old man, who was now seventy-six, put up a fight; he resisted the demands for reform put forward by the younger generation, but it was soon patent that his strength was giving out.

Franz Joseph did not wish to be thought old. Nothing hurt him more than criticisms of his age.

He would have liked to move with the times. He accepted a number of suggestions from Franz Ferdinand merely to avoid the reproach of being too old. But nevertheless he did not totally surrender. It was still Franz Joseph's will that was done in the state of Austria, and not Franz Ferdinand's.

But the activists did not rest. On the occasion of the Emperor's diamond jubilee they wanted to annex Bosnia and Herzegovina. The Emperor, who had never recovered from the sorrow of having seen the diminution of the five-hundred-year-old empire of the Habsburgs during his reign—he lost Venetia and Lombardy—sanctioned this plan.

It almost came to war.

Conrad, the Chief of the General Staff, the heir-apparent and the group around him tried to force hostilities.

Franz Joseph opposed them.

He did *not* appoint Franz Ferdinand commander-in-chief.

He was quite determined in his opposition to Conrad's plans. He refused to permit a mobilisation against Servia.

He wanted peace.

He knew that war meant the disruption of the empire.

But Conrad von Hötzendorf was burning with ambition to start a war.

In the summer of 1911 he wanted to attack Italy. He said, "Better now than later."

The Emperor's patience snapped.

Conrad was dismissed. He had to go.

In the autumn of 1912 the Balkans were a battlefield. The little (*Continued on page* 141)

Charming women, dangerously attractive, graced the Edwardian courts and . . . went to Frances Hemming of Cyclax for skin care. Because only she could bring flower-like beauty to faces that were innocent of rouge or powder. The young girls who will curtsey to their Majesties this year are going to Lilian Mayle of Cyclax to learn the secret of today's *natural* beauty—the make-up that does not look like make-up. They will learn too, as their mothers learned from Frances Hemming, the simple daily routine that brings clear living beauty into the very tissues of the skin.

TO FILL OUT LINES AND HOLLOWS: *CYCLAX SKIN FOOD* keeps the skin young . . definitely eradicates wrinkles. 'Baby' for the very young, 'Thick' for the very lined, Special 'O' for the average skin. Price, 4/-, 7/6

TO CLEAR THE FACE OF SALLOWNESS OR BLEMISHES: *CYCLAX SPECIAL LOTION* . . . the lotion that is famous for clarifying the skin, drawing out the acid wastes, removing and preventing blemishes. Price, 5/6, 10/6

A POWDER FOUNDATION TO PREVENT DRY SKIN: *CYCLAX MILK OF ROSES*, a very fine emollient lotion . . . it provides an exquisite powder base for the woman with a dry skin. Price, 4/6, 8/6

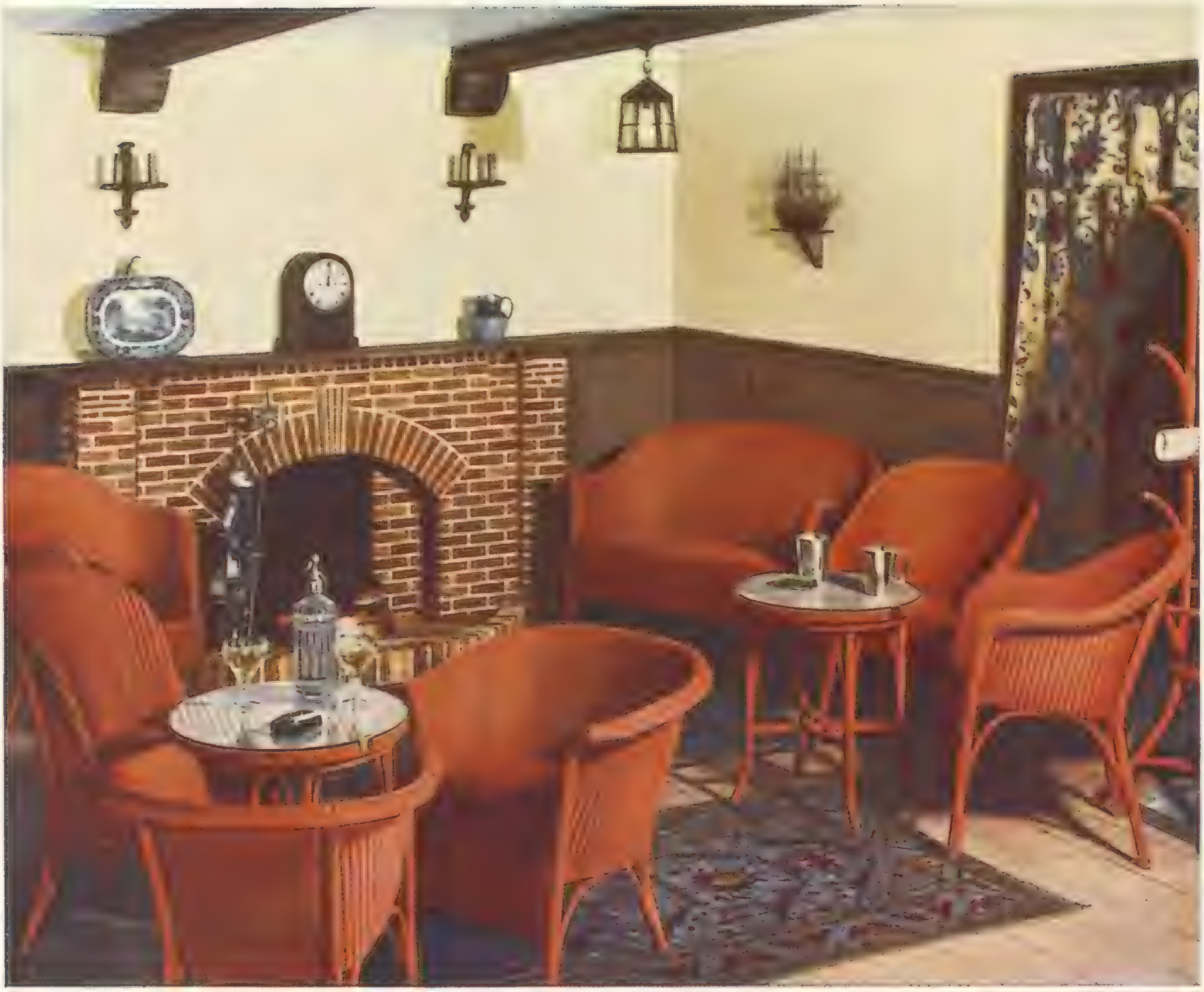
TWO POWDER FOUNDATIONS THAT LAST MANY HOURS: *CYCLAX DAY LOTION* for the dry or normal skin and Cyclax Blended Lotion for the greasy skin, both supplied in matching tones to all shades of powder. Price, 4/6, 8/6

CYCLAX

Famous throughout five reigns

All the best shops throughout the Empire sell Cyclax and will advise on the treatment.

58 SOUTH MOLTON STREET · LONDON · W.1 · MAYFAIR 0054
AND 7 EAST 53rd STREET · FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK



No. 7059 Chair No. 7136 Table No. 7375 Chair No. 7061 Settee No. 7136 Table No. 7000 Chair No. 7011 Chair
No. 7311 Chair No. 7074 Chair No. 146 Hat, Coat & Umbrella Stand

An actual photograph of cosiness personified

HERE is another actual-colour photograph of a lounge with Lloyd Loom furniture, modern in its cheerful colour and cosy as can be. The charm of Lloyd Loom is that it makes you feel at home everywhere: in magnificent West End hotels, famous luxury liners, quiet country inns and in your own favourite room. Almost everyone knows how shapely, smart and durable Lloyd Loom is but do you know that there are now over 400 models from which to make a selection? Go along to your nearest furnishing house: you are certain to covet a new Lloyd Loom introduction for that odd corner. It's especially valuable if you are thinking of giving someone a present.

FREE ART CATALOGUE, *92 pages, with many natural colour illustrations. Showing over 400 models, available in 36 standard colours, at prices from 3/9. Chairs from 24/-. Send postcard to-day.*

Lloyd Loom

REGD. TRADE MARK

WOVEN FIBRE FURNITURE

LLOYD LOOM de Luxe Lusty

a Lusty product

Look for the Lloyd Loom tag on every model you buy.

W. LUSTY & SONS LTD., BURNS WORKS, BROMLEY-BY-BOW, E.3

nations were shaking off the yoke of Turkey. The pro-war party gained the upper hand in Vienna. Franz Ferdinand and the younger generation wanted war.

Franz Joseph was eighty-two. He was unable to resist the rising tide.

He reappointed Conrad as Chief of the General Staff.

"Servia must be vanquished in a war," said Conrad.

But the quarrel in the Balkans nevertheless remained the concern of the Balkan nations.

However, Austria interfered. She demanded the formation of an independent Albania in order to deny the Serbs access to the Adriatic Sea.

The idea was a good one—for Austria. The Serbs, however, refused to evacuate the territory of the Albanian insurrection.

Again Conrad wanted war. He wanted to march on Servia and to defeat the Serbs.

By this time the federal states had also been won over to this idea.

But Franz Joseph did not yield. He desired to solve these conflicts peacefully, and he gained his way.

War was avoided.

Franz Joseph went to Ischl.

Frau Schratt was already there. And as he had done now for so many, many years the Emperor spent his morning hours with his friend.

He was now particularly cheerful. "I have honestly earned this summer holiday," he said to Frau Schratt. "At last I have peace and quiet."

"Let us hope it will remain so," replied Frau Schratt as she poured out his coffee. The Emperor laughed. "Franz Ferdinand is in Bosnia attending the manœuvres. Nobody can disturb me."

He drank his coffee. He ate the Kugelhupf, "the best Kugelhupf you can imagine."

He was contented and happy. Here in the Villa Felicitas, at the side of the woman who was his friend, he found everything he liked. Peace, a comfortable home, cheerful humanity. An old dream of his was here materialised—a charming house, a woman he was fond of and peaceful surroundings.

He knew exactly in which corner of the drawing-room the cigars were kept; he knew exactly where to find the matches; the chair he sat in was comfortable: things were just the way he liked to have them.

The longing for a different life, the yearning of an emperor for a middle-class existence, found its realisation here in the Villa Felicitas.

Franz Joseph was now eighty-four. He had been reigning for sixty-six years.

Frau Schratt was fifty-four.

Her friendship had lasted twenty-six years.

And it had always been harmonious, charming, without rift or incident.

"It is so beautiful here in the garden," said Franz Joseph, gazing gratefully at his friend. The sun was already hot. He settled himself in his chair and remained with Frau Schratt till nearly midday.

When he arrived home the news awaited him which was to decide his destiny, the destiny of the Austrian monarchy.

Franz Ferdinand and his wife had been assassinated in Sarajevo.

Two attempts had been made.

The first had failed, the second had succeeded.

The heir-apparent and his wife were dead.

That same day—it was June 28th, 1914—the Emperor left Ischl. His joy at his peaceful holiday vanished like an Indian summer at a gust of wind.

In Vienna Franz Joseph called a council of his Ministers.

The Ministers urged war.

But the Emperor wished to wait for the enquiry into the murder and its findings.

"We must wait until we are sure that Servia really connived at this assassination," he said. "If that is so, then it was an attack upon the House of Habsburg."

In that case he would not go counter to the advice of his Ministers.

The Emperor remained in Vienna for only ten days. Then he returned to Ischl. He wanted to spend the rest of the summer with his friend. He believed the crisis to be over.

In his absence the cabinet decided that demands must be made of Servia of such a nature that they could only be answered with a certain refusal. For the questions which had accumulated during recent years could only be solved by war.

The next day the Premier arrived in Ischl and reported to the Emperor.

The note to Servia was elaborated. It was particularly harsh. Servia was bluntly accused of having inspired the murder of the heir-apparent.

On July 23rd the Note was presented in Belgrade.

Two days later the Austrian Ambassador in Belgrade left the city.

And the same evening Franz Joseph issued the order to mobilise.

On July 27th the Emperor signed the declaration of war.

"I have weighed and considered everything . . ." So begins his proclamation to his peoples.

There was no retreat.

Europe was ablaze.

The World War took its course.

The Germans marched.

Franz Joseph guessed that his empire would not last much longer.

"If the monarchy must perish anyhow, then at least let it perish decently," he said.

His bronchitis was giving him a great deal of trouble. He was often ill.

But he fulfilled his duties with an iron energy.

He still rose at five o'clock. At six o'clock he still breakfasted with Frau Schratt.

At one stroke he had become an old man. Care was taken to spare him excitement. He was not told of the bad news from the front. Slowly the reins of government slipped from his hand.

In November, 1916, he was taken seriously ill. Bronchitis. He coughed incessantly. He was unable to leave Schönbrunn.

Frau Schratt came to visit him. She brought flowers. However, the Emperor begged her not to come into the sickroom. "I feel too weak," he said, "and I look too ill."

He did not wish Frau Schratt to see him in this condition.

But his physician visited her daily and reported to her the progress of the invalid.

It was believed that the crisis was past.

Franz Joseph was already out of bed. He received the Premier, he dealt with official business.

But a high fever sent him back to bed. The doctors pronounced: pneumonia.

Frau Schratt sat beside the telephone, ringing up the palace and receiving calls. The Emperor's old valet informed her of every minute that passed as the old man fought with death.

Overnight Franz Joseph's condition became critical. The imperial family was assembled in the palace. The Pope sent his blessing by telegram. The Emperor confessed, took the Sacrament, and received the absolution of the Holy Father.

But the energy of this old man of eighty-six was unshaken.

He still did his work.

He was with difficulty induced to stay in bed.

"Wake me at half-past three to-morrow morning," he commanded his valet. "I have not finished my work."

But for him there was no to-morrow.

At twenty minutes past nine on the evening of November 21st, 1916, the telephone in Katharina Schratt's house rang.

She almost fainted as she heard the news. "The Emperor has just died."

She hastened to the palace. The Emperor's family were gathered at the deathbed.

The Emperor Karl—the young Emperor—Franz Joseph's successor, noticed the weeping woman.

He went up to her and led her to the simple camp-bed on which the dead Emperor lay. There she fell upon her knees and sobbed.

END

Leichner
HORMONE CREAM

FOR THE REJUVENATION OF THE SKIN

The formation of new skin tissue is controlled by certain glands in the human system and scientists have found that by the introduction of specific glandular extracts (Hormones) it is possible to stimulate the action of those glands, thereby accelerating the process of skin renewal.

Taking advantage of these facts as revealed by scientific research, Leichner produced a cream which is now placed before you as Leichner Hormone Cream, which cream has the special function of stimulating the formation of new and perfect cellular tissue, which means nothing less than the rejuvenation of the skin.

The regular application of this cream will produce a decided improvement, relaxing tissues will tighten up, lines and wrinkles will be suppressed, and the freshness of the complexion revived.

Leichner Hormone Cream

is absolutely harmless and may be applied without fear of the slightest ill effects. It is a biological product of absolute purity; every detail of its preparation is under constant expert supervision.

Obtainable from all leading Stores and Chemists.

Per Jar 21/- and 12/6.

MADE IN ENGLAND,
AT LEICHNER HOUSE, ACRE LANE, S.W.2

LEICHNER

Famous for Fine Cosmetics since 1873.

LILLA
Handsmocked
FROCKS

Delightful Morning, Afternoon & Evening Models. Many styles, materials and colours from 3½ to 10 gns. Can be sent on approval.
Model illustrated in "Crepilla," 6 gns.
Made to measure no extra.
CATALOGUE "2" FREE.
LILLA
7, Lower Grosvenor Place,
Buckingham Palace Road,
S.W.1 (VICtoria 7751)

MOTHER!
TAKE NO CHANCES
use
POTTER'S
ASTHMA CURE

At the first signs of any chest trouble . . . coughing, wheezing, whooping . . . administer POTTER'S . . . It gives RELIEF AT ONCE.

The danger is thus soon averted. The cold is broken up quickly, the little inflamed throat and membranes INSTANTLY RELIEVED . . . .

INSTANT RELIEF *for* CATARRH, HAY FEVER, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, CROUP, Etc.

In cases of CROUP and INFANTILE ASTHMA it gives marvellous results and soothes wonderfully. The little sufferer need not know of the treatment, as a little POTTER'S burned near during sleep is wonderfully effective (most children, however, show little dislike of the inhaling). There is no effect on the heart with Potter's; no opiates are incorporated.

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE at all Chemists, Herbalists & Stores, 1/6 full-sized tin, or 1/9 post free

from POTTER & CLARKE LTD.,
62G, ARTILLERY LANE, LONDON, E.1

WOMEN
OF
TO-DAY!...
Life *should* be
like this...

To be no more handicapped than a man by any of the regular natural functionings of the human body. . . . hasn't that always been the envious ambition of women? It is an ambition which is achieved by many of the young women of to-day, and is *achievable by all healthy women.* You must read the new book which holds out a brave new vision of what life can be like, and *should* be like, for women. The book is called 'Women of To-day.' It is written by a Woman Doctor *and is free.* Send your name and address on a postcard to: Miss Dorothy Downing, Dept. S10/c, Sashena Ltd., Lilia Works, Bartholomew Road, London, N.W.5, and a copy will be sent you by return under plain cover.

The book is not an advertisement. But it is published by the makers of the most modern type of sanitary towel, who hold that woman's health and freedom are closely influenced by the type of sanitary protection she uses regularly. If, along with the book, you would also like samples of these towels, send stamps or a postal order for 1/3.

LILIA
THE BRITISH SOLUBLE SANITARY TOWEL
Standard size, 1/- per carton of 12,
with loops (or without them).
Awarded Certificate of the Institute of Hygiene

Cornwall Calling

THE Harbour, St. Ives

"WHERE shall we go this year?"

To everyone who's been a-holidaying there before, the answer is almost sure to be Cornwall. To those lucky people who haven't yet visited the Duchy—lucky because there's all this magic still untouched before them—the question is perhaps in the balance: Penzance or Madeira—Mullion or Monte Carlo—the Scillies or the Azores.

One great reason, I do believe, why some people put off from year to year the inevitable visit to Cornwall is sheer scepticism. This legendary place of sunshine, and tropical plants, and Southern brilliance of colour, is simply too good to be true. It can't possibly be all its devotees declare; all this glowing splendour somewhere abroad—*that* would be conceivable—but in England such joys cannot be. "Let's put off for another year," say these unhappy Thomases, "our most certain disappointment."

And so, poor souls, they travel farther and most certainly fare worse. You may depend upon it.

For not only is Cornwall all its painters, and poets, and lovers would have it be—it transcends their most ardent panegyrics as day does night. There it lies, only a few hours distant from town and virtually a foreign country, bathed in sunshine, lapped by a diamond bright sea warm enough for winter bathing, bounded by golden sands.

The sea, indeed, is ever present in Cornwall, its fishermen a feature of its life and as fine a type of man as you'd find the world over. Strong, resourceful, dignified, as is fitting in those who owe their living to the ocean only so long as they remain successful in their war with its terrific powers. This is well realised in winter storms, when the breakers pound against its granite cliffs in a manner never to be forgotten. A reminder of the puny strength of man, and of his invincible courage in challenging the supremacy of the elements.

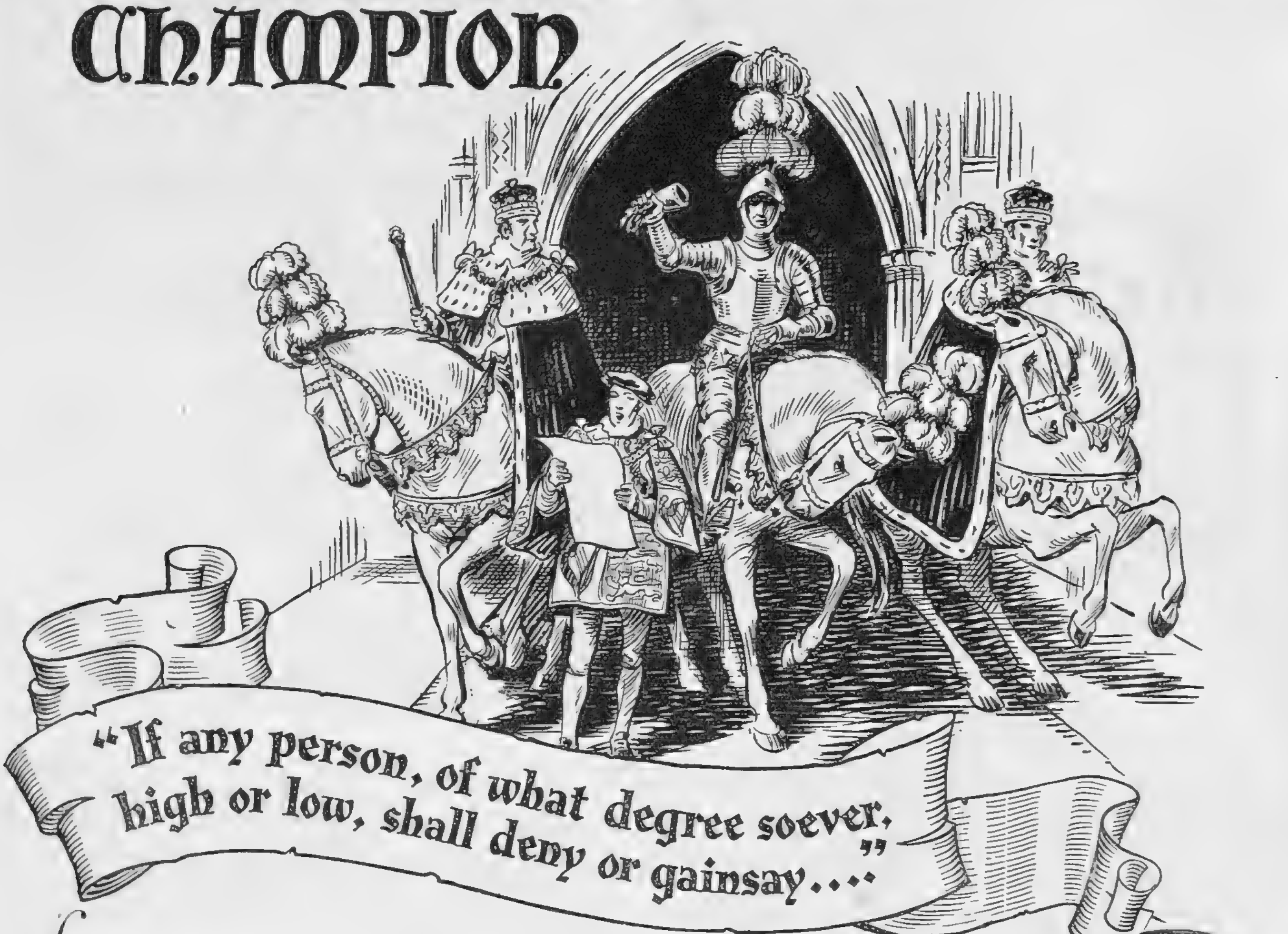
TRURO CATHEDRAL

A GLIMPSE of old Falmouth

WHERE to go in particular? That *is* a question! When the whole is so excellent, who can suggest a part? If you have time to spend, there is no better way of spending it than by hugging the whole coastline from Rame Head to Marsland Mouth, stopping, of course, to explore every river and moorland crag. But if duty lets you out of her clutches for but a brief few days, go to Penzance, or St. Ives or St. Austell, Falmouth or quaint Mevagissey, and explore as far afield as you're able.

Yes, you'd better visit Cornwall this year; it's easy to get to—the G.W.R. have seen to that most excellently—and it's nothing short of heaven when you get there!

The CORONATION CHAMPION


"If any person, of what degree soever, high or low, shall deny or gainsay...."

SO began the historic four-hundred-year old challenge of the English King's Champion.

The last occasion on which it was heard was at the Coronation Banquet of King George IV in 1821.

At that date the House of Seager had already been established as Distillers for sixteen years. The traditional excellence and perfect purity of their Gin remains unchallenged and its Champions are legion.

All who taste it know that its quality is as irreproachable to-day as it was yesterday — and as it will be to-morrow.

Established over a Century
SEAGERS
SPECIAL
DRY GIN
SEAGER, EVANS & Co. Ltd.
The Distillery
LONDON, S.E.8.

SEAGERS GIN

The spirit of to-day and to-morrow

TRADE MARK

THE HOUSE OF SEAGER ESTABLISHED 1805

DISTILLERS OF FINE GIN FOR OVER 130 YEARS

This spring the birds sing-

PHILCO
CAR RADIO

For as little as 14 gns. you can have one fitted to your car—any make, open or closed—in a few hours. More Philco Car Radios are installed than all other makes combined. 19,000 British motorists already know how much pleasure, interest *and safety* Car Radio adds to driving.

You need never choose now between your radio and your car—enjoy both. Philco Car Radio gives real home reception of all the great European Stations while you're on the road. Demonstrations from Delco Installation and Service Stations or Philco Dealers everywhere

19,000 BRITISH MOTORISTS CAN'T BE WRONG! FROM 14 GNS.

Philco Radio & Television Corporation of Great Britain Ltd., Perivale, Middlesex.

RUINED BY MOTHS

Another tragedy—another valuable garment spoiled—further expense. All this could have been averted if, when stored, a packet of PETAL DUST had been placed in the wardrobe. Moths hate PETAL DUST—it kills them—every one—yet it has a delightful perfume which is healthful and air-purifying.

PETAL DUST
THE MOTH PREVENTER

All Chemists and Stores, 6d. pkt. or Trial carton of 4 packets 2/- (post free)
The Rosmarine Co., London, S.E.1
Wholesale from:—
Wooldridges Medicine Co., Ltd.,
16 Cedars Road, S.W.4

6D. PER PACKET

KEATING'S KILLS

ANTS
MOTHS
BEETLES
FLEAS *etc.*

KEATING'S POWDER

Cartols: 2d., 6d., 1/-. Powder Flask 1/-

The Keys of Bluebeard

(*Continued from page* 35)

was sighted, that Cecily's husband was on board.

Cecily held on to Leo's arm with a drowning grip. "You won't let him take me away?" she said, breathless and trembling. He could feel the chill of her fingers through his cotton sleeve. Leo was not pitiful, but he was struck with sudden pity now for this Iceland poppy of a girl, shaken by the winds of cruel chance—strange how one always likened her to a flower! He felt himself, beside her, stark, strong as one of the giant kauri pines of her own country.

With his warm hands he pressed her chilly fingers.

"You shall always have what you like, and do what you like—except one thing," he said to her. "If that's Grant—and I think it is—you needn't see or speak to him."

"Oh, if I needn't!"

"You shan't. Go into the bungalow and stop there. He and I will meet each other on Takau."

Cecily had given over being afraid of Takau by this time. Whatever its ghostly, deathly history might be (and it was hard to believe dark legends, when you looked at that unmysterious shape, covered with flowers and bushes, and open to all the winds of heaven), it was plain that Leo wasn't troubled by it.

The prohibition that kept herself away didn't matter. Leo was a bit of a tyrant; had to have something, she supposed, about which to be tyrannical. "I like tyrants," she thought, with the warm blood rushing to her cheeks . . . She wasn't thinking of Takau Island now, but of the men upon it. What were they talking about, shut up in the tin bungalow, among the weeds and flowers that crowned Takau?

After what seemed to be a long while, with the sun beginning to sink in a brazen sea, and the man-of-war birds whistling as they flew overhead towards home, one of the men came out. Cecily's heart stopped beating . . . . but no, it wasn't George. George was fat and tall; this was the other, this thin smallish fellow, walking with Leo.

They took the canoe, and began paddling back to Tinomana. On the top of the island, as the sun went down, Cecily could see a black, massive figure, standing outside the doorway of the hut. That would be George. George, it seemed, was going to stay the night on the other island; Leo must have had some trouble to persuade or bully him into it, but it had been done. There were bedding and furniture on Takau, and food as well; Leo had always kept the hut prepared, in case of stormy weather detaining him overnight.

Very black the motionless figure looked against the geranium sunset. The wind was getting up; it cried among the cliffs of Takau; it wailed like the ghosts that were said to haunt the island. Shivers went over Cecily. She turned away from the evening and the sea. The bungalow was bright, with lit lamps and a table whitely covered. Cecily thought of the little poem by Mallock that Leo loved, the verses ending:

> "*Hold me fast by your true hand,*
> *Turn away from the changed sea,*
> *Daylight forsakes the forlorn land,*
> *Never forsake me.*"

"Maybe I'm 'fey,'" she thought. "I feel as if there was something coming. But I don't think—no, I don't think, whatever happened—I *would.*"

Here was Leo now, gay and unconcerned as ever; no one would think he had been holding what Cecily knew must have been an extremely stormy interview with her husband. He was introducing the other man—someone called Winder, who didn't need to be introduced; Cecily remembered him, a friend of George's. "He has brought him along for a witness," she thought. "He's on George's side. I wish they had left him over on Takau."

Nevertheless, she was civil to Winder, even when the little attorney's clerk told her right out that Grant had come to bring her home again, and wouldn't be satisfied with anything less.

"Your husband doesn't believe in divorce," Winder said, fixing her with grey disapproving eyes that seemed to Cecily to embody and express the opinions of far-away Dunwoodie upon her conduct. The worst of it was that she agreed with Dunwoodie; she knew she was bad—as bad, no doubt, as the woman in *The Scarlet Letter*. She ought to wear a red cloth initial upon the breast of her linen frock, like wicked Hester in the story—if justice were done.

She could see herself, some day, but not too soon—like St. Augustine, she could have petitioned Heaven, "not yet!"—leaving Leo, spending the rest of her life in regrets and penitence (if Leo would let her).

But she couldn't see herself going back to Grant and to Dunwoodie. The tall black island across the strait took on a sinister aspect as she thought of that. She had never liked the place; she hated it now; it was slimed all over with Grant.

AFTER dinner they played a stupid game of dummy bridge, and Winder smoked the good cigars that Leo gave him, and they all went early to bed. In the middle of the night Cecily waked, alone in her room. Leo was sharing the room of the attorney's clerk; she could not hear him breathing, but the snores of the clerk sounded loudly. What had she heard? Not those snores only. There was something else; it might have been the cry of a seabird, or it might have been a shriek. . . . Maybe there were ghosts on Takau after all. George would not care; he'd tackle a ghost just as he'd go for a witness in court. George could take care of himself. And when the launch went back to the port of entry to-morrow, she wouldn't be in it. Leo would see to that.

George—could—take—care of himself—on that thought, strangely repeated, she went to sleep.

Leo said next morning, "You've been crying." They were out on the verandah, in the freshness of the early day. It was autumn on Tinomana and Takau; autumn marked only, in those tropic latitudes, by a little more gold in the gilded sunshine, a dreaming mist upon the seas of lupin blue. Pineapples were bearing for the second time that year; bananas bowed themselves towards earth, weighed down by the richness of their fruit; male pawpaws dangled streamers of lacy flowers beside the sturdy female trees, that bore big clusters of green and yellow melons. There were no fruit trees on Takau, which had not been cultivated; only the tangle of tropic bush, brightened with stray flowers and berries, that spread itself gaily under the early sun.

Cecily said, "I've not—or only a little. I—I can't help it."

"I suppose it's because that dog-in-the-manger wouldn't give you your freedom?"

"Is it sure he won't?" They had used different tenses of the same verb; but Cecily saw nothing in that.

Leo said, shifting the cigarette between his lips, "Yes." Then, after a moment's silence, "Do you mean to let that matter?"

She could only answer "It must!"

"Money," said Leo, "will carry off most things, in most places."

"I don't care about money," she told him.

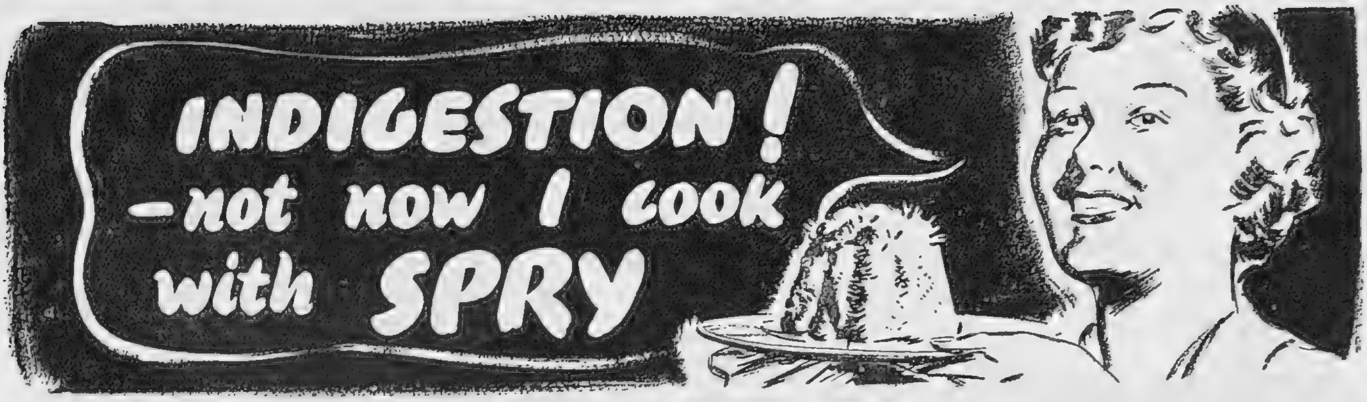
"You do; but you said you couldn't be sure of keeping—what you had—to yourself."

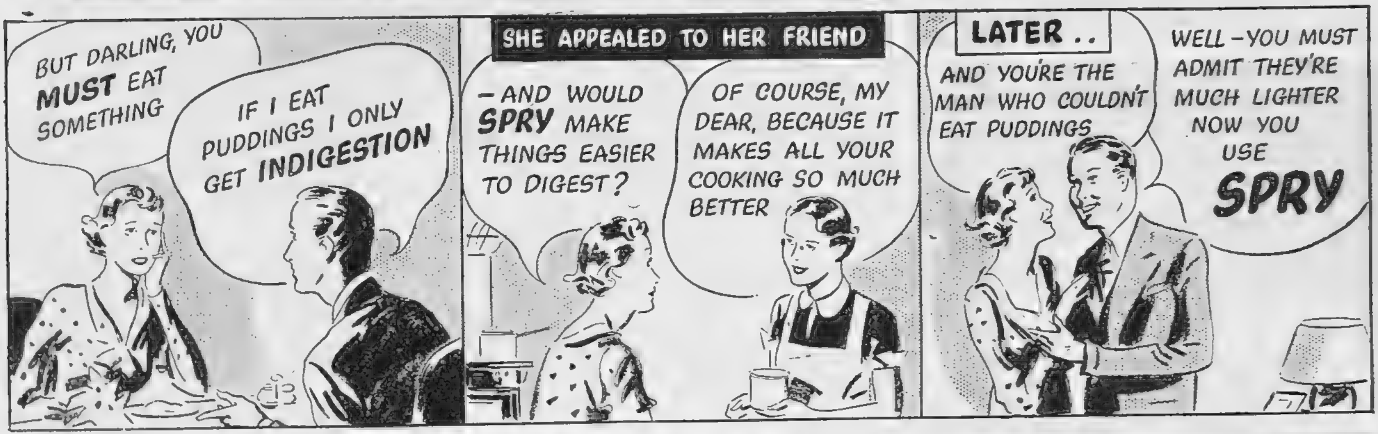
Leo did not reply for another long minute. The cigarette was done; he threw it down.

"I can be sure," he said.

She looked at him, her breath coming quickly with the desire of finding out at last what the real secret of Takau might be. She knew that it was held, like a kernel, in the shell of that last sentence. But the shell remained shut.

(*Continued on page* 146)


INDIGESTION !
—not now I cook with SPRY


BUT DARLING, YOU MUST EAT SOMETHING
IF I EAT PUDDINGS I ONLY GET INDIGESTION
SHE APPEALED TO HER FRIEND
—AND WOULD SPRY MAKE THINGS EASIER TO DIGEST?
OF COURSE, MY DEAR, BECAUSE IT MAKES ALL YOUR COOKING SO MUCH BETTER
LATER ..
AND YOU'RE THE MAN WHO COULDN'T EAT PUDDINGS
WELL—YOU MUST ADMIT THEY'RE MUCH LIGHTER NOW YOU USE SPRY

A FAVOURITE

RECIPE

GOLDEN PUDDING

- 6 ozs. self-raising flour
- 3 ozs. SPRY
- 3 ozs. sugar
- Pinch of salt
- 1 egg
- 2 tablespoonfuls golden syrup
- ¾ gill of milk

Brush a basin with melted Spry, and brush a square of paper with melted Spry for covering the pudding. Have a saucepan of boiling water ready.

Rub Spry into the self-raising flour, sifted with salt into a basin. Add the sugar. Mix syrup, milk and beaten egg together, and stir into the pudding. Mix well. Turn into the basin and steam 1½ to 2 hours. Decorate with browned shredded almonds. Serve with warm syrup.

FREE COOKERY BOOK—FREE ADVICE

Send for a free copy of the Spry Recipe Book. Send 3d in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing to—THE SPRY COOKERY ADVISORY SERVICE,

Messrs. R. S. Hudson Limited
(Dept. DN. 1), Bebington, Cheshire.

(Your envelope must be sealed and bear 1½d stamp.)

Have you a cooking problem? Then write to the Spry Cookery Advisory Service explaining your trouble. This Service retains a staff of experts ready to give helpful advice on all cookery matters. It is entirely *free* and there is no obligation whatsoever.

Cakes, pastry, puddings, and frying—do them all with Spry. They're easier to make because Spry is "ready-creamed." They're lighter, tastier and much better for you. They're cheaper because you need use less Spry than you would other fats.

Spry

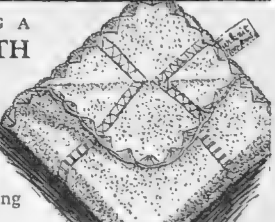
½-lb. size 5½d
1-lb. size 10d
3-lb. size 2/4

THE *"ready-creamed"* COOKING FAT
THAT MAKES EVERYTHING MORE DIGESTIBLE

SPR 73-5-65

insist on *Turknit*

WHEN BUYING A
FACE CLOTH



- They are softer—
- Dry faster—
- Are more absorbent—
- And longer wearing

BECAUSE—
they are KNITTED on patent machines with highest grade American cotton

PLEASE REFUSE SUBSTITUTES—NO OTHER FACE CLOTH IS MADE OF THIS MATERIAL

Stocked by Boots, Harrods, Selfridges, and all good Chemists and Stores in a variety of styles (white and fast pastel colours), from 6d. to 1s. 3d.

the "Aristocrat of Face Cloths"

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR
Removed by Electrolysis at home

The Vandré Home Electrolysis Outfit now enables any lady to remove disfiguring hairs by the genuine Electrolysis process in privacy at home, saving pounds. The only known permanent way. Electrolysis removes each hair and root completely, without any discomfort, leaving the skin lovely; it has never failed. Indispensable to modern woman, and so simple a child could use it. Guaranteed. Complete, with full instructions, £4.4.0, or 10/- monthly. Trial free. Illustrated particulars free in plain envelope.

VANDRE LTD. (Dept. E.), 189 Pitt St., Glasgow

GREATER BEAUTY
for hands and nails

● Strengthen your nails with CORALIE'S HEALTHINALE, because Coralie has specialised for years and knows from experience exactly what your nails need. Healthinale applied every night will make your nails grow strong, healthy and beautiful; applied daily will relieve all cuticle trouble.

Coralie's
HEALTHINALE
and Method are medically approved and patronised by Royalty. The original and best nail tonic.

● Price 2s 6d. from all Stores, Chemists, etc., or direct from HAND & NAIL INSTITUTE, LTD., 2–5, Old Bond Street, W.1.

● Special Coronation Offer: Free sample tube of Healthinale. Send 3d. in stamps for postage and packing.

A SLIM FORM

Have you a large, flabby bust? You can reduce 3–5 inches and have a lovely alluring slim figure in a few weeks with SLIMCREAM, the remarkable Vegetable Reducing Cream. Guaranteed safe. Wonderful Testimonials. **Trial Treatment 1/6**, or the full 30 days' course **3/9.** Sent privately :—

SLIMCREAM,
28 (B.E.), Dean Road, London, N.W.2.

COLORINSE
ADDS COLOUR BEAUTY TO
YOUR HAIR

COLORINSE ESSENTIAL AFTER EVERY SHAMPOO
2 for 6d
From all CHEMISTS and HAIRDRESSERS

Winder joined them, and immediately recommenced his arguments of the previous night. "Why didn't Leo leave him over on Takau with George?" thought Cecily. "It was surely inconsiderate to let me be troubled by him, when it could so easily have been arranged; this man is like a fly—one can't shake him off or stop him buzzing."

To all that he said she opposed her unconquerable resolution. She would not go back to Grant. She would not see him, or speak to him.

"Then what, if I may ask, are your—plans?" the little man inquired. His tone was chilly, superior. "Just the tone of the people in Dunwoodie," Cecily thought, "just the way they would speak to me—if they spoke at all."

But it was hard to answer, with Winder staring at her, waiting, and Leo, her lover, still more narrowly watching her. It seemed that she had a vital decision to make, there in the garden of Paradise that belonged to Leo and to her, above the quiet sea that had never, until now, carried trouble to them from the world of struggling men. She had to declare immediately what she was going to do. These were men, hostile in the hearts of them to women, even though one of them loved her. Men were like that, when they came to sit in judgment. . . .

Her throat was dry; she had to swallow once or twice before she could speak. But she knew, now, what she was going to say.

"I—I—I'm going away," she said. She hadn't known it ten minutes before. She knew now. Leo would give her money, and she would make him release her, and she would go and break her heart somewhere alone. She couldn't, couldn't go on being the—the—(no, not that word) of a man. Even Leo.

The answer was something that she had not expected. Leo laughed. In a satisfied way, as if something pleased him. And he told her "I knew you'd say that," and right before little Winder he stooped down (he had a long way to stoop) and kissed her. Then he walked away, whistling.

Winder said, with unexpected kindness, "If you really won't go back to Grant, Mrs. Grant, I think you're doing the next best thing. May I inform him that you and Mr. Gamble have decided to part?"

"You can tell him," Cecily said with some spirit, "that I have decided."

It seemed as if Winder were about to speak; he looked questioningly at Leo, who was calmly walking up and down on the stretch of ground that overlooked the ghostly island, and taking no notice of anyone. But whatever he was going to say remained unspoken. He merely bowed to Cecily, and took his way down to the beach, where the canoe lay waiting.

"I can't work this craft of yours," he called to Leo. "I shall have to trouble you."

"Grant knows how to paddle, I believe," Leo called in answer.

"I—it's odd, but he doesn't seem to have got up yet; can't see him anywhere."

"Well, I'll take you over." Leo came down to the shore.

Cecily watched them crossing the strait; saw them land, and make their way up to the hut. Silence fell on Tinomana; the little wild bees buzzed like flies among the lacy flowers of the pawpaws; over the top of the island gulls went crying. One didn't mind the gulls; they didn't frighten you as they went cruising about after fishy prey in the straits. But Cecily remembered the little land birds once and again seen upon Takau, how they had alarmed her, going crazy, as it seemed, flying madly about and dashing themselves to death against the cliffs. Their small fluffy bodies had lain upon the stones below, suddenly still—and by and by the tide had swept them away; some of them, even, had been cast on their own island of Tinomana.

More than ever she hated to see Leo go over to Takau that morning. There was no logic in it; simply, she felt so.

To keep herself from thinking—above all, from thinking about that decision of hers, that lay cold in her warm heart like a snake coiled up in a dove's nest—she set to work getting things ready for Leo's dinner. Curry she would make; there was no fresh meat, and tinned stuff wanted dressing. Salt meat, she knew, was kept upon Takau. Maybe he'd bring a bit back with him; they didn't use it, as a rule, in that thirsty climate.

Meantime she got to work upon her curry, gathering fresh herbs to flavour it, and not forgetting the red peppers that Leo loved; he had learned to like strong spices in his Eastern travels. The peppers were nearly done, but she found a bush of good ones right down on the beach, finest and biggest she had seen. You didn't put them into the curry: you squeezed their juice through a cloth. She didn't mind the trouble, though for herself she preferred the plainest food. Men must be humoured.

NO sound, as yet, had come from the other island, and she could not see Leo or Winder. They must have gone down to the beach, she thought, and that was odd, for the beach was the last place where Leo desired to see strangers.

Lunch was finished, cooked, set ready to warm up when wanted, and still there was no sign of the men. Cecily was growing uneasy. Like Malbrouk's wife, she went up to the top of the island, looked out to see where Leo and Winder had gone. . . . There, there, at last! They were coming slowly round the corner of the cliffs; they must have walked the whole way round Takau. What could have kept them, and what was it they were carrying?

She asked herself, but she knew. It was George Grant.

A long way off, across the empty sea, a pencil streak of black began to show. The launch was on its way. So quiet was the place that you could hear, miles off, the faint put-put of the engine. Who was going back again by that launch, and who would never go?

She ran to the beach. No Bluebeard's chamber terrors would have kept her from Takau if the canoe had been there for her use. But it was on the opposite shore, and she had to wait until, slowly, loaded with a burden that was almost too much for the small craft, the canoe, paddled by Leo Gamble, with Winder as passenger, came to land. Across the outrigger they had laid the body of Grant. Just as he looked when she left him in Dunwoodie he looked now—the fair, reddish face that she hated, the thick lips, the light hair fringing the half-bald, round head. But the eyes were closed, and she was sure in that moment that they would never open upon her again.

"Go up to the house," Leo told her.

"What is it?" she asked him before she went. She was shaking all over; her voice sounded strange in her ears; but Leo was perfectly calm.

"Grant has fallen; killed himself, it seems," he answered.

Winder cut in: "We found him at the bottom of the cliffs. He appears to have gone wandering in the night and fallen over." Winder seemed to be disturbed and puzzled. "It was a fine night," he said. "Moonlight, too. I—I can't understand. I—I—but, of course, no suspicion can possibly attach——"

"What does he mean?" Cecily asked, staring.

"I should suppose, what he says. Cecily, you heard me."

Obedience had become part of her nature. She left the two, and went to her own room. George was dead. No one could do anything for him. And she was free. She fell upon her bed.

Late in the afternoon she woke from a sleep of exhaustion. The house was very still. A long way off, the put-put of the launch sounded faintly across the sea, as she had heard it in the morning. Then it had been approaching, now it was dying away. She did not need to ask who, and what, had gone away with it.

(*Continued on page* 148)

Before and after 'the event'

You will, if you are wise, go to your doctor about 6 months before baby is born and ask him for advice. He will probably advise you on what is best to eat to ensure plenty of Nourishment, Vitamins and Minerals for your unborn baby's health. These essentials will also give every chance of your own breast milk being plentiful and healthy.

Mrs. O. W. F. (Surrey) this baby's mother says:
"I am sending you a photograph of my son which I think you will agree shows him to be the picture of health.
He has been fed on Allenburys from birth, has gained steadily and at 12 months weighs 24½ lbs. He is considered a fine, happy and contented child in every way and I attribute this greatly to your wonderful food."

BUT WHAT IF YOU CAN'T BREAST FEED?

Some method of artificial feeding must be used. Baby must still receive those essentials—Nourishment, Vitamins and Minerals, and his food must be as palatable and *digestible* as breast milk.

A SCIENTIFIC SUBSTITUTE.

We know that Allenburys Foods Nos. 1, 2 & 3 contain that Nourishment, Vitamins and Minerals in plenty. We don't just make dried milk and trust to luck that it will be a suitable baby food. Our Foods are scientifically and carefully 'Humanized'; they are made very readily digestible by a special process; and extra Minerals and Vitamins are added to make up for the deficiency in ordinary cows' milk. And babies love Allenburys.

SHILLINGS & PENCE.

In spite of all this Allenburys is cheaper, worked out on *weekly* cost, than most other Infant foods.

THE 'WISE MOTHERCRAFT BUREAU'.

The Bureau is in charge of a woman doctor, who likes to keep in touch with mothers and help them with problems of feeding, clothing, teething, etc. She has written an encyclopædia about children called 'Wise Babycraft' (which, incidentally, tells you of our many other products specially made for babies). We shall be glad to send you a copy if you will complete the coupon below.

Allenburys

FOODS FOR INFANTS

Allenburys No. 1. From birth to three months. In tins at 2/-, 3/9 & 7/-.

Allenburys No. 2. From three to six months. In tins at 2/-, 3/9 & 7/-.

Allenburys No. 3. From six to nine months. In tins at 1/3, 2/6 & 6/3.

Allenburys Rusks. Trial carton 6d. In Tins at 1/3, 2/3 & 4/6.

FOR FREE SAMPLE

Fill in your baby's birthday, or expected birthday, write your name and address clearly in the white margin below and post to Allen & Hanburys Ltd. (Dept. A), 37 Lombard Street, London, E.C.3

Baby's Birthday was .... **is expected to be** .... F6/FD E

Leo came into the room ; he looked strangely, she thought, pale and feverish. Was he going to be ill, out here on lonely Tinomana ? The worst fear that can grip at the lonely settler's heart, the terror that is the price of pioneering, held her in its clutches.

" Are you all right ? " she asked. It was not what she had expected to say to him in this, the first moment of their freedom—this day that made it possible for her to become at last an " honest woman."

Leo passed a hand over his eyes. " I think so," he said. Then : " You've had no lunch."

" I didn't want any. I'll make a cup of tea."

" Give me some when you do. I believe I've got a touch of that confounded Egyptian malaria." He went into the sitting-room and lay down on the couch.

There was a flagstaff on the island. Cecily looked at Leo once, twice, with her heart beating in her temples, and her fingers turning cold. Then she went to the top of Tinomana, and ran the flag up, half-mast high. They mightn't see it from Meitaki, and then again they might, if anyone was looking at the island through a glass. She could only hope.

WHEN she came back to the sitting-room he was flinging himself about like a mad beast, falling against the furniture, striking his head upon the walls. Just as the little land birds had done against the cruel cliffs of Takau, when the evil spirit of that island had seized upon them, and driven them to their death, as the devils in Holy Writ seized the swine, and sent them rushing violently down a steep place into the sea.

Into the sea ! One thought only held Cecily in that moment. George had gone rushing out from the hut upon Takau, like the birds, like the swine, and flung himself over the cliffs. She knew it now. If she could not prevent him, Leo would do the same. The devils of Takau had hold of him.

He seemed to be blind. He did not see her come in. He went on flinging himself about, crying strange and dreadful things. Cecily darted to the door, locked it, and put the key down the front of her dress. Then she backed behind the sofa, and stood there staring. Was he possessed ? was he mad ?

The fit went over. He had groped, sightlessly, to the door ; had fought with the handle, and found it locked. Just for a moment she feared he might use his terrible strength to break the door ; but suddenly the madness seemed to pass, and he sank down upon a chair.

" Cecily," he said, in a voice not unlike his own.

" Dear," she answered him, coming forth fearlessly, and laying her hand in his. " What is it ? Are you ill ? "

He said : " What was in the food you gave me ? "

He's still out of his senses, she thought. " Nothing, love," she answered. " Just curry."

" Was there fruit in the curry ? "

" No. Only peppers."

" What peppers ? Bring them."

She saw that he must be humoured. She went down to the beach, and picked some of the peppers, the large long ones, that she had squeezed for lunch. " They're very hard," she told him, returning. " Maybe not quite ripe ; but they were all I could get."

He took the fruit in his hands and felt it. She heard him give a groan. " Are you feeling ill ? " she asked anxiously. He did not answer, but presently he said : " You've always obeyed me. Break off that bush and throw it into the sea. Go now."

Again she did his bidding, and came back. " Was it bad? Was there anything wrong?" she asked, almost unable to speak.

Leo drew himself erect, and spoke the bravest words of all his life.

" Nothing," he said. " I'm just a little—ill. Give me your hand back to the house."

He stumbled ; she helped him into the bedroom, and led him (for he could not find his way) to the bed. He lay down upon it, and turned his face towards the wall.

Disturbed, she left him there, and went out, once more like Malbrouk's wife, to look forth and see if anyone was coming. A long way off, the launch from Meitaki could be seen, beginning to cross. It would be there in an hour, she thought, and it would—she hoped—bring help.

When the launch appeared there were two men in it—Winder and another man, whom she recognised as the doctor from the port of entry.

" Anything wrong ? " the doctor asked briskly.

" It's my—my husband," Cecily said, faltering a little over the word. " He's got an attack of some sort of fever—I don't understand it—he went crazy for about a minute, and he doesn't seem to see very well."

The doctor exchanged a significant glance with Winder.

" Two in one day," he said. " Lucky my last job was in Queensland. You might take me to the patient."

They walked together up the hill, and the doctor kept glancing sharply about him as they went. He seemed to be on the look-out for something that he did not find.

Leo would not let her come into the room. He spoke to the doctor by himself ; she heard their voices murmuring, but could not guess at what they said. Winder stood in the outer room, whistling uneasily, and did not look at her.

By and by the doctor came out. " You can go in now," he said. Leo was sitting on the side of the bed. " You'd better know," he said. " I'm blind."

She felt as if she had been struck on the heart. " It isn't true ! "

" It is true. There's a "—he hesitated—" a fever on Takau, and I got it. I shall never see again. You'd better pack up and go back to New Zealand. You don't want to be a blind man's dog the rest of your life."

She was kneeling beside him, her arms round him. (Continued on page 150)

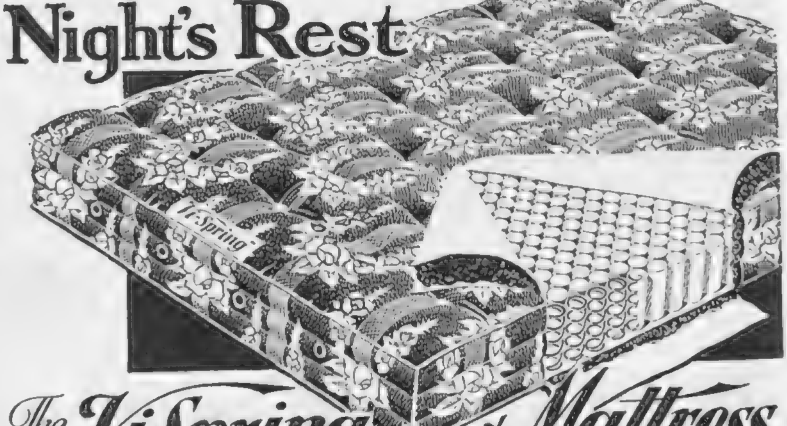
Vi-Spring Mattress
Vi-Spring
Sole Manufacturers
Vi-Spring Products Ltd.
LONDON, N.W.
DO NOT ROLL — KEEP FLAT

YOUR GUARANTEE
of a Good Night's Rest

Every genuine 'Vi-Spring' bears the above label.

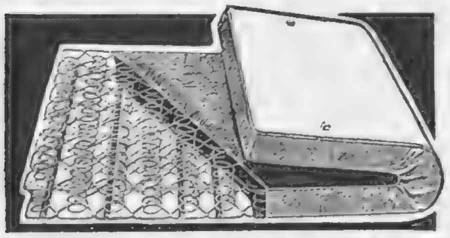
If you are buying bedding, leave nothing to chance, buy a 'Vi-Spring.' Luxurious comfort alone should influence you in this, but there is also the healthful sleep point of view. Correct bodily support, so essential to sound, restful sleep is assured when you sleep on a 'Vi-Spring.' It is one of the many finer features which hand craftsmanship, fine quality materials and over 35 years' experience in the building of better bedding have introduced into this famous overlay mattress.

But when buying, remember that a mattress is not a 'Vi-Spring' just because it contains springs in separate pockets. Since the 'Vi-Spring,' the original pocketed spring mattress, first gained its great reputation as the most luxurious overlay made, it has been followed by innumerable imitations. Look, therefore, for the label bearing the registered name 'Vi-Spring.' It is your guarantee of luxury, reliability and lasting service.



The Vi-Spring OVERLAY Mattress
REG TRADE MARK

The Vitoflex
MATTRESS SUPPORT



An efficient support is essential as a base for any spring centred overlay mattress. On the Vitoflex Mattress Support every spring in the Vi-Spring Overlay is fully sustained and the utmost comfort and durability thus ensured. The ingenious construction of the 'Vitoflex' prevents any possibility of sagging. It can be truly claimed that the Vi-Spring-Vitoflex Combination is the World's greatest contribution to perfect sleep.

The 'Vito' Overlay Mattress

The unique shape and clever assemblage of the springs in this non-pocketed spring overlay give it a sturdiness which will ensure years of service. Its fine quality springs and generous layers of soft upholstery make the 'Vito' extremely comfortable. Judged by its great durability and moderate price the 'Vito' is the cheapest overlay mattress made. Maximum comfort and durability are ensured by its use with a Vitoflex Mattress Support.

SOLD BY ALL RELIABLE HOUSE FURNISHERS.

Beautifully Illustrated Catalogue sent post free on request to Sole Manufacturers :

★ ★ Vi-Spring Products Ltd 97 Vi-Spring Works Victoria Road, Willesden Junction, London.N.W.10. ★ ★

By Appointment.

YARDLEY

Beauty Replacements
from Bond Street
in demand all over the world

Spring in Rotten Row, where every sun finds more clear Yardley complexions.

A Leaf from Nature's Beauty Book

YARDLEY
Toning Lotion
YARDLEY
YARDLEY
Cream

Frankly, could your skin be improved now that you look at it in golden spring sunlight? Then let us tell you of the women everywhere who have banished complexion flaws simply by taking a leaf from Nature. She, wise creature, is now making smooth soft petals everywhere—by renewing the vital saps that feed them. And so with women—your roughened, aged skin is caused by the winter depletion of similar vital elements. To be beautiful, you must put them back again. That is the secret of the world-wide demand for Yardley beauty replacements. Not beauty substitutes—but simplified, lovely equivalents of the substances that function in a perfect skin. You may need more of one than another, so have your first treatments in the Bond Street Salon, if you can, to find out which ones you most lack. Otherwise you're safe—and so much lovelier—in following the post-winter treatment below. Send for the book "Beauty Secrets from Bond Street" to help you.

YARDLEY TREATMENT FOR EARLY SPRING

All Skins: ***Liquefying Cleansing Cream,*** for cleansing at night, equivalent to the non-greasy, cleansing oil in a perfect youthful skin. Oily and Normal Skins: Use after washing with Yardley English Lavender Soap. All Skins: (in spring) ***Skin Food,*** to replace the skin's own depleted nutritive elements, at night. All Skins: ***Toning Lotion:*** for a morning face bath. Normal and Dry Skins: ***Complexion Cream:*** with additional nutriment as a powder base. (Greasy Skins: ***Complexion Milk:*** for normal pore control). All Skins: ***English Complexion Powder,*** with special ingredients to withstand our trying English climate and protect our sensitive skins. Large sizes, Creams, Lotions 7/6. ***Cream Rouge,*** 2/-, ***Lipstick,*** 3/-, ***Eye-shadow,*** 2/-. Obtainable at the better Chemists and Stores.

Creams and Lotions
3/6 EACH

FACIAL TREATMENTS USING THESE LOVELY REPLACEMENTS OF NATURAL BEAUTY IN THE YARDLEY TREATMENT SALON, 5/6, 10/6, 12/6.

33 OLD BOND STREET
REGENT 1501 • LONDON, W.1

GREAT ACTRESSES USE
DOGE CREAM

Miss Madge Titheradge thinks there is nothing like Doge Cream.

Five points why you should use this Magic Complexion Restorer

Doge Cream is definitely a complete, miraculous restorer. However sallow or patchy your complexion, Doge Cream is guaranteed to make it flawlessly beautiful.

Being rich in Almond Oil, Doge Cream preserves the skin, banishes all wrinkles, and promotes a lovely, peach-like bloom. Doge Cream does not dry up the skin. It is not a vanishing cream. Doge Cream feeds the skin making it firm and gloriously beautiful.

Smear Doge Cream round the eyes, and overnight, wrinkles vanish as if by magic. Doge Cream is positively unique. It is prepared from a secret and priceless old Venetian recipe.

Doge Cream does not grow hair. It transforms the worst complexion to perfect loveliness, as no other cream will.

Countless Society women who owe their beauty to Doge Cream form the most convincing living proof of its value.

Try Doge Cream and you will never again use any other. It is the most marvellous and quick-acting preparation ever invented in the cause of beauty culture.

In Tubes 6D & 9D In Pots 1/- & 2/-

Obtainable from all Chemists and stores, or direct from the:

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO. LTD. (Dept. De 46)
40 Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, N.19

Why a Ladye Jayne ensures Hair Beauty

★ Perfect Fit
★ Perfect Shape
★ No Elastic
★ Stays 'Put'

WEAR A
Ladye Jayne
SLUMBER HELMET

ASK TO SEE THESE NEW LINES
No. 878, 1/-. No. 84, 1/6. No. 85, 2/6.
From all good HAIRDRESSERS
STORES and BOOTS

"But I do, I do. I'll be your dog—your wife—anything. I'll send for the missionary to marry us to-morrow."

"You would do that?"

"A hundred times, yes."

He was going to speak, but Winder had come into the room, noisily. Cecily thought she heard him more and more; always he seemed to be in the way—always meddling. He said now, in his clipped, pompous manner: "I think this lady ought to know the real state of affairs before she binds herself to do anything of the sort. She isn't free."

Cecily said "What!"

"Perhaps she was not informed that Mr. George Grant is recovering."

"She would have been informed in a minute," Leo said coolly. Mr. Winder looked at him as if he did not believe him. Cecily said, "Was my—was Mr. Grant badly hurt?"

"Pretty badly," Winder answered, "and there seems to be an injury to his eyes."

"Will he be——" She could not finish.

Winder said, "Doctor says no one can tell that."

"And now," said Leo, "you can damned well go."

Winder hesitated, turned and left the room.

Outside the doctor stood with him on the crest of the island, and looked across at Takau. "A clear case, from what Grant was able to tell me," he said. "The finger-cherry of North Queensland, classified by the Government as a noxious weed; probably brought over to Takau by some accident—Queensland's the next land—but what the devil set Grant to eating it?"

"He said there was nothing but salt meat in the hut, and hardly any water. He saw the finger-cherries at the door of the hut, and he was thirsty."

"And of course he ate some; they're tempting things, curse them! Look a bit like peppers, but taste very well. In Queensland I've had a whole family of children brought in to me, blind as bats, and most of them for life; it gets the optic nerve. Birds too; the fruit-eaters peck at them, and go mad and blind and fall into the sea; and I dare say that's how some of the seeds have been carried to these islands, where people know nothing about them. I'll see to having them rooted out of Takau. I wonder Gamble didn't do it; he can't have known. Poor chap, he'll suffer enough for his carelessness."

"I wonder too," said Winder. "About quite a lot of things . . . . Do you think Grant'll get back his sight?"

"Quite possible; I judge he didn't have near as much of the poison as the other fellow. Gamble might never see that pretty girl again."

"Do you mean that she'll return to her husband?"

"I do not mean anything of the kind. But with women—one never knows. Anyhow, if Grant does get better, and if he's a soul anywhere in that big carcass of his, he'll let her go."

Winder said, "He might. What are Gamble's chances of recovery?"

"One can only say—perhaps."

IN the bedroom Cecily sat beside her lover. "What about it?" he asked her, holding on to her hand. She did not pretend to misunderstand him. "I'm going to stay," she said. "I know I'm wicked, but I don't care—now—how wicked I am."

Leo laughed—he could actually laugh!—as he put his arms about her. "There'll be a pair of us, then," he said. She was never to know what he meant.

END

For the Trumpet Shall Sound

(*Continued from page 79*)

might have come through his ordeal, if not with glory at least without shame. No man likes being shot at. But one has to assume a cheerful indifference for the sake of others and for one's own good name. It is, in most cases, only the fear of showing fear that creates courage. Unfortunately Ronnie's fear was greater than his honour. But the Risaldar Major was careful to stand between him and the men after the first few shots had been fired.

Valerie had no fear at all. This is where women score so heavily over men, pain and suffering being a part of their lives and holding no unknown terrors for them. So she struggled up the ladder which led to the gallery above the Gate.

At first she didn't see Ronnie. It was only when the Risaldar came to her at the head of the ladder, and tried to get her to go back, that she noticed her husband crouched behind the parapet, taking no part in the fighting. She asked: "Is the sahib wounded?" And the Risaldar lied promptly that this was indeed so and that he would send him down to the Mess a little later. But she brushed past him and crossed the bullet-swept gallery to Ronnie's side.

"Are you hurt, dear?" she asked, as she knelt beside him. And then she saw his face, convulsed with fear. And because one does not trouble overmuch about the nicer formalities, nor mince one's words when the bullets are putting up spurts of dust and whining in the air, she said: "My God, Ronnie, you're yellow!" and started to limp blindly back to the ladder. He called after her, trying to tell her that the man beside him had been hit; that he had heard for the first time the sickening "crack" of a bullet striking home into living flesh; that his nerves were all to hell because of an attack of malaria. She took no heed. Ronnie was always over-ready with excuses, but this time it was too late; she would hear no more. She took his cowardice hard, for she had loved the man.

Ronnie, having seen her eyes, knew that he had lost her. Yet he still could not bring himself to face the enemy, even when the Risaldar Major stooped over him and tried to encourage him "for the sake of the Mem-sahib." For the Indian officer, too, had seen Valerie's eyes.

Almost as soon as she got back to the Mess the firing at the Gate died down, and Valerie saw the Risaldar Major coming across the square. He was bearing Ronnie's body in his arms and cried out to her:

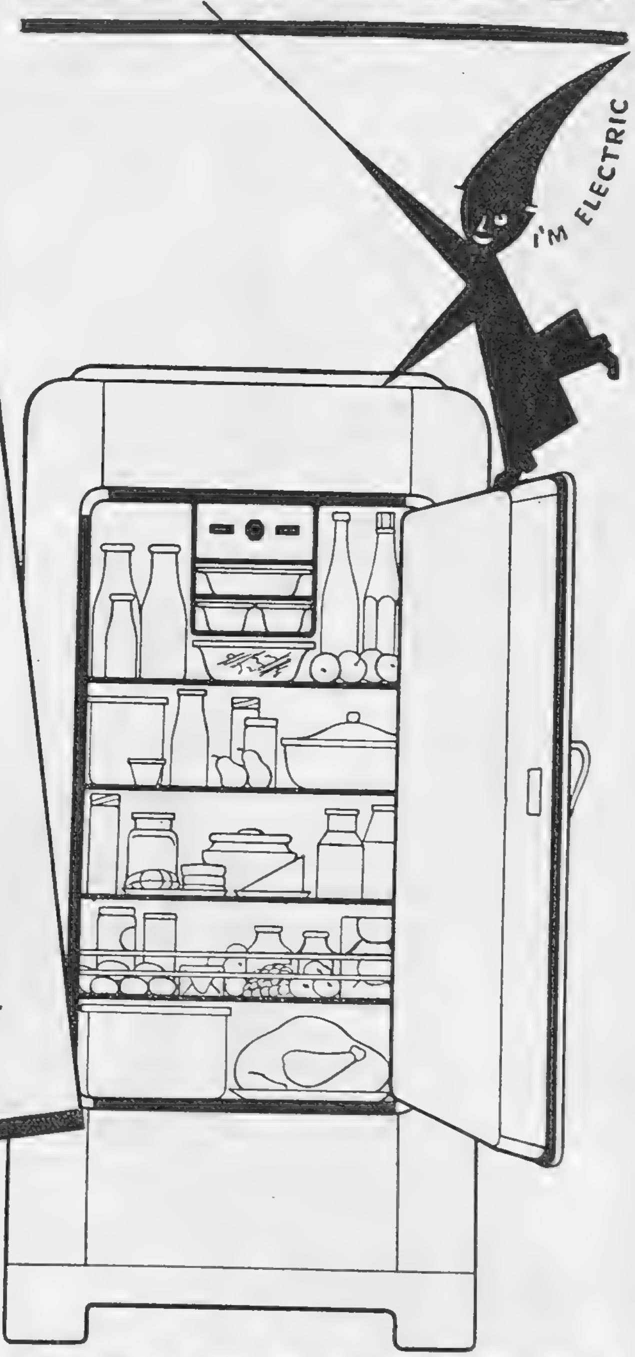
"Did I not tell thee the sahib was wounded? His head was turned from thee and thou didst not notice. But look . . . " He placed Ronnie at her feet and showed the dull red mark on his left temple from which the blood still oozed. But she knew that no bullet could have made that mark, and the Risaldar Major could not meet her eyes when she asked how it had happened. She bent to examine the wound. It was roughly V-shaped and could only have been made with the narrowing steel guard of a cavalry sabre, such a sabre as swung at the Risaldar Major's left side. But when she would have questioned him further, the man had gone.

FOR twenty-two hours Ronnie lay in the hospital, although he was far less hurt than most of the men lining the defences. At the end of that time Alison insisted he should walk round the post. This was not sheer brutality, for by now the Major could almost feel a certain sympathy for this wreck of a man. He realised that the knowledge of his own cowardice and of the fact that Valerie was now irretrievably lost to him must be driving Swain almost mad. Cowardice, Alison thought, might have compensations, but nothing on God's earth could ever replace Valerie. But he had heard the men whispering among themselves about the strange sahib who would not fight, and this was bad. Therefore Alison ordered Swain to walk with him that rumour might be stilled.

When Ronnie saw the handful of wounded left to hold the defences, and looked out into the growing twilight and saw the hordes of enemy massing in

(*Continued on page 152*)

An Electric Refrigerator is the best investment



DEFINITELY cheapest to buy and to run!

MORE SPACE for less cost

HEALTHIER – gives lower temperatures for storing food

ECONOMICAL – allows you to buy food in bigger quantities on cheapest days in the knowledge that everything will keep fresh in the refrigerator

Only an *electric* refrigerator gives all these advantages

Demonstrations at your nearest electrical showrooms or retailer

own an ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR

ISSUED BY THE BRITISH ELECTRICAL DEVELOPMENT ASSOCIATION, 2 SAVOY HILL, LONDON the rocks, he clutched at Alison's arm and muttered:

"You can't do it, Major. You can't hold out. What shall we do? Isn't it possible to make terms?"

"Surrender with the honours of war?" grinned Alison through the blood and filth that smeared his face. "Sorry, but the Halalis' ideas of the honours of war don't correspond with ours."

"When is the earliest the relieving column can reach us? Why in hell can't they send up troop-carrying planes?"

"Couldn't land here, Swain: too rocky."

"Are we to be left to our fate?" Ronnie was almost sobbing. Alison took pity on him and tried to comfort him.

"Cheer up," he said; "we've had a message that an armoured car company is trying to get through from Dag Sara. With any luck they'll make it and should arrive about dawn to-morrow."

"Dawn to-morrow? What good is that?" Ronnie waved towards the darkening hills. "Those devils will be in with their next attack. As to fighting them off for another twelve hours, it's impossible. We shall be massacred in the post—slaughtered like rats in a trap . . ."

The drums in the distance were beating up to a crescendo. The shouts of the tribesmen were clearly audible. Alison was more than half inclined to agree with Swain, but he said stiffly:

"A certain Scottish general once stated: 'We maun juist fecht.' That seems to be the only possible solution to our present tactical problem, Mr. Swain."

And with that he turned on his heel and went back to the South Bastion, leaving Ronnie standing irresolute in front of the Mess.

And as he stood there, the clamour without the walls swelled to a roar and the Halali attack was launched.

This time they attacked at all points. They, too, had heard of the armoured cars hurrying up from Dag Sara and they knew their time was short. Their very precipitation was their undoing, for the swarming hosts made easy targets and the losses they suffered in that wild assault discouraged them from pressing home their other attacks during the night.

Just before the shells from the light guns of the armoured cars started to burst over them, they made one more attempt to force the Main Gate, and when, later, Major Alison was able to go and inspect the position, he saw how near to success they had come.

Unnoticed, Valerie joined him as he stood with the Risaldar Major looking down at that which lay about the battered gate.

She saw the wooden door had actually been forced open and held by a log thrust through from outside. She saw the ring of Halali dead which lay around that gap. And she saw the body of a man in khaki, stretched in the gap, still facing the enemy, with a rifle and fixed bayonet beside it. . . .

"We did what we could by fire from above, sahib," the Risaldar Major was saying, "but had it not been for this gallantry, they must have forced an entrance. There be fifteen Halali dead here. . . ."

But she heard no more, for she was on her knees beside all that was left of her husband, and Alison drew the Risaldar Major aside that they might not witness her grief.

When they were back on the gallery, the Major faced his Indian officer.

"And now, the truth, Risaldar Major Sahib," he said curtly.

"The truth, sahib?"

"Aye, the truth. Oh, fool, could I not see that all the Halali dead at the gate had perished, not by the rifle and bayonet we found there, but from sabre cuts?"

The Risaldar Major shifted his feet unhappily. At last:

"It is so, sahib. I will tell all. When there was a lull in the fighting at the Gate, I chanced to look down and saw the stranger sahib creeping out of the post.

"I thought he might have some scheme whereby he should retrieve his honour; there was a gun up the nullah to our left front which could have been put out of action by a determined man armed with a few bombs.

"I was pleased, for I had taken an interest in the sahib since thou hadst put him in my charge. So I followed him, hoping to give him aid.

"We passed among the dead scattered beneath the wall and, still unknowing of my presence, he turned into the nullah where stood the gun. But there he stopped, under the cover of a rock, and I waited out of sight for him to go forward again. But, as he remained there for some little time, I crept round the rock to investigate. And there I saw a Halali bending over a khaki-clad figure at his feet, and I thought the sahib had been killed and was being mutilated by his slayer. So, sahib, I struck.

"But when my victim's face was turned to the sky I saw that the supposed Halali I had killed was the sahib, and that he had changed clothes with the dead tribesman over whom he had been bending."

Alison wondered what crazy plan had been evolved by the terror-driven mind of Ronnie Swain. Perhaps he had tried to stage his own death. The body in his clothes would be past identification after one night in the open, when the jackals had finished with it. And if by chance it survived the night, the hot sun of India does its work rapidly. Or perhaps fear of being trapped had driven him to attempt an escape, dressed as a native, towards the relieving column, although this would require a good deal of explanation later. The first idea was the more probable—to return as a friendly native to civilisation and then a fresh life, free from the accusing eyes of Valerie . . . the man had nothing to lose.

"If I have done wrong, sahib, I must face my court-martial," the Risaldar Major continued. "But there was little time to think, either when I struck the blow that killed him or later.

(*Continued on page* 154)

An R·G·D Radio Gramophone will give years of enjoyment. Its period of maximum efficiency is not measured in months, but years.

R.G.D. may cost a trifle more than the average receiver or radio gramophone, but as you desire only the finest attainable performance you will realise that to get it you must pay a little more. Do not purchase radio on price and then expect fine performance, or you will be disappointed. In every R.G.D. instrument is a specification unequalled by any other. Everything that contributes to perfect performance is embodied in R.G.D. regardless of cost.

And when you listen to broadcast speech and music from the five continents you will marvel at the uncannily lifelike reproduction, at the simplicity with which you can tune in Japan, America, Australia and Europe. You can pick up aircraft, ship and amateur transmissions with ease and without interference.

And orchestral music? Reproduction that is virtually re-creation.

Enjoy the finest that radio can offer. Instal an R.G.D. in your home, the "Aristocrat of the Radio World."

ALL WAVE AUTOMATIC RADIO GRAMOPHONES 45 to 120 Gns.

ALL WAVE RECEIVER, 25 Gns. ALL WAVE CONSOLE, 30 Gns.

Descriptive Literature sent on request

RADIO GRAMOPHONE DEVELOPMENT CO. LTD., GLOBE WORKS, BIRMINGHAM 6

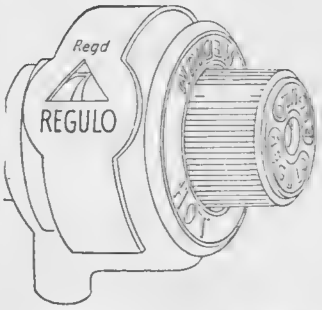
LONDON—40 Doughty Street, W.C.1 MANCHESTER—17 Bridge Street

'The Aristocrats of R·G·D the Radio World'

Of course I can —

I'm not tied to the kitchen

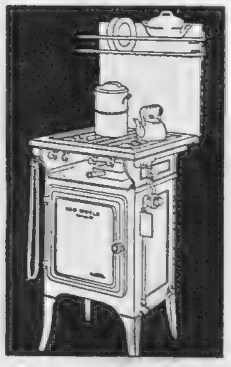
I'm a regular 'REGULO' fan!



You think that because I haven't got a maid, I must spend a lot of time cooking meals. But it's the 'Regulo' on my New World Cooker that does the work! I just set the 'Regulo.' Five! Six! Seven! . . . or whatever number the Cookery Chart tells me. Then into the oven goes the whole dinner. Not a thing to do once it is in the oven—and we never hear the words 'overdone' or 'underdone' now!

Why, I'd feel as lost without my New World Gas Cooker and the 'Regulo' as I would without my telephone.

The 'Regulo' Cooking Numbers appear in the triangular opening as the knob is rotated. The three sides of the triangle are a reminder of the features that have made the New World the most perfect cooking oven obtainable, i.e., Single Oven Burner, Direct-Bottom-Flue-Outlet, and the 'Regulo' Automatic Oven-Heat Control. These three features together are distinctive of the New World Cooker with which the highest standard of cooking is attainable.



FREE. An invaluable little booklet "Casserole Cooking" that gives you many helpful suggestions about meals which cook themselves, together with 'Regulo' settings and cooking times. Send Postcard or Post Coupon TO-DAY. No kitchen should be without this booklet.

COUPON

To Radiation Ltd., (Dept.S58/7),
164, *Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.*
Please send me your free Booklet "Casserole Cooking."

NAME..

ADDRESS..

....

Post under ½d. stamp

MADE BY

Radiation

NEW WORLD

REGULO-CONTROLLED PORCELAIN ENAMELLED

GAS COOKERS

SEE THEM AT YOUR GAS SHOWROOMS

"I would have tried to get back with the sahib's body and with his clothes, for it would not be well that the sahib's clothes should be found on a Halali outside the post, but there was no time to strip the man. A band of tribesmen had seen us and were trying to cut us off. So I seized both bodies and ran for the Gate, dragging them after me. It was but a short distance, but I was nearly overtaken; so close were they that one was able to throw a log within the Gate before I could close it. So I turned and fought, sahib, and thou knowest with what result.

"The main attack started just then, and the men on the gallery above me drove it off with their fire. And after it was over I so arranged things that the sahib, again in his own clothes, lay among the dead in the Gate. But my sword I could not leave him, so I threw down the rifle and bayonet that disclosed all to thine eyes. Have I done wrong, sahib?"

"Why didst thou this thing?" Alison asked softly.

"Sahib, it was once a man. It is not well that any woman should think ill of her man. And I had seen the Mem-sahib look at him as though he were beneath contempt, as indeed, sahib, he was. But now she thinks well of him, and that is as it should be between man and wife."

"Thou hast done wisely," said Alison, laying his hand on the Indian's shoulder.

For the Trumpet Shall Sound

"All things shall be left as thou didst plan them. None shall be any the wiser and so be made unhappier."

However, Alison was to revise his opinion of the Risaldar Major's wisdom during the following weeks.

For Valerie could not forgive herself for so misjudging her gallant husband.

She felt the only way she could atone for her cruelty was by dedicating her life to his memory.

For this reason she steadfastly refused to marry Major Mark Alison, who, if not so confirmed, is still a bachelor.

END

A Breath of Ozone

(Continued from page 29)

moment or two, wondering what was going to happen next, Alice managed to extricate herself. Blown inside out and drenched to the skin, she crawled towards the companionway, and was hauled inside by an abrupt member of the crew, who pushed her through a crack and banged the door shut after her.

Inside everyone was saying how rough everything was, and holding on to pieces of furniture that moved, but moved less rapidly than they themselves did. No one took much notice of Alice. Someone said "Caught by a wave, I suppose?" rather reproachfully, as if it wasn't a nice thing for a young woman to be caught by. Everyone looked offended and rather disbelieving when Alice told them that the verandah, potted palms and all, had been rushed out to sea.

She didn't say "swept" because, although it was no doubt the right expression, her feeling was that the verandah had slid over the side of its own accord. She still felt outraged when she remembered the coarse whistle it gave as it went.

The ship had never been as large as Alice had supposed that ships for cruises always were. It was rather a cheap cruise, and quite a small old liner had been chosen for it. People who had never mentioned this fact before became critical of it now, and expressed a desire to attack the shipping company.

Alice wasn't exactly nervous of the storm. She had spent all her life observing, and as soon as she had managed to change her clothes she went back to the lounge, where most people sat, and went on observing.

A great many passengers went on playing games with a sort of sick absorption, as if their interest in something else might keep the storm at bay. It was their own nerves, Alice thought, that they really wanted to keep at bay; and they were not succeeding, nor were those who fell back on drink succeeding any better.

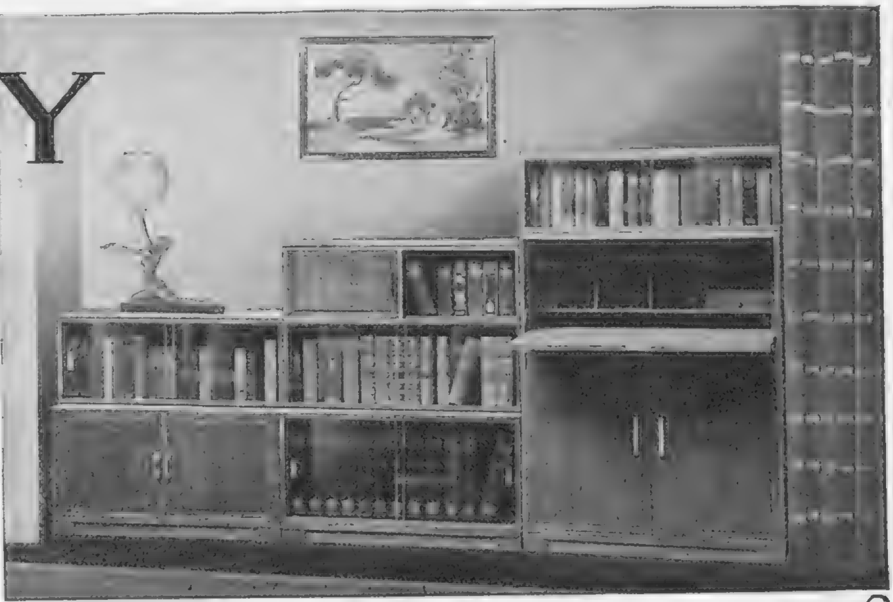
Some people were unusually quiet and stayed close together; a very small remnant surrounded the elderly clergyman, who looked embarrassed until a firm unmarried lady, who knew how to set the clergy off, suggested hymns. These were, Alice thought, for those who liked them, rather a success. There was a little harmonium in the children's playroom, and the firm lady played on it, while all the children, and several grown-up people, gathered round and sang. In the smoking-room men talked loudly of other, worse storms, they had encountered, and were listened to gratefully by a group of less accomplished travellers.

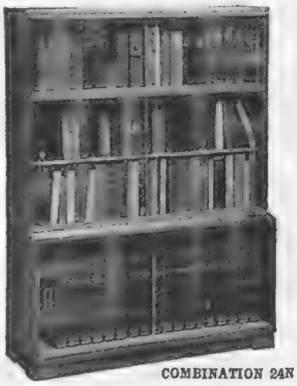
Every now and then a great wave slapped the ship's side with the careless familiar whack of a slum mother correcting her offspring.

The ship shivered through and through under this rebuke, and people stopped whatever they were doing to look up, as passers-by look up when a tyre bursts in a street, thankful, after a moment's pause, that it is only a tyre, and not a revolver shot.

DINNER was served as usual, and stewards heroically fought to keep an incredible balance. Nobody ate very much; no ship's officers were there except the chief purser and the doctor, who were dangerously cheerful, and talked as if they weren't on the sea at all. It was, Alice thought, kind of them, but quite useless, because by now everyone knew that they had been caught by a hurricane—the "tail end"

(Continued on page 156)





MINTY

Bookcases

Neo-Craft Styles

COMBINATION 30N shown right. A neat Wall Fitment incorporating Bureau. Height 4 ft. 6½ in. Width 8 ft. 9 in. Oak £25.2.6. Prices of separate stacks leading from left to right, £5.13.0, £6.16.6, £12.13.0. Also in Walnut, Mahogany, Waxed and Limed finishes.

COMBINATION 24N shown below. Height 3 ft. 11½ in. Width 2 ft. 11 in. Price for complete stack. Oak £7.11.0.
Also in Walnut, Mahogany, Waxed and Limed finishes.

COMBINATION 24N

As a man builds up his library, book by book, through the years, so can he build up his Minty Bookcase, section by section. Whether he be bibliophile or just the owner of a few treasured volumes, a Minty Bookcase provides them with a worthy home; keeping them clean, orderly, free from dust; emphasising the beauty of beautiful bindings; bringing a new dignity and an atmosphere of restful quietude to the room. Smooth sliding, plate-glass panels, with recessed finger pulls, give easy access to each unit, and do not require the space of hinged doors. Minty stacks can be arranged to fill a corner, a wall, or to line a complete room. The inclusion of writing desks and cupboards minimises the need for separate furniture; and the quality of woods, fineness of grain and perfection of finish, being Minty, may be taken for granted.

MINTY BOOKCASES CAN BE PURCHASED BY DEFERRED PAYMENTS

Write for ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, containing fullest particulars of MINTY Bookcases, including various period styles at moderate prices.

Minty LTD

(DEPT. 86) - - - - - - 44-45 HIGH STREET, OXFORD
London Showroom - - - - - 123 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1
Manchester Showroom - 5 Exchange Street, St. Ann's Square, Manchester

"Whenever I see hands in a stocking I think, 'Ah, Aristoc!'"

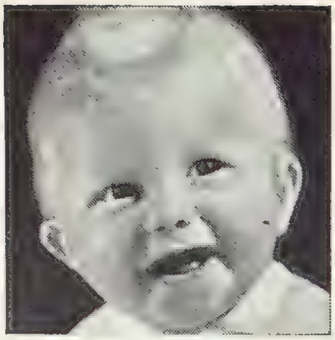
That's because Aristoc and the hand-in-the-stocking have come to stand for one and the same thing: a pure silk stocking of beauty, strength and quality that is truly the 'Aristocrat of Silk Stockings.'

* * * **3/11** TO **10/6**

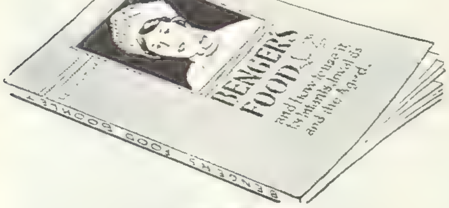
Regd. Trade Mark

THE ARISTOCRAT OF
SILK STOCKINGS

Manufactured by Aristoc Ltd, Nottingham, and distributed to the trade only by W. L. Arber Ltd, 99 Gt. Portland St, London, W.1



Are you looking after a baby? Then, during this critical period, you will find Benger's Booklet very helpful. Specially written by experts, this little booklet is an authoritative guide to the rearing of infants and contains much valuable information for mothers. In the booklet will be found simple instructions on how to prepare Benger's Food for baby and for nursing mothers. So write to-day for it, post free. Benger's Food, Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester, 3.



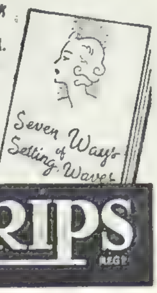
377

CHANGING STYLES in dressing the Hair

Whatever change fashion decrees there is always a use for "KIRBIGRIPS" in preserving the art of the hairdresser. Every woman will appreciate the "KIRBIGRIP" book, illustrating the latest styles of hairdressing.

SEND FOR THIS FREE BOOK to KIRBY BEARD & Co., Ltd. Bradford St., Birmingham then show your hairdresser the style you prefer and let him demonstrate how his work can be maintained with

KIRBIGRIPS


Seven Ways of Setting Waves

of a hurricane, the more optimistic hastened to add. Night fell and most people went to their cabins. Alice was on her way to hers when she met Ray Vincent. He said: "Look here—don't go to bed—come into the smoking-room with me."

He spoke as if there had been no break in their friendship, as if something, behind silences and evasions, had gone on at its own pace, drawing them nearer to each other.

Alice said: "All right, I'll come."

They reached the smoking-room and sat down after wriggling, scrambling and dancing towards the weighted arm-chairs that had, in spite of their weights, become oddly playful. They held themselves more or less near each other by clasping the edge of a table between them that was clamped on to the floor.

People were still talking in the smoking-room, though in order to hear each other they had to shout.

Alice said, as her chair swung close to Ray's: "There is danger, I suppose?"

Ray did not try to juggle with her fears. He said: "Have a cigarette. I suppose so. Shall you try for one of the boats—if they attempt to get them out?"

Alice told him with quiet certainty: "I shan't try for anything."

Ray's eyes, meeting hers, looked rather accusingly at her. "That's just the trouble, isn't it?" he said. "You never do try for anything, do you?" Alice didn't ask him what he meant.

Milly, dressed as usual in something extraordinarily fetching, and wholly inappropriate for a storm at sea, heaved herself across the room, and sank into a third chair that slipped, as if on purpose, between them. Her eyes were wide with terror, and a splash of lipstick had strayed to her chin.

She said: "If—if anything goes wrong, I have to be saved, haven't I? I can't swim like you and Miss Devine. They do save women and children first still, don't they? What are lifeboats for, anyway? God, I wish I hadn't come on this damned cruise!"

Ray Vincent said reassuringly, but not, Alice thought, at all fondly: "There isn't the slightest danger, of course. This boat will weather anything—but naturally, if there should be any danger, you would be saved first."

The wind sounded as if a zoo had been let loose and then tactlessly mingled together. The voices of the gale were multitudinous, and all of them were mad—raving mad, Alice thought, and without a keeper.

A wave crashed down upon the smoking-room with an overwhelming thud. A piece of wall opened; a lilting, dancing grey wave wandered aimlessly across the room, over the neat linoleum floor, working in and out of chairs and tables, till it crashed against the bar, upsetting all the bottles of expensive drinks—so expensive that you paid a shilling for the smallest glasses of anything—and scattered their impotent contents on the floor.

A steward came in, his arms full of lifebelts, and began distributing them as if they were potato chips. He hovered kindly over flustered women, and helped them into the body-belts as if he were an experienced lady's maid. Ray took three belts from a chest near the smoking-room door. "Just for fun!" he told Milly. She flung herself into his arms, sobbing and screaming, and Alice put on her own belt, and then fastened Ray's because he could not get his arms free.

The wave receded, and for a long time nothing further happened; everything seemed to get quieter. People stopped scolding each other, the ship's company, or anyone else whose fault it was that they were suddenly menaced—never, of course, their own.

Then a ship's officer came into the doorway and told people to go to their boat stations—as a preventive measure was what he said.

Very few of the passengers knew where their boat stations were; but the doors were all swung open, and they could go on deck if they liked. Indeed, they could do anything they liked, had there been anything they liked to do!

This situation seemed quite familiar to Alice; and she was luckier than most of the other passengers because she knew exactly what she wanted to do, and had it in her power to do it.

She wanted to stay near Ray Vincent until the last possible moment; and this, it appeared, was what he wanted as well.

"Take her other arm," he told Alice, referring to Milly, who was screaming at the top of her voice and drumming with her heels on the boat, as it pushed itself up under her or fell completely away. Ray took her other side, and between them they half dragged, half carried her out on to the deck.

It was "the open sea" all right, Alice told herself rather grimly, as they leaned against the wind. The noise in the smoking-room had been a gentle murmur compared with the wild shouts of the hurricane on deck. The steady wall of sound was torn up, from time to time, by harsh and hideous shrieks.

The stars ran up and down the sky, dancing above the rigging like a swarm of golden bees, pitching headlong into blackness, only to dance back once more over mast and funnels again, in an unending glee.

Alice could not see any waves, only huge masses of black water, with a line of white foam on their blind, eager lips, lurching towards the ship as if they knew their time had come. Groups of passengers struggled waist-deep in water round the lifeboats, held back by officers and crew. Only the lifeboats on the port side could be used; the rest had gone, or were stoved in by the waves.

Ray told Alice which to try for, and where he thought they could push Milly in.

He let go of her for a moment to strike her across the mouth; this seemed to make Milly sensible enough to do what she was told. "When I say go—go! When I say stand fast—stand fast!" Ray shouted to Alice. She nodded—the deck emptied itself of water, and across its awful slant they lurched with their burden. Alice was enthralled by the effort. It was more exciting and more sinister than her mother's deathbed. It took up her whole strength—more even than her bared wits—it seemed to use the very core of her heart, to get Milly into the boat. The stout wedge they made, the decisiveness they used, with none of the frantic fluster of a personal stake, just sufficed; with the extra help of a ship's officer, at the last moment, they pushed, shoved, dragged, lifted Milly—into the lifeboat. There was no time to be polite. No one pushed Alice forward when she moved back. Only Ray shouted urgently: "Try—try—for yourself—Alice!" But Alice had no such intention. She stepped back, into an alcove of railing, by Ray's side.

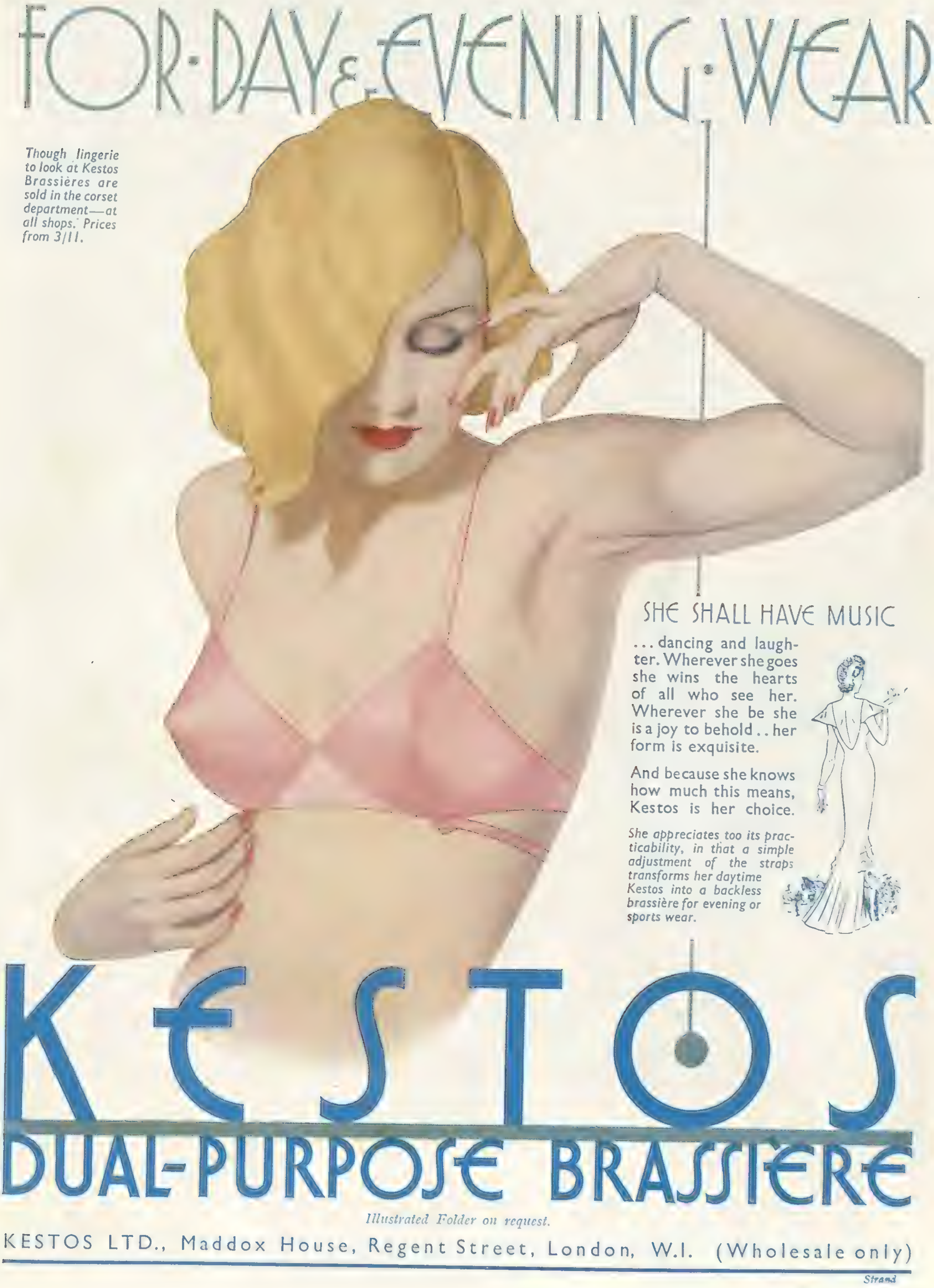
"There isn't any sense in it!" she shouted into his ear. "I don't want to!"

The boat was lowered. It was incredible to see it arrive unspilled far down in a black chasm, and then climb up and over an incredible peak. After that it vanished.

"A ghost of a chance!" Ray shouted in Alice's ear. "We've about as much—or as little here!" Alice felt the pressure of his arm round her, and thought how strange it was to be so happy—a little unfair too—since all the struggling mass that hadn't been able to get into the lifeboats wailed and sobbed, or stood trembling and aghast, at being made to face, with no alternative, the grim and inorganic plunge towards death. You can't, Alice thought, really face death, because if you're happy, it's not there—and if you're not, you're too frightened to know what *is* there!

Ray didn't appear to be either frightened or unhappy. He held Alice close against his side, and watched with her the breaking up of the ship. She did not break up nor turn turtle at all suddenly. At first she merely shuddered violently and kept turning from side to side, like a fever patient in a heated bed; then she shook off what she could.

The waves tore and ripped at her, as if to help her to free herself. Once she stood nearly on her head, like a duck; but recovered herself and fell back again with a great spill (*Continued on page* 159)



FOR·DAY & EVENING·WEAR

Though lingerie to look at Kestos Brassières are sold in the corset department—at all shops. Prices from 3/11.

SHE SHALL HAVE MUSIC

... dancing and laughter. Wherever she goes she wins the hearts of all who see her. Wherever she be she is a joy to behold .. her form is exquisite.

And because she knows how much this means, Kestos is her choice.

She appreciates too its practicability, in that a simple adjustment of the straps transforms her daytime Kestos into a backless brassière for evening or sports wear.

KESTOS

DUAL-PURPOSE BRASSIERE

Illustrated Folder on request.

KESTOS LTD., Maddox House, Regent Street, London, W.I. (Wholesale only)

Strand

CRAVEN "A"

CORK-TIPPED VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

Cool and fresh on every occasion . . . smooth to your throat and always the same fine quality

CARRERAS LTD.—150 Years' Reputation for Quality and rattle of anything left loose to spill or rattle inside her; and then once more she reared higher and higher, while the slippery deck turned into a precipice. Alice thought she heard Ray say “ Good-bye, darling ! ” A roar closer than the scream of the wind drove with her headlong into the sea.

Alice felt the weight of the icy water strike her whole body, and then suck her under; after a long suffocating tussle in the dark, in which she only remembered to keep her mouth shut and kick, a faint light shuddered through her wet eyes.

She found herself rising on the lift of a vast wave; she swam up it in a leisurely way, assisted by her body-belt, and was not surprised, though pleased, to see Ray pushing a spar towards her at the top.

IT was a sulky dawn, but they could see each other's face quite plainly. They held on to the spar, and looked at each other. Alice said: “ What made you think me dull ? ”

Ray looked surprised, but answered instantly: “ Did I ? Well, I don't now ! I always liked you—but not so much, of course ! ”

This seemed satisfactory, though Alice reminded herself they mightn't have very long to be satisfied with it. For the moment the body-belts held, but the water was icy cold, and a wave like the wave that had drawn them together might just as easily fling them apart.

“ I wish you'd kiss me,” Alice found herself shouting. “ Nobody ever has ! ”

“ I will if I can,” Ray told her, “ but it's a bit difficult.” He shifted his arms cautiously along the spar, bent over towards her, and their cold lips touched, and fell apart. They sank down and down into a vast chasm, and on coming up again found themselves confronted by a wooden cliff dangerously close to their heads.

It was the ship's raft, and Wireless sat in the middle of it. When he saw their floating heads he eagerly threw them a rope, and helped them climb on to the raft. This was the worst of the whole business. The raft kept hitting Alice and bruised her all over; then it threatened to turn over backwards on to them all three; and suddenly, after tearing itself away from them for ever, they found it had slid under their feet.

There they were on it, with Wireless, in a pallid dawn. “ There's a ship within fifty miles of us—heading our way ! ” Wireless informed them. This did not sound very near, but when they got used to the raft and what it could do, but probably wouldn't, and what it wouldn't do, but probably could, Wireless opened a little hatchway and produced some dry food and a bottle of rum.

“ This,” Alice thought to herself, while munching salt pork and drinking turn by turn with the men out of the flask of rum, “ is the happiest moment of my life—it's what I always wanted, and now I've had it, it doesn't much matter whether I get saved or not ! ”

END

The Great O'Malley

(*Continued from page* 59)

evening when the producer sought him out and said that he would like a word or two.

“ Things not going well ? ” asked the great man.

“ It's about Molly Snow,” answered the other.

“ Well ? ”

“ I can see what you mean about her. She has . . . well . . . something. But, honestly, chief, you can't start one of your biggest shows with an amateur ! If she is going to remain in the show I suggest that somebody takes her alone through the scene and teaches her every intonation and every move. I'd do it myself, but I haven't the time.”

“ If that were done,” said O'Malley quietly, “ you would spoil just the one thing that she has got ! ”

“ But, chief, she gives one the impression that she is only half alive ! ”

The other was silent. He knew that his producer was no fool, and he knew that there was something in what he said.

“ And what,” he said slowly, “ would you do about that ? ”

The producer shrugged his shoulders.

“ If you want my opinion,” he said, “ she needs a young man. Get taken out to supper and that sort of thing. See life ! ”

O'Malley knew that this advice, if a trifle cynical, was probably not unsound. There was something suburban about the girl. A season of admiration and a round of parties might get the sparkle into her which seemed so curiously lacking.

And yet he was silent. For some reason or other the picture of Molly Snow being shown round the town by some half-witted young man did not appeal to him. He shook his head.

“ Better leave it,” he said. “ If we start trying to arrange that sort of thing we shall probably spoil her.”

The producer muttered something about it being impossible to spoil a bad egg, and conversation dwindled.

Left alone, O'Malley regarded the golden cupids on the ceiling of the auditorium.

He spoke his thoughts aloud, a habit of his.

“ Never forget, my lad,” he said, “ that you are fifty-three ! ” But whatever he may have thought about the proper method for the awakening of Molly Snow, the affair was almost immediately taken out of his hands.

One Freddie Lavenham (he was entitled to an Honourable, but in his case the word had little significance) cast an appraising eye upon Molly Snow and suggested that a little supper after rehearsal might possibly while away the tedious period between work and bed. Her nature being what it was, Molly shied at this and said she didn't “ quite know.” The Hon. Freddie, an expert fisherman, decided to give her some line.

“ Call in again,” he said, “ same time tomorrow.”

He drifted away, leaving a Molly slightly disturbed. We are now taking you over, as they say at the B.B.C., to a very small flat with a perfect view of the Regent's Canal.

Here Molly Snow lived with her mother. Mrs. Snow was not an attractive personality. She couldn't, of course, help being fat, and the sweat which lay always upon her forehead and chin must, naturally, be regarded as a misfortune.

But she *could* help being avaricious and bad-tempered, though she made no effort to overcome these disabilities.

Molly's father had been non-existent for many years. Whether he was dead, or whether he had decided that the sight of his wife was no longer to be borne, no one, except Mrs. Snow herself, knew. She had a small income, which may have come from him, or which may, on the other hand, have been derived from some dim and distant past. For it is quite impossible to believe that Mrs. Snow had always looked as she did when Molly returned to the flat on the evening when the Hon. Freddie had given his invitation. The world is unkind, but not so unkind as all that.

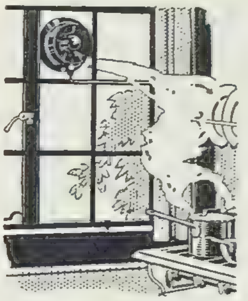
When her daughter came in, the old woman looked at her over her glasses.

“ You look rattled,” she said. “ Don't tell me you're not going to be able to hold this job down ! ”

“ I don't know,” answered Molly. “ I hope so.”

She had had for some time the galling experience of knowing that she was a drag on the home. It had been borne in upon her that it was her business to try to “ do something about it.” Well, she *had* tried to do something about it. But her heart was not in the stage. With the little voice she had, which her mother had continually told her was her only asset, it seemed that the theatre was the only profession open to her. So she had tried, (*Continued on page* 160)

For BETTER
Home Atmosphere
CLEAN AIR WITHOUT DRAUGHTS



KITCHEN ODOURS, DRAUGHTS, NOISE and DUST, FUG and TOBACCO SMOKE ARE REMOVED and HEADACHES PREVENTED

By the silent, ceaseless and almost Costless operation of a VENT-AXIA AIR EXTRACTOR.

Easily fitted in any window.

Order from your local dealer, or from
VENT-AXIA LTD.
9 Victoria Street, S.W.1
ABBEY 5168/9
In attractive brown bakelite, £4-14-6

good cheese
is better
with
FORTTS
BATH OLIVER
Biscuits

and, as it appeared, with immediate success. An engagement with the Great O'Malley!

There would be hundreds of girls who would have given all that they had in the world for such a chance. But to Molly it didn't seem quite like that. She looked on the thing simply as a way of earning money, which was what she had been told again and again she was expected to do. She got no thrill from the theatre. It seemed to her dull, and, in a way, a little silly. . . .

Just make-believe.

And then part of the whole business appeared to be the Freddies. If there wasn't a Freddie you seemed automatically to be disqualified. But then there was the awful spectre of money. . . .

If Freddie had to happen, she supposed that she could hold him off. But, in a way, that seemed a swindle. She knew what he expected of her. There would be any number of supper parties which she wouldn't enjoy, and, in the end, a proposition which she couldn't entertain. It all seemed so dishonest.

But, in her bed that night, she said to herself for the first time in her life:

"What's it all matter? I'll never be any good on the stage. Let's face it! I don't suppose that Freddie is any worse than the rest of them!"

To read herself to sleep she picked up an old school story by Angela Brazil. Somehow the gay and innocent tale seemed to make things worse. But she had made up her mind. When Freddie came round on the next evening, she would accept his invitation. At least, it would mean leaving this horrid little flat. Yet she slept uneasily.

On the following night she went out to supper with Freddie. She had to confess to herself that it was not as bad as she had anticipated. He wasn't so much "soppy" as silly. His conversation ran on lines which were almost entirely meaningless to her.

"Got to go down to Lavenham for Christmas! Fearful bore! Governor expects it. The old chap would sulk for months if I wasn't there! Eldest son and all that twaddle. Hardly believe it possible these days, would you? Servants' ball on Christmas Eve. Best part of the programme, as a matter of fact. Doing an old-fashioned waltz with the cook is real exercise! Sixteen stone of her, if she's a pound! Damn good cook, though!"

Molly listened to this sort of talk with occasional exclamations of "Yes" and "No," but without understanding very much of what the young man was talking about.

It was something, however, that he didn't start saying silly things to her, for she had no experience of that kind of fencing and was afraid that she would not know how to deal with it. Perhaps the traditional ideas of the Freddies and the stage door were wrong after all. Perhaps they really *did* like just to buy you supper and let you listen to them, and then take you home and say "good night." Could it be that they found it difficult to get people to listen to them?

She comforted an uneasy conscience which whispered that she was taking hospitality under false pretences with this reflection. After all, it was quite hard work listening to Freddie!

THE first night came and went, and, as usual, the Great O'Malley found himself justified.

The audience gave Molly a "hand" after her little song, and some minor critic, who was probably in the bar at the time, referred to "an exquisite thumb-nail sketch of a waif on the Embankment." O'Malley, of course, knew that all this meant nothing at all, but he knew also that Molly was just the right person to fill that particular five minutes. He knew also, and the knowledge caused him a good deal of irritation, that she still exercised over him that mysterious fascination which seemed to make no sense and against which he had considered himself proof for years.

In his office he was talking things over with the cavernous-voiced Mr. Adams.

Said Mr. Adams:

"Well, chief, you were right! Something *does* come over from that girl! But I rather think our dear old producer wasn't so far out either!"

O'Malley flung an entire cigar into the fireplace.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Don't you remember?" answered the other. "He said she wanted to be run around the Town a bit. Well, she's running round . . . with Freddie Lavenham!"

He grinned.

"If this is her first affair," he added, "she's chosen a pretty strong tonic, what?"

The great man said nothing at all.

He knew Freddie Lavenham and he knew that he was not such an ass as it was his pose to appear. What he wanted, where women were concerned, he achieved. And he had the faculty of suiting his tactics most admirably to the subject in hand. The great man gave a little sigh. After all, it was no business of his. His business was to settle this question of the library deal. . . .

In due course it was settled, and O'Malley was left alone in the office. He leant back in the big leather arm-chair and stared into the fire.

Well . . . it was no business of his.

THE run of the play went on, and the six pounds a week which Molly brought back to the dingy little flat on the Regent's Canal made things a good deal easier. Her mother took most of it and her temper improved thereby. And Molly continued to go "around the Town" with Freddie Lavenham.

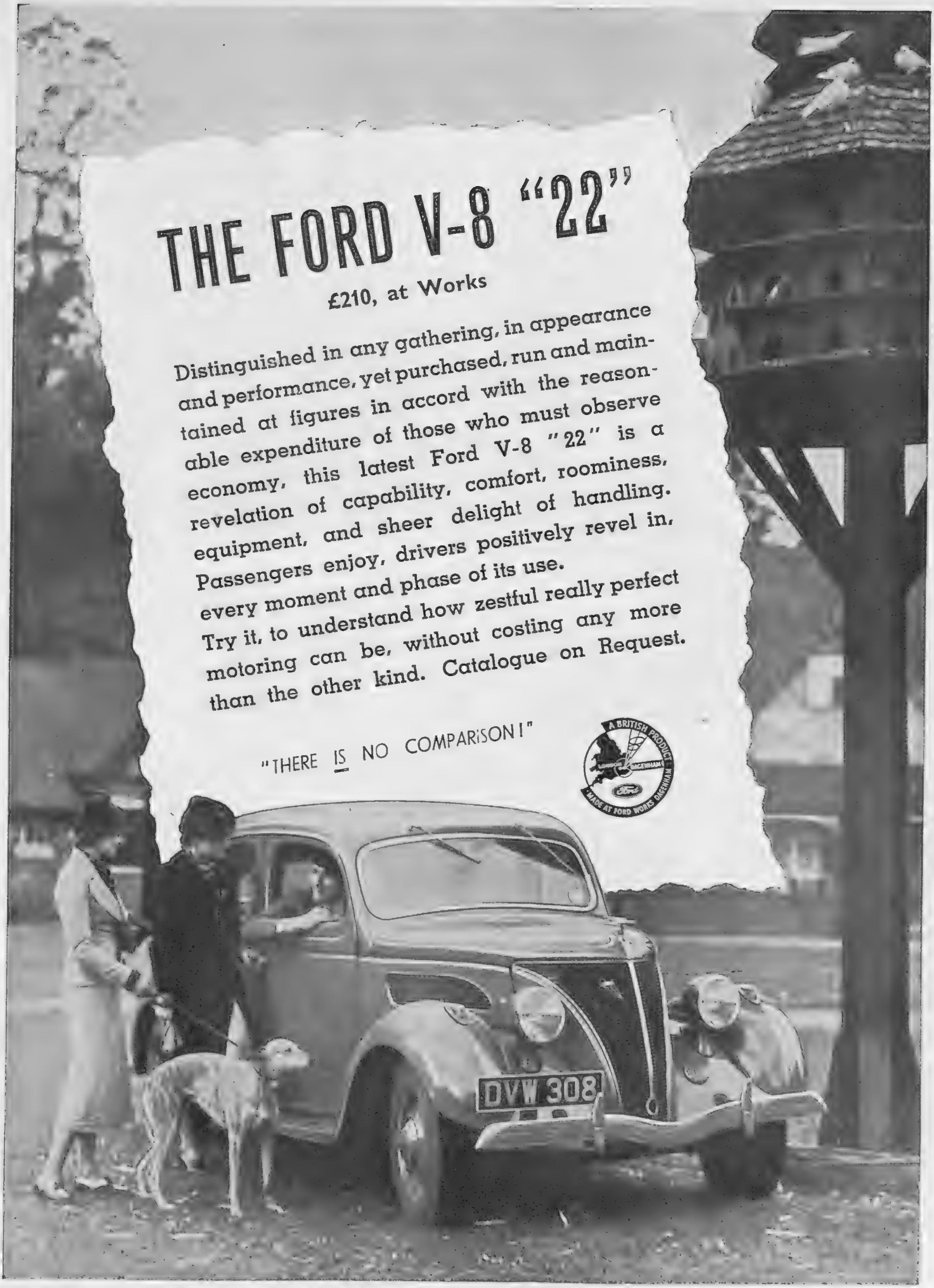
She had grown used to him by now. He seemed to like to take her out after the show, and it didn't appear to matter very much to him whether she was actually listening to what he said or not. He bought her nothing except a few flowers, every now and then, which she took

(*Continued on page 162*)

CRÊPE DE CHINE
Perfume by
F. MILLOT
Paris
CRÊPE
F. MILLOT
PARIS
F. MILLOT

Touching your beauty to glamorous life—to a subtle, tremulous awareness of itself. Of such a fragrance one may only whisper that, in exquisite glass bottles, it costs as little as 4/6 for the 'introductory' size. A small trial flacon need cost no more than the mere trouble of sending us your card

F. MILLOT LTD., PARFUMEUR, 11/12 CLIFFORD STREET,
NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1, *also at Paris and New York.*



THE FORD V-8 "22"

£210, at Works

Distinguished in any gathering, in appearance and performance, yet purchased, run and maintained at figures in accord with the reasonable expenditure of those who must observe economy, this latest Ford V-8 "22" is a revelation of capability, comfort, roominess, equipment, and sheer delight of handling. Passengers enjoy, drivers positively revel in, every moment and phase of its use. Try it, to understand how zestful really perfect motoring can be, without costing any more than the other kind. Catalogue on Request.

"THERE IS NO COMPARISON!"

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED. DAGENHAM, ESSEX. LONDON SHOWROOMS: 88 REGENT STREET, W.1

back to the flat, and which her mother always regarded with a smile which was very near to a leer.

And then, one evening, quite casually, as they were eating grilled herrings in a grill-room which one would hardly imagine could have dealt with such humble fare, he took from his pocket a small blue leather box and, opening it, displayed a little wrist-watch set in diamonds.

"I don't know," he said, "whether you think I oughtn't to have got that for you. Matter of instinct, really! Saw it in the window and couldn't imagine it being anywhere else except on your wrist. Idiotic, I dare say . . . but, well . . . it happened like that! Of course, if you'd rather not, one understands. What?"

To her there was something pathetic in the way he was trying to make her accept this very lovely thing. It would seem almost cruel to refuse.

She did not know that the man on the trail was as cunning as any of the animals.

She put it on her wrist and enjoyed, almost sensually, the flash of the little stones in the electric lamps.

"You oughtn't to have done this," she said, "but it's quite lovely and . . . and thank you very much!"

He smiled.

"Glad you like it," he said casually. "I hate to make mistakes! I always think that Cointreau goes with diamonds, don't you?"

He signalled to a passing waiter.

She did not know what Cointreau was, but she could hardly refuse his hospitality after this.

The stuff seemed sticky and hot, but she supposed that one ought to like it. In a way it seemed letting him down if one didn't. She drank it slowly. At least, it was nice and warm inside.

Some six tables away the Great O'Malley was sitting. He was drinking a cup of tea (his invariable nightcap), and an unlighted cigar lay on the table beside the plate. Though he could not hear what passed between them, he had caught the flash of the diamonds, and an eye trained to detect the slightest gesture, wrong or right, showed him that there was a curious glitter in the eyes of the Honourable Freddie.

In a momentary hush he heard this squire of dames addressing the waiter.

"What sort of a night is it, eh?"

"Very bright and clear, sir!"

"Thanks."

He turned to Molly.

"What about a bit of a run in the car? Makes one turn in all set for shut-eye, don't you think?"

She nodded. It seemed all right. Freddie was rather a dear. She held the wrist-watch to her ear. Its tick was entrancing. The double Cointreau had done its work. . .

The Honourable Freddie rose slowly. His eyelids were half-closed over his sleepily satiated eyes.

And to the Great O'Malley there came a new and astounding emotion. It was as if he were thirty years younger. He was living again on the romances which had been food and drink to him. Once again he recaptured the thrill of "Monsieur Beaucaire" and "Henry of Navarre."

His fifty-three-year-old heart beat merrily. There was work to be done!

He had no difficulty in picking up the Honourable Freddie's canary-yellow stream-lined Hispano in the Strand.

He followed it, at a modest distance, as it ran over Putney Heath and on to the Great West Road.

"It is absurd," he said to himself, "to call oneself fifty-three when one feels twenty-three!"

The Daimler was purring beautifully and had no difficulty in keeping the other car in sight.

As he drove he debated with himself as to what Freddie's tactics were likely to be. Another Cointreau, no doubt, and then what? A breakdown probably, with apologies, which would happen not far from a road-house . . .

He braked quickly as the Hispano drew up before the gravelled drive of a glorified "pub."

He could hear the voice of the Honourable Freddie.

"Beastly chilly, don't you think? What about a cold sausage?"

But O'Malley knew that it was not going to be a cold sausage.

He sat back in the driving seat of his car and waited. What an ass he was! Fifty-three and a knight-errant! Absurd!

But what did it matter if it was absurd? There was nothing criminal in being absurd every now and then.

One thing only stuck in his mind. Freddie was not going to get away with this. . . . Not this time.

Freddie, as a rule, never failed. But this time he was riding for a fall. . . .

The Great O'Malley sat back in his car and waited. He pinched the muscles in his arm. If it came to that, they were as firm as they had ever been. It was good to feel so young. . . .

Somehow or other he had forgotten that he was the "Great O'Malley." "Down in the forest something stirred."

That pale-faced girl. . . .

But he leant over the wheel, with his left foot wavering over the self-starter, and as he did so he knew that, by some miracle, he had recaptured his youth. Something which he had lost long ago had come back to him. And that silly child, with the virginal face, had worked the oracle.

The Hispano came out on to the road, and O'Malley noticed that Molly lay back in the seat beside Freddie half asleep. He crept the Daimler into gear and pursued.

No thrill that he had ever experienced in the theatre had given him the emotion that he felt now. He was the hero of every romantic story that he had ever read.

And then, as he followed the Hispano, he realised two things. He loved that child . . . and he was fifty-three years old.

THE car broke down, as he thought it would, some hundred yards from a brightly lighted building which called itself "The Ostrich Hotel."

O'Malley reflected, cynically, that the name might refer to the number of people who had hidden their heads after a visit there.

The Honourable Freddie had his head in the engine. He was playing his part very adequately. . . .

Molly was asleep. O'Malley could see her head lolling against the window of the car.

He walked down the road and stood behind the Honourable Freddie.

"Can I be of any help?" he asked.

Freddie turned and looked at him.

"No, O'Malley," he said, "you can't!"

"I think you're wrong," answered O'Malley, and hit him neatly under the chin. Freddie collapsed quietly on the roadway, his head against the running-board. O'Malley examined his fist with a certain amount of satisfaction. For an old gentleman of fifty-three he felt entitled to congratulation.

The thing had been cleanly and properly done.

He opened the door of the car and lifted out the sleeping Molly. He laid her in the back of his own car and tucked the fur rug round her. Then he swung the car round and drove slowly back towards the lights of London.

And then, suddenly, he stopped.

Molly Snow was talking in her sleep.

One shouldn't, of course, listen to people talking in their sleep, but . . .

He rested his hands on the wheel and waited.

"I loved you," said the sleepy voice at the back of the car, "I loved you when I was frightened and you spoke to me so gently. I . . . I don't quite know why I . . ."

The voice died away and she slept again.

He waited, staring through the windscreen on to the empty road.

Suddenly she said:

"I oughtn't . . . a girl like me . . . I oughtn't to love the Great O'Malley!"

He slid quietly into gear.

"If she feels like that in the morning . . ." he muttered.

He drove happily, hoping for the best.

END

Good Service

(*Continued from page 91*)

Tartare Sauce

Make an ordinary Mayonnaise by stirring the yolk of an egg (raw) and then adding, drop by drop, olive oil, working it all the time with a wooden spoon until you have sufficient thick sauce. Vinegar to taste, salt and pepper should be put in at an early stage, as the vinegar thins the sauce.

If at the end it is not vinegary enough, add a little more, but put more oil again to thicken.

Having made this, you add: capers, parsley, gherkins, all very finely chopped; also a little prepared mustard. Mix well and serve as soon as possible after you have made the sauce.

Sauce Hollandaise

Put two good tablespoonfuls of vinegar in a small but thick saucepan. Add a few peppercorns (black and white), salt and bring to boiling point, after which simmer until half the vinegar has dissolved.

Remove from the fire and let the vinegar cool. Add the yolks of two eggs, stir well with a wooden spoon and put in, little by little, stirring again over a slow fire, one ounce of butter.

Now put in a coffeespoonful of cold water, and add, little by little, and whipping all the time, enough butter to make the amount of sauce you require.

Sauce Diable

Cut one rasher of streaky bacon in small pieces and cook in a small saucepan with a little butter. Add one or two shallots, an onion, both finely chopped, thyme, parsley, a bay leaf and cook for a minute.

Add a tablespoonful of vinegar, the same amount of tomato purée and of meat stock or clear soup, also salt and pepper. Simmer for five minutes and squeeze the sauce through a fine strainer into a hot sauceboat.

Sauce Piquante

Chop a small onion and two shallots and cook gently in butter without letting them brown too much. Add a heaped tea-spoonful of flour and cook it, stirring to keep smooth, until it becomes lightly browned.

Now add a tablespoonful of vinegar and a teacupful of stock or clear soup. Stir and work so that it is smooth and add a *bouquet* of thyme, parsley and bay leaf.

Simmer gently for six or seven minutes, and if the sauce is too thick, add a little more stock from time to time. The consistency should be that of cream. Squeeze through a fine strainer.

Let "RANEE" *read your character from your* Handwriting

"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.

The services of "Ranee" are therefore placed at the disposal of the readers of "Britannia & Eve" in the belief that her character-reading will be found instructive and entertaining.

All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting; (2) your name and address in full; (3) the day and the month of your birth; (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee," c/o "Britannia & Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a *stamped addressed envelope for reply.*

In due course "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.

A joy to drive with!

No Process known to Science can produce finer petrols than—

WE believe in and practise quality leadership in petrol and motor oil.

Upon their introduction, Esso petrols at once assumed the leadership in quality and brilliant performance. They still hold the field to-day, fo no process exists which can produce finer petrols.

Esso

THE WORLD'S FINEST UNSUPERCHARGED PETROL IS **ESSO HIGH TEST**

★ For better lubrication use Essolube ★

At Home with Six Cabinet Ministers and their Hostess Wives

(*Continued from page* 31)

where the dignified and the intimate are, as I have said, cheek by jowl.

Out of the official salon, for example, opens the small drawing-room used by the P.M., Mrs. Baldwin, and family, when it is there. A description of this room, and you can almost picture them in it, as you see yourselves at home, with its green and gold brocade hangings, its beige carpets, and the *pièce de résistance*, a lacquer cabinet from the Far East. Here is de Lazlo's picture, standing on an easel, of the hostess, old pieces of Wedgwood china and the Rockingham blue and gold tea and coffee service standing on another attractive cabinet. Mrs. Baldwin's own sitting-room, which again communicates, and in which she spends most of her waking hours when at home, displays—well, Mrs. Baldwin. There are gay, Morris-patterned chintz curtains, a green carpet, a large green needle-work panel occupying one wall, Chippendale and Queen Anne chairs, and sofas covered with soft green linen, and a lacquered green and gold bureau, continuing the colour scheme. Don't you see home written in these simple harmonising beautiful things?

DO you know that in going to call on Mrs. Chamberlain, at No. 11, we needn't pass outside, but just through a communicating door between the two halls? It is, of course, very convenient for the Premier and the Chancellor when they agree, but it could be mighty awkward if they were not on good terms. At any rate, there is no fear nowadays, as I found upon calling on Mrs. Neville Chamberlain.

Here I have a warm greeting from Mrs. Chamberlain herself, who takes me all round the house, points out the many alterations she has made, and the furniture she had added. In every room here there are little touches, personal and artistic, which go far to tell you what sort of a man is Mr. Chamberlain, and what sort of a woman is his wife. We started out upon the sitting-room, on the ground floor.

"It was used for business by the secretaries of previous Chancellors," she told me, "but I turned it inside out for this purpose,"—and a wonderful job she has made of it. Here Mrs. Chamberlain, vivacious, kindly and always so self-assured, with a few of her intimate friends is always at her best. She likes green, for here again walls, carpet and curtains, as in Mrs. Baldwin's sitting-room, are in this shade. But a splash of colour comes in the red cushions on the armchairs and settees, upholstered in quilted beige.

From the sitting-room open out two of the most interesting rooms in the house. One is the dining-room, with its oak-panelled walls and vaulted ceiling and oak furniture, impressive, but far more friendly and less formal than that at No. 10. I liked particularly the unique cupboards hidden in the walls, containing glassware—the sort of cupboards you see in many an ancient manor house. From above the oak mantelpiece James II, in a picture by Sir Peter Lely, keeps a watchful eye upon the diners.

The other is the Chancellor's own room, where the air is one of bright efficiency, not a bit what I expected to find, for one thinks instinctively of such a room as being large, heavy, dull and cold. There are bright red curtains at the windows, outside which hangs half a coconut, and, if you were lucky enough to be there, most mornings you would see the Chancellor, his hand thrust out, filling it with crumbs, sharing his breakfast with the birds. He is, of course, something of an ornithologist, for he knows at least as much about birds as about fish, which is saying a fair amount, and watches them on those walks which he tries most days to snatch in St. James's Park.

You detect the family pride in this room. On his large mahogany desk between fire and windows are three delightful photographic studies of Mrs. Chamberlain, his son, Frank, and his daughter, Dorothy; on the cream walls are many caricatures of the Chancellor, some funny, some cruel, but all of which he takes in quiet good humour; and upon a low cream cupboard, standing by the wall, a plate, made in Staffordshire, bearing pictures of the late Joseph Chamberlain and his two sons, with this inscription: "A souvenir of Britain's most famous family of politicians."

"These stairs," Mrs. Chamberlain told me as we made our way to the drawing-room above, "are among the most ancient parts of the Downing Street houses. They date back to 1723"—and I can well believe it, for we don't often get such width and space in staircases nowadays. I will be frank enough to say that this room is pretty much the kind one would have expected to find, and will probably be duplicated, in dozens of town houses. There are windows artistically draped in orange, settees and easy chairs in green and fawn, some fine side tables, and, what struck me most of all here, a glorious Adam fireplace which sets the tone upon the entire room. It produces, in fact, just the right note—this and the glorious view from the windows over the Horseguards' Parade. Leading off are two more sitting-rooms, one of them pleasantly small and intimate which Mrs. Chamberlain tells me she uses when she is very busy—so that it is used quite often!—and the other, a larger one, where official receptions take place. They are characteristic of the rest of the house, and I am not going to burden you. Let us, instead, make our way to Mrs. Chamberlain's own bedroom—just the sort of room to sleep in with its rose curtains and bed cover, and its lovely mahogany furniture. Mrs. Chamberlain asked me if I observed anything unusual about it, and then drew my attention to the slanting floor.

It *does* slant. They have actually had to put stops in front of the bed to prevent it sliding down the incline. I thought how unfortunate it would be if the stops ever got dislodged!

IT is time to leave Downing Street. Let us take a trip northwards to Fitzhardinge Street, rechristened amid the rumpus of the occupants, from Lower Berkeley Street, where, at No. 17, we shall find Mrs. Anthony Eden at home. The youth, beauty and simplicity of Sir Gervase Beckett's daughter all radiated in this house when I was there, on a bright and sunny day which made one feel glad to be alive. Both the Foreign Secretary and Mrs. Eden love this home, and well they might. You can observe her joy and pride in everything that surrounds her, as she tells you how she acquired this object, or who gave her that, and as she attractively inquires of you what you think of the other.

From the friendly, welcoming hall, with its primrose walls and highly polished stone floor, to the simple dining-room with its exquisite taste so well exemplified in the accompanying picture, in green and gold and mahogany, to drawing-room, study and sleeping rooms there is atmosphere about this home which I find almost undefinable. The old-gold motif of the drawing-room might sound in cold print too much of a good thing, for it is represented on the walls, covers of chairs and settees, window drapings and what not. I found it extraordinarily restful and attractive. At night in particular I should think it is glorious. For one thing, it is broken by the modern pictures, which both the Foreign Secretary and his wife collect—Mr. Eden's father, the late Sir William, was an enthusiastic water-colourist, and Mrs. Eden

(*Continued on page* 166)

There's romance in candlelight. Eyes gain a bewitching sparkle. Faces glow with a new allure. The soft gracious light of Venetian Candles creates the most delightful atmosphere—friendly, intimate, with guests at their best. Every party is an occasion when the soft radiance of Venetian Candles transforms the dinner table. Venetian Candles come in a range of colours, bright and gay as flowers. Choose them for your next party.

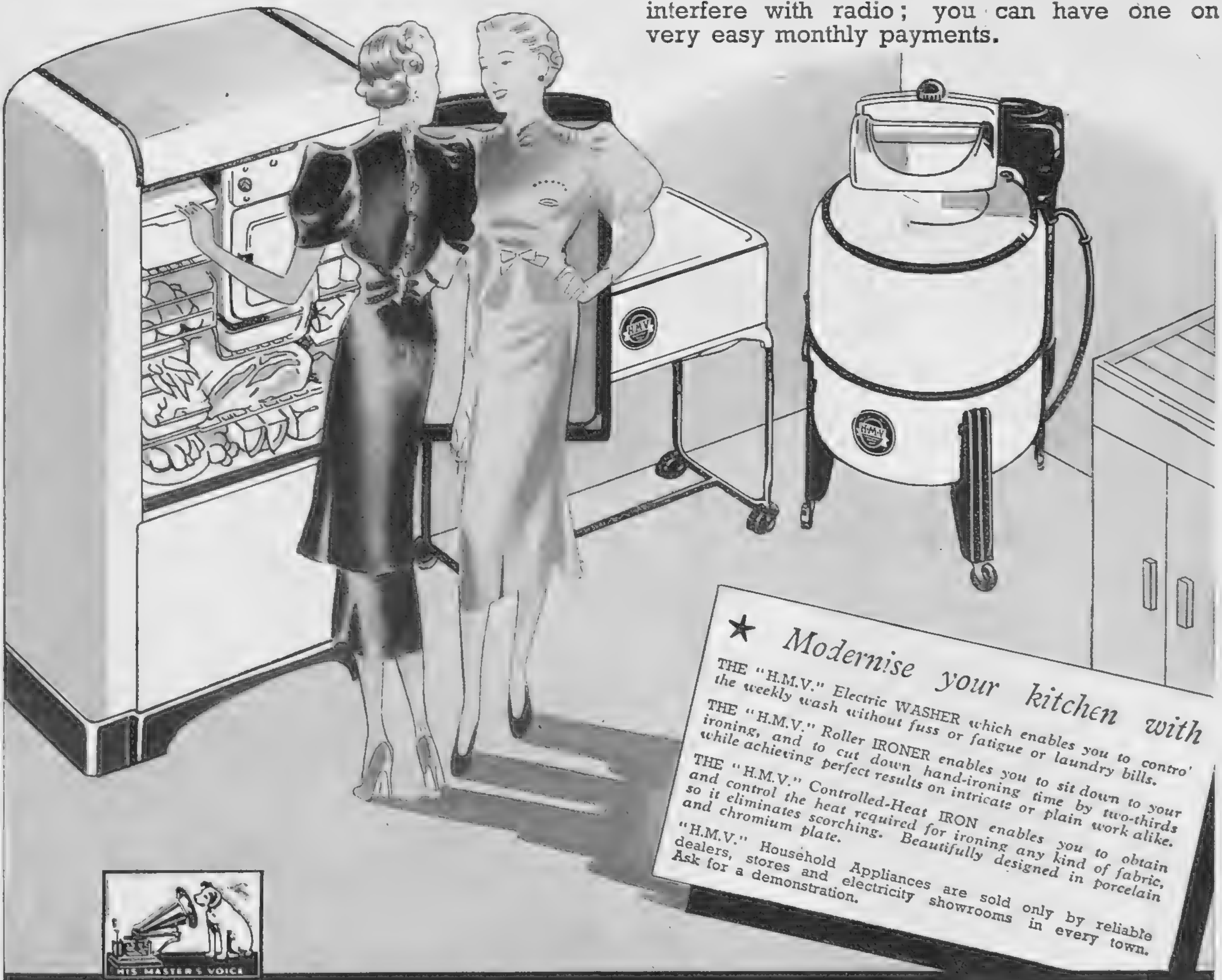
PRICE'S *Venetian* CANDLES

Write for illustrated folder "Colour in the Home" which tells you all about these lovely candles.
Price's Patent Candle Co. Ltd., London, S.W.11.

CLEVER *housewives are using refrigerators*
. . . . *the* **CLEVEREST** *use*
"H.M.V."

The CLEVER housewife would be lost without her electric refrigerator . . . it keeps eatables fresh, wholesome, appetising . . . safeguards them from the housefly's attentions. With a refrigerator's aid, the CLEVER housewife is able to put welcome variety into warm-weather meals . . . to tempt guests with the most delicious salads, cold sweets, iced dishes . . . to make ice cubes for cooling summer drinks.

The CLEVEREST housewife uses an "H.M.V." *because* it does all these things better than an ordinary refrigerator, *because* it alone has the Silent Circulator, the cooling mechanism that does its work "without a murmur"; *because* the unique sealed cold chamber makes ice cubes, iced delicacies more quickly; *because* there is more space for storing food in an "H.M.V."; *because*, from the easy-latch handle to the tip-down basket and the self-lighting interior of porcelain, the "H.M.V." is planned for convenience and for labour saving. The "H.M.V." will not interfere with radio; you can have one on very easy monthly payments.


H.M.V.
H.M.V.
HIS MASTER'S VOICE

★ *Modernise your kitchen with*

THE "H.M.V." Electric WASHER which enables you to control the weekly wash without fuss or fatigue or laundry bills.

THE "H.M.V." Roller IRONER enables you to sit down to your ironing, and to cut down hand-ironing time by two-thirds while achieving perfect results on intricate or plain work alike.

THE "H.M.V." Controlled-Heat IRON enables you to obtain and control the heat required for ironing any kind of fabric, so it eliminates scorching. Beautifully designed in porcelain and chromium plate.

"H.M.V." Household Appliances are sold only by reliable dealers, stores and electricity showrooms in every town. Ask for a demonstration.

MADE TO THE SAME HIGH STANDARD AS "HIS MASTER'S VOICE" RADIO, RECORDS & GRAMOPHONES

The Gramophone Company Ltd., *Household Appliances Dept.*, 363 Oxford Street, London, W.1.

STYL-EEZ Presents Flare-Fit

LINK. Our designer gave this blue kid gusset court patent tabs and cut-outs on the quarter. 2¼" Spanish heel. Also in matt kid and tan kid —29/9

LE BEAU. Haughty shoe with 2¼" Spanish or Louis heel—black suede and black patent ribbon bow gusset step-in. Also in blue and brown, calf trim—29/9

ANSLEY. Black patent trimming, sparingly used on a 4-eyelet black suede oxford places the accent on its own lovely lines. Also in blue and brown with calf trim; 2" covered heel—29/9

KATHRYN. Decoration of intricate pattern at heel and toe strikes a new note on this 4-eyelet derby in black glace. Medium covered cuban heel; also blue and brown—29/9

'Flare-Fit,' the startling feature exclusive to STYL-EEZ Shoes; new to this country, but already the talk of the cocktail-hour. Cradles the foot softly, but insistently; ankles just can't 'go over.' No other shoe in the world has this feature. And no other shoe gives you such a joyous choice of modern styles *in the fitting you want.* They've got a snap and a sparkle that says 'young America'—and they've got that rare quality of workmanship that says 'British made'. Match this Spring with the lithe grace that STYL-EEZ 'Flare-Fit' Shoes will give you. With five fittings to each size and half size, there is a Certified Fitting for *your* foot *and your foot alone*—every bit as 'belonging' as your fingerprint. It's grand to be wearing shoes that smoothly feel as though they've been made specially for you.

FIVE FITTINGS TO EACH SIZE & HALF SIZE

Styl-EEZ
A SELBY SHOE

If any difficulty is experienced we will let you know your nearest source of supply. New Styles List now available: Sexton, Son & Everard, Ltd. (Dept. 14), Norwich.

Obtainable at:
LILLEY & SKINNER · SAXONE & SOROSIS · MANFIELD
and other High-class Shoe Stores

At Home with Six Cabinet Ministers and their Hostess Wives

pointed out to me several examples of his work here. When at home, Mr. Eden works in a light oak-panelled room also on this first floor, with built-in bookcases. His enormous desk stands right in front of the window. It is as efficient and simple as his bedroom above, and a contrast complete from the wilderness of his room in the Foreign Office.

It is in her bedroom that Mrs. Eden has let her artistic temperament find play. The gorgeous mahogany four-poster bed has dark blue velvet hangings and cover. Similar material is used to drape the windows, and on the floor is a deep heavy blue carpet. Everything here blends and tones—right down to the innumerable little china figures, multi-coloured, which decorate the mantelpiece. Here is the quintessence of taste.

LORD SWINTON, the Secretary for Air, and his heiress wife, make their London home in Lygon Place, literally a stone's-throw from Victoria Station, and yet, so it seems, far apart from the fret and bustle of that area. She is, of course, a grand-daughter of the first Lord Masham, the silk magnate, of Manningham Mills fame, most of whose fortune ultimately came to her. She is a great connoisseur of old furniture and *objets d'art*, and here in Lygon Place are some lovely pieces indeed. The morning sun was streaming into the study again when I waited for this hostess of mine. Here I found myself surrounded by books almost entirely political—but there were also the complete works of Charles Dickens! I allow that it is not easy, when one is overwhelmed by gorgeous period furniture, Old Masters and *bric à brac* of almost every kind such as Lady Swinton posseses—much of this has come from the late Lord Masham's family seat at Swinton—to avoid the atmosphere of the museum, and these possessions, perhaps explain why there is more formality about the Air Minister's home than, for example, about that of Mr. and Mrs. Eden. Lady Swinton has, however, managed to keep them within the proportions of the big reception rooms, and has put the lovelier, daintier things into those apartments which the family is constantly using. In fact, it all works out very nicely. For example, the chair covers and curtains in light-coloured chintz, which she uses in the study, almost transform it into the room of a country cottage, and I was definitely entranced by her own private sitting-room, where the furniture is mostly of the delicate Louis Quinze period. The family like this room, and I am not surprised.

Chippendale furniture strikes the dominant note in the drawing-room, with Gainsboroughs and Rubens on the walls, and there is Chippendale furniture, too, in the rather massive dining-room, the colour scheme of which is brown. Upstairs Lady Swinton's room displays "dirty" pink, the colour she had put on the walls long before it came into fashion.

I ought to add that Lady Swinton, too, takes a zestful interest in the unusual things which she has about her house, and is not above displaying pride of possession. As an instance, she pointed out to me the fine picture of Lord Swinton by Oswald Birley, presented to him by the colony of Mauritius when he was Colonial Secretary, and one of the most novel gongs imaginable—an African drum originally used by the native chiefs to summon their tribes, and presented to Lord Swinton when he was in Uganda.

BUT I must get on. To Mr. and Mrs. Runciman's dignified home in that quaint and quiet backwater of Westminster—Barton Street—where people like Sir Harry Brittain and Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes are near neighbours. Here the President of the Board of Trade and his former M.P. wife have created in the house which they designed and had rebuilt for themselves a most remarkable blend of solid dignity and (*Continued on page 168*)

No other Cigarette can so justly be said to meet the tastes of the great majority as Player's. Of course, "It's the Tobacco that Counts"; also in size, packing, and all desirable features Player's predominate.

FROM EVERY POINT OF VIEW

John Player & Sons
PLAYER'S NAVY CUT
PLAYER'S "MEDIUM" NAVY CUT
CIGARETTES "MEDIUM" 25
PLAYER'S PLEASE
PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED - IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS - 25 FOR 1/3

domestic comfort, where their family of children and grandchildren—grandchildren, I almost added, especially—delight to forgather.

Mrs. Runciman's dining-room, on the ground floor, I shall remember more especially for its attractive pictures—there are examples by Hoppner, D. Y. Cameron and Alan Ramsay—and the odd room, also on the ground floor, which everybody seems to use, because "family" is written all over it. The outstanding feature of this house, however, is the drawing-room, L-shaped, on the first floor, because here, you can feel, is something both of Mr. and Mrs. Runciman themselves. The rare pieces of old furniture speak, I suppose, of the President, because he has collected them—and, I gather, proud he is of them. But the pink brocade curtains and the bright rugs and the family portraits and the intimate personal treasures bespeak kindly, matronly, homely and home-loving Mrs. Runciman, who, it seems to me, has tried to bring into Barton Street these past 20 years or so something of the peace and quiet and homeliness which she created long ago at Chathill, in Northumberland.

The President works in a room which bespeaks him and his temperament—a study and library combined in warm brown and green, where he has collected a good many of his trophies and curios. There is, for example, a clock made from the wood of the famous yacht *Sunbeam*, and a small stand of timber with brass handle from the *Britannia*—relics expressing his love for yachting. This *is* a house lived in, and to be lived in.

THERE is a final word to be said about an old, substantial house in Addison Road, Kensington, not far from Olympia, in an old-world garden, with crazy paving and rose-beds, where the Home Secretary and Lady Simon have for many years been established. I was amused when Lady Simon told me, with gravity, that this is a house to stay and work in during the week. It is rather like Lady Simon, modest, smiling, efficient and hard-working, to say a thing like this, but I took it with a grain of salt before we looked round, and then saw just how modest she is, for there is loveliness here; indeed, personality expressed in every room, and everything in that room. People imagine the Home Secretary to be a joyless, severely efficient sort of person, but that can never be true of a man who finds happiness in a menage like this Addison Road home. Of all the rooms I have ever seen anywhere, I have never come across anything more truly restful and inviting than Lady Simon's drawing-room. Don't ask me why; look at the picture and be your own judge. Indeed, I couldn't tell you why. Neither in shape, decoration, nor contents is there anything particular to note or to define, but there it is —a refuge so complete that you feel its protecting atmosphere, a seclusion from every worry and anxiety. There are lovely pieces of furniture and china; curtains and chair-covers in rose and grey chintz; Persian rugs; flowers—flowers everywhere. I saw it during the day. I can only dream of what it is like when the curtains are drawn at night, and in winter, a roaring fire burns in the ample grate.

It is the same with the dining-room, light and cheery, with cream-coloured walls and a lovely picture over the mantelpiece of the late Mrs. Simon, Sir John's mother, serenely looking down; mahogany tables, Chippendale chairs, heavy blue curtains—you know the rest, and the picture tells you—it is all just as it should be.

One other room here demands a word—Lady Simon's den, which she calls the "Slavery Room," where she keeps her books and works on the subject in which she is so interested. I liked her motto hanging over the mantelpiece, "Lazy Men are just as useless as dead ones, and take up more room."

Well, the tour ends. We all know that possessions frequently bespeak the man—and the woman. I am confident that you will know these Cabinet Ministers and their wives better for what I have told you. I do, after seeing them and hearing of them at first hand.

END

Decoration, 1937

(*Continued from page 81*)

Windows are all important in the programme of decoration for this year.

The tendency towards large expanses of glass has set a problem in window dressing, but nineteen thirty-seven has solved it admirably.

Frilly window draperies are back, but to-day's draperies have none of the fusty, dusty features of the past.

Exquisite washable furnishing ninons, nets, organdies and finest muslins help to beautify our windows without complicating the laundry problem. In homes where the coveted air-conditioning plant is installed, windows invite the dramatic treatments that would otherwise be impracticable.

The fine draped window treatment photographed on page 81 was carried out in a London house where air conditioning had been made a feature of the reconstruction. Pure air is constantly projected into the room by means of this plant, thus making it practicable to keep the windows closed, and sealing out the grime which so quickly impairs the beauty of fragile window draperies.

END

THEY DO LOOK AFTER YOU . . . . .

The delights of travel abroad are best enjoyed in the comfort of a P & O liner. On the *Moldavia* and *Mongolia* passengers have the entire run of the ship at low fares which make these Tourist Class cruises particularly attractive. The pleasures of life on board in the sea air and sunshine are enhanced by the renowned P & O service.

By the *Moldavia*

MAY 29 Madeira and Azores 13 days from £13
JUNE 12 Scottish Isles, Norway, Denmark 13 days from £12
JUNE 26 Casablanca, Azores 14 days from £14
Further Cruises JULY 31, AUG. 21

By the *Mongolia*—JULY 9 and 24

RESERVATIONS:
14, COCKSPUR STREET, S.W.1,
130, LEADENHALL ST., E.C.3,
AUSTRALIA HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.2, or LOCAL AGENTS.

ON A P & O CRUISE

There's nothing quite so good

as 'NUGGET' for a pleasing polish to shoes

To maintain the smartness of your shoes you cannot do better than use 'Nugget,' the polish that gives such a brilliant, lasting shine. The regular use of this fine quality polish keeps shoes supple, and its leather-preserving finish ensures months of extra wear.

In Black, various shades of Brown and White. 'Nugget' White does not mark the stockings. Tins 3d. and 6d. Large Household Tins 9d.

The Polish of Supreme Quality

N.P.4

By Appointment

Oak Canteen containing 103 pieces of "Warwick" pattern Spoons and Forks in Sterling Silver and long Xylonite-handled Cutlery. Price **£33.10.0**

Containing Regent Plate "Warwick" pattern Spoons and Forks and Long Xylonite-handled Cutlery.

103 pieces	**£15.0.0**
67 „	**£10.0.0**
45 „	**£6.0.0**

for Finer Spoons & Forks

There is a world of difference between a fork or spoon that has been designed and finished by a real craftsman—and one that has simply been 'turned out.' The first balances perfectly in your hand; the second does not. The first will last a lifetime; the second may not last a year. The first will please your eye and hand always; the second, never quite. . . . Yet you can never be sure of getting this finer workmanship by paying more. You must know where to look for it. And you will always find it in the showrooms of The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company. For craftsmanship—allied with breadth of choice—is a point of pride with us, and a part of our good name.

If you cannot call, remember that every day we are sending our illustrated catalogues to every part of England—and beyond.

The
GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS
COMPANY LTD.
112 REGENT STREET • LONDON • W.1

At the corner of Glasshouse Street
No other address

Dispense with Ecstasy

(continued from page 85)

be alarmed." She motioned him to a seat.

"Can't say that I'm particularly alarmed," he returned. His eyes lifted to her face. He said then, deliberately but without rudeness: "Mind if I say I'm surprised, Miss Foster? I hadn't quite thought of you as being—well, as you are. Under the circumstances."

She nodded. "I understand. And what you've said goes for you, too."

"Thanks."

"Perhaps," she amplified in a moment. "I can help you to understand. I'm his fiancée and his banker, Mr. Estey. Nothing more. My soul may be spotted from the association, but I remain technically innocent."

He flushed. "I should have known that."

"How were you to know it?" she asked reasonably.

"I might," he returned, "have had the perspicacity to judge your position by my own, which is similar."

"We should get along," she said fiercely. "Just a pair of mugs together!"

He moved his head in swift, unoffended assent. "Quite."

She got up and laid the pistol on the table, then stood for a moment looking down on him. "Do you know," she asked with sharp abruptness, "what I know about your fiancée and my fiancé?"

She saw him stiffen, saw the pain in his eyes. A full minute passed before he answered: "Even to one of my limited intelligence, Miss Foster, it is obvious that all is not as it should be."

"Those are mild words," she retorted with derision. Her face hardened. "They spent the night together. Crissie was still here when I arrived."

He moistened his lips with his tongue. "You *know* this?"

"He did not even bother to deny it," she returned bitterly.

"You have proof?" he persisted.

She nodded, her anger gone. "Yes," she said wretchedly. "He'd been treating me abominably these past few weeks, seeing as little of me as he possibly could, spending most of his time with Crissie. He fooled me for a time—called it business. But people began to talk. I stood it as long as I could. Then it got so I had to know. I hired a detective. His report this morning brought me over here."

He sat for a long time looking at the wall in front of him. She said angrily, "You believe me, don't you?"

"Yes," he replied surprised. "Of course. Implicitly."

"I thought you didn't," she retorted sullenly.

"Sorry," he said. "I was thinking."

"Thinking!" she flung at him. "What's the use of thinking? What's the use of puzzling your brains with wild schemes to get her back? She's gone from you. You're discarded—just as I am. Thrown out like old garbage. Your usefulness is over. I suppose you've footed the bills just as I have. I suppose you are responsible for her success just as I am for what little he has. Don't you realise you're too decent ever to have any large part in her life?" she broke off abruptly, and when she continued her voice was quieter. "I know what you're thinking, remembering. A little blonde girl with a flower face that you discovered somewhere in your English provinces. Well——"

"No," he interrupted sadly. "You're wrong. I'm thinking that I'm rather relieved."

She understood and nodded. "Now that you know."

"Precisely. Now that I know definitely." His kind eyes swept her face. "I wondered a little about that pistol."

She shook her head. "I didn't intend to kill him, if that's what you mean. Frighten him, perhaps. He's such a rotten coward." She took up the pistol, thrust it back into the drawer and asked him: "How does one behave under the circumstances?"

"I've often wondered," he replied without levity. "Actually one is perfectly helpless. There is nothing to do in a case of this kind. There is an essential cheapness to all the large gestures. And risks that aren't worth while. I fancy that one has a drink, a spot of lunch."

She blinked, trying to keep back the scalding tears. Presently she said: "Thanks for trying to help me. You're kind. I'm glad you came. I'd like to think that I'm going to get over this; that a mere crook of Norman's finger in my direction wouldn't bring me rushing to him. I'd like to keep some remnant of pride. But I haven't the same definiteness about me that you have. It's obvious to me that you are through with Crissie. I can see that you're facing this with relief, not anger, nor damaged vanity. You've put up with a great deal, evidently; so much that you are worn out emotionally. You've come across something at last that's unforgivable; that you can't twist and turn and find some facet which would permit forgiveness. And so you're relieved, glad, as one would be when a critical operation is over."

"Yes," he said. He arose. "A drink—a spot of lunch?"

She looked at him for a long moment. Then she answered, "Right."

They went out together into the grey spring afternoon. Walking the two blocks to his favourite restaurant, her hand lay lightly on his arm to steady herself against the blasts of rain-laden wind. She was conscious of a pleasant congruity. The two of them, well-bred, conservatively dressed, evoking no second glances, no comment. No sudden speculative sharpening of women's eyes as they fell on him.

(*Continued on page 172*)

Henry Heath Ld
105/9 Oxford Street
172 New Bond St. W.1. 456 Strand W.C.2

8844. Adaptable sports felt in all fashionable colours, 21/-

Agencies everywhere.

It's better to look your best in Aertex Corsetry

You can get your favourite style in Aertex Corsetry, and besides making you look inches slimmer it will give you the extra *comfort* of the famous Aertex weave. This exclusive fabric lets your body breathe and keeps you cool in summer yet warm in winter. *Insist upon Aertex Corsetry.*

Brassiere B.110. Extra well fitting backless shape giving perfect support. New flat fastener. White or Peach **2/11**

P.825. Aertex Sea Island cotton fabric. Fashionable, hook side, short front and deep back. 10" side elastic panels and extra gussets for support on hips. Well boned with spirals. 4 suspenders. White or Peach **8/11**

To the Advertising Manager,
The Cellular Clothing Co., Ltd.,
14, Moor Lane, London, E.C. 2

Please send me illustrated catalogue of Aertex Corsetry.

Name ....

Address ....

....

Do you know your nearest retailer? ....(45)

The DÉBUTANTE

For this regal occasion she completes her elegance by the most perfect stockings in the world, diaphanous "ELBEO". Exquisitely fashioned, finest natural silk.

From good stores and hosiers everywhere.
6/11d. to 12/6d.

See the new Elbeo "TROTTEUR" with coloured heels, and other novelties

ELBEO
flawless silk stockings
THE CROWNING ACHIEVEMENT

Write for Hosiery Fashion Guide to:
Buser & Co. Ltd., 14, George Street, Hanover Square, London, W.1.

Wholesale only. Established 65 years.

Something warm, comfortable, came to life in her. She pressed his arm gently. He smiled down at her, understanding. "We'll get along," he said. In a fortnight they were engaged.

THEY spoke often and without reticence of the forces that had brought them together, motivated them into the engagement, avoiding any mention of love, stressing their need of each other. Privately her gratitude to Peter was unbounded. In his quiet, pleasant way he had absorbed her life. He left her little time for retrospection, so that the dreadful shut-out loneliness she had shudderingly anticipated assumed proportions no greater than a vague weight in the back of her mind. She was amazed to find, even in the first days of their companionship—when Blake was still strong in her consciousness—that life was not entirely joyless. It was some months before she realised the extreme thought and cleverness of Peter's selfless planning during those difficult days.

It seemed to her that nothing could have been more natural than their engagement. Perhaps because of their interdependence. Events and emotions had marched with mathematical progression straight to the point. She was not even aware of a climax when he placed the ring on her finger. He had merely said, "This makes me very happy, Julia." And she had responded, "I'm happy, too. We'll get along." She was glad he had not been sentimental. Because the fact remained that she was a second choice, as he was. She thought with a bitterness that was not directed against him: "That's all right. I can dispense with ecstasy."

They set their marriage for September, when Peter's business in New York would be finished. After that they planned a year of wandering before settling down in London. She took a queer pride in the fact that Peter had more money than she. It was one of the big factors in the restoration of her self-respect. He knew this. He made her expensive presents in which she took an inordinate delight. He sent flowers to her daily. He gave her a feeling of worth, of being valued.

And, suddenly, he was to give her more. One day it dawned on Crissie that she had made an exceedingly bad exchange. With characteristic lack of reticence she mentioned this fact to Blake, and, in the exchange of vituperation which ensued, she learned that Peter and Julia were engaged. She passed that off with a lift of her beautiful shoulders as being unimportant and started at once to look for Peter. She found him with Julia in the cocktail bar of the Metropole.

The scene that followed left Peter white-faced but adamant. When Crissie had finally taken herself off, under escort of the manager, Julia and Peter hurried from the room. In the taxi Julia's fingers found his, pressed them convulsively. He turned to her and saw the tears in her eyes. Awkwardly he bent and kissed her. "My dear," he said, "I don't think you quite understand. The plain fact of the matter is this—I happen to prefer you."

In late June Julia sent her aunt and the servants to open her summer house on Cape Cod. Peter was to come up every Thursday night and remain until Monday morning. Julia spent two busy days in disposing of a multitude of details; the third day, after lunching with Peter, she hurried over to the Grand Central to make a reservation on the evening train to New Bedford.

The vacation rush had begun and she stood for a long time in line before she was able to get her tickets. She thrust them absently into her bag as she turned away; her eyes lifted to the clock in the middle of the great rotunda. Annoyed, she thought: "I'll never finish what I have to do before train time." She withdrew her gaze from the clock. Then she saw Blake, standing there beneath it, looking at her.

She had a moment of stunned immobility. Blood surged to her head, her ears sang with its pressure. She felt that a hand had reached inside her breast, squeezing her heart, robbing her of breath. Her first understandable impulse was to run. But it was no use running. He was coming to her. He was at her side. He was saying easily, "Hello, Julia."

She looked at him but she could not speak and knew it was ridiculous, knew that she was ridiculous. She was helpless before his direct physical appeal. Those little coppery glints in the natural wave of his brown hair; the chiselled regularity of his features; the cleft in his chin; the long-lashed sea-blue eyes. A dozen pulsating memories swept in on her, submerged her. . . . Her bag fell from her hands and spilled its contents on the marble floor.

He bent, gathered up the compact, the change purse, the bills. The tickets he held in his hand for a time, looking at them. Slowly he restored them to the smart leather bag, closed it, passed it to her. She recovered herself sufficiently to thank him.

"So you're engaged to Estey," he said. He laughed. "That's rich—how you two got together."

There did not seem to be any reply indicated, so she remained silent. Anyway, he did not expect a reply; he had turned his eyes away and was frowning. Soon he swung back to her with an irritated gesture and remarked: "You needn't have been so hasty. That Hollywood business fell through, Crissie got a contract with an English outfit, but I'm out so far as pictures are concerned. For the time being." He laid a hand on her arm. "Look here," he continued earnestly, "I'd like to have a little talk with you, Julia. Before you go to the Cape. Come on over."

Her wits were working now. "Excuse me just a minute, Norman," she interrupted swiftly. "There's a little matter I must attend to."

Without suspicion he released her arm. She walked across the rotunda and stopped before the check room. Out of the corner of her eye she saw that he was leisurely following her. A couple of Redcaps laden with luggage cut him off from her sight for a second, and in that second she stole swiftly around the corner. A minute later she was on Forty-second Street frantically summoning a cab.

She was driven across town to the office Peter was using. He was in, the receptionist told her; he would see her. He met her at

the door and took her shaking hand in his. "What's up, old girl?" he asked quietly. "Encountered a ghost?"

"Peter," she replied desperately, "could we be married immediately? Before I go up to the Cape? It wouldn't make much difference to you, would it, dear? You wouldn't mind? Couldn't we?"

His lips tightened but the gentleness did not leave his eyes.

"I think not," he answered.

She was suddenly, foolishly angry. "You may be sorry!" she shot at him.

"That," he returned a little bleakly, "is a chance I *must* take, my dear."

IT was a little after three when she reached her apartment. Feverishly she finished her packing, closed her bags. She sat down then, picked up a cigarette and her jewelled lighter. Repeated pressure on the lever failed to kindle the wick. Angrily she flung the lighter away, broke her cigarette in two and dropped the pieces on the floor. A clock chimed the half-hour. Two hours to train time. She thought with annoyance that she dare not entrain at the Grand Central. Blake had seen her tickets. She would have to go to the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street station. That was perfectly beastly, not only on account of the long taxi ride through heavy traffic but because the train paused so briefly that getting aboard with considerable luggage was difficult.

Her anger with Peter flamed out afresh. Of course he had understood. Only too well. And he was putting it up to her, withholding his help. He had as much as said: "It's your fight." She wondered if he realised that she had no fight in her where Blake was concerned. Her aunt had once said that Blake was a phobia with her. Perhaps. She told herself furiously, "I must brace up. I'm being a fool. I'm on the point of throwing away the finest thing that has ever come into my life." But she could get no responsive emotion. The facts were there, but they were cold, lifeless. Only that meeting with Blake had significance. She was completely invaded by the hot memory of his personality.

She sat there a long time, her eyes fixed on the wall, her long, slender legs stretched out in front of her. She was thinking but her thoughts had no continuity. She realised at last that she was not fighting the impulse to get up and go to Blake because, actually, she had yielded to that. She was merely delaying action. While the minutes ran away. And presently she arose, washed her hands, powdered her nose.

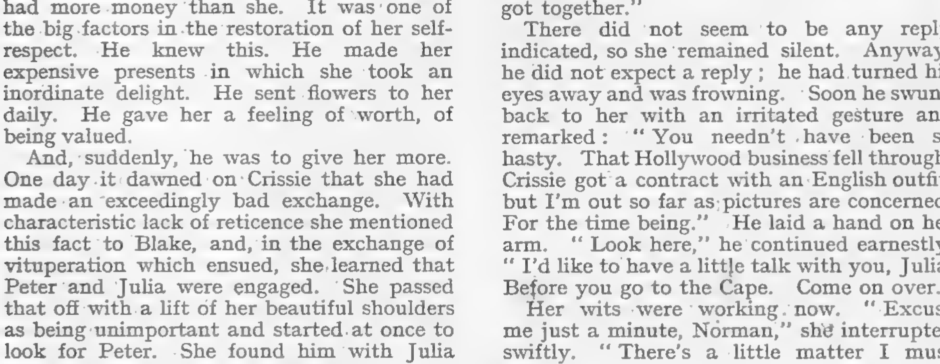
She walked the three blocks to Blake's apartment with set face, striving to keep her mind a blank. Mowson admitted her at once. He said blandly. "You are expected, madame." She wanted to say, "He's pretty sure of me, Mowson," but restrained herself. It came to her that Mowson knew her weakness. He smiled and motioned her to the drawing-room.

Blake got up at her approach and put his highball on the table. She said, her lips stiff. "Well, I'm here. It seems that you expected me."

Oddly, she thought, there was no triumph on his face. He said petulantly. "Sure, I knew you'd come. I knew you weren't afraid. Because I saw that you were washed up with me from the way you walked out on me there at the Grand Central. Cool as a cucumber. Hell! I'm not dumb. And that's why I figured you'd show up when you thought things over because you'd realise that we've some things to settle and that the quicker they're settled the better."

Her lips shook with ghastly, inward mirth. "The fool!" she said to herself weakly, "the incredible fool!" She lost the flow of his words for a moment, it took an effort to concentrate on them.

"You've a good thing in Estey," he was saying. "He's a gentleman. He's your kind. Crissie tells me that he belongs to one of those county families that knows everybody from the king on down. It didn't take her long to discover that she'd made a



The new 4½ litre Bentley supplied by The Car Mart Ltd. to Mrs. E. L. Payton, wife of the Deputy Chairman of the Austin Motor Co., Ltd.

bad switch, the mug. Personally I think she was plain nuts." He laughed derisively, maliciously, but in a moment his face straightened, grew patently envious. "I'd like to be in your shoes," he went on with a child's naive wistfulness. "Mixing it up with those big shots over in England. Why, I'll bet, Julia, that you'll even be calling them by their first names." He contemplated this fact a moment with raptness.

She heard her own voice saying thinly: "What do you want?"

He turned to her. "Oh, yes, I've a chance to rent the apartment for the rest of our lease, which is fifteen months, at a premium of fifty dollars a month if I'll sell the furniture. The stuff is in your name; that is, it was charged to you and you paid the bill. I know you gave it to me, but legally it's yours. I've made out a bill of sale. I'd like you to sign it." He took a paper from his pocket and thrust it into her hand.

She looked at the opening line: "In consideration of the sum of one dollar receipt of which is hereby acknowledged." He was holding out a pen to her; she took it and signed her name in the indicated space. "Thanks," he said. "Thanks a lot."

"That's all," she said. It was a statement, not a question.

He nodded. "Some time," he remarked eagerly, "when Estey gets over being sore at me because of that fool Crissie, I'd like to meet him. I may be able to wangle a job out of one of the British movie outfits. And it wouldn't do me any harm in England knowing a guy like Estey."

She did not feel like laughing now. Strangely she wanted to cry. She reached out a hand and patted his shoulder, as she would pat a little boy. "Why, yes, Norman," she answered. "I'm sure Peter doesn't hold any animosity against you. I'm a little inclined to believe that he thinks he is in your debt." She continued to pat him absently for a moment.

She was out on the avenue again and was aware of the strong feeling of tranquillity within her. It was pleasant not to have to take that long ride to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street. It would have been such a rush and she hated that breathless, apprehensive sort of feeling. She glanced at her watch. Nearly an hour before the train left. She had time for a cocktail—time to telephone Peter.

Her high heels clicked leisurely along the pavement. A part of a sentence popped into her mind. She repeated it aloud: "In consideration of the sum of one dollar receipt of which is hereby acknowledged." . . . She laughed outright. There was something incredibly funny about that. Or was it tragic? She did not quite know. At any rate, it did not matter.

END

The Wedding of Garla

(*Continued from page* 41)

fight when Roger suggested: "Isn't it about time to break up our particular party, Jane? I'll let you have the necessary evidence as soon as you wish."

She'd been sure then that he was in love with that girl from his office, and told herself she would be glad to be rid of him, since it seemed they couldn't carry on a five-minute conversation without it becoming a "bicker."

Only theirs had been a very amicable divorce, really. Jane hadn't needed alimony. Roger had agreed that the three-year-old Garla's place was with her mother.

Jane, equally fair-minded, had consented to his tersely worded request two years ago, that the sixteen-year-old Garla might be allowed to spend a portion of her summer holidays on the Norfolk Broads with him.

That was the first time Jane had heard from him in thirteen years. She was surprised at his postscript: "*I have not married again.*" But emotionally the information hadn't touched her.

(*Continued on page* 174)

English Complexion

Flutter of banners in the May sunshine, Fanfare of trumpets at the Royal Exchange . . . . England's Coronation will be the most splendid event of 1937; and of the beautiful women who will add to its elegance the vast majority are Elizabeth Arden's clients.

For these English beauties, as well as her other clients, Miss Arden, realising the distinctively English trend which will characterize the coming summer mode, has designed the new English Complexion Make-up—a delicate symphony on an English theme.

★ Make-up requirements:—Powder foundation - *Naturelle Lille Lotion*; Rouge, Lipstick, Nail Varnish - *Coquette*; 1st Powder - *Ardena Mat Fonce*; 2nd Powder - *Japonica 'Lysetta'*; Eyeshado - *Gris Brun* and *Bleu Vert.* Salon treatments include the exquisite new make-up, and your assistant will give you instructions for applying it at home.

Salon Treatments, 15/- and 1 gn.

Elizabeth Arden

Elizabeth Arden Ltd.

25 OLD BOND STREET LONDON W.1

PARIS ELIZABETH ARDEN S.A.

NEW YORK: 691 FIFTH AVENUE

Though she dance till dawn at a Mayfair Ball...

her skin is as fresh as the dew
The Lady Elizabeth Murray

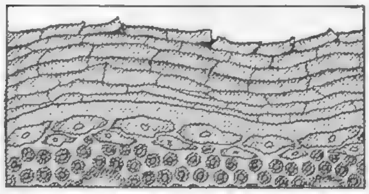
EVER since her childhood days on the Isle of Skye, which is the ancestral home of her family, Lady Elizabeth Murray has hunted in the winter and sailed in the summer. And ever since she "came out," she has spent the Season and the Little Season in London.

She is one of the loveliest among the guests at Mayfair's smartest places. For, in spite of rough weather and the gay social round, her skin is always fine as apple blossom.

Read, in her own words, how she keeps it always looking lovely.

"*Before I powder,*" Lady Elizabeth says, "*I use Pond's Vanishing Cream. It makes my skin so soft that my powder goes on with a wonderful smoothness and really stays. This cream also protects my skin against rough weather. I use Pond's Vanishing Cream for a nourishing cream, too.*"

The following facts explain how Pond's Vanishing Cream can make *your* skin look lovely almost instantly.


● A cross-section of skin. Notice how the dried top cells have broken away, making the skin rough.

Every minute the air is removing moisture from your skin. Drying it out—making it harder and rougher.

How to Make Skin Baby-Soft at once

But you can put into your skin a substance that *softens it at once*—a substance that lovely women have in their skin naturally, but other women lack. This substance is in Pond's Vanishing Cream, and when you smooth this cream on your face, it is absorbed, turning your skin soft and smooth. Then your powder goes on evenly and stays on for hours.

And by using Pond's Vanishing Cream your skin is made youthful. For this cream contains another substance, one that *nourishes* the skin. Lines and wrinkles disappear!

Get Pond's Vanishing Cream today and start using it.

Try Pond's Vanishing Cream free. Also Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing. Send in this coupon. **POND'S**

FREE For sample tubes of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams, write your name and address below, pin a 1d. stamp to this coupon, and post in sealed envelope to Dept. C 658, Pond's, Perivale, Greenford, Middlesex.

NAME______________________________

ADDRESS__________________________

BEAUTY ADVICE FREE: *Write to Constance Holt, Pond's Beauty Expert, at the address above, for free advice on your skin problems.*

But her jealousy rose, raw and bitter, when Garla came back from that holiday in raptures about her wonderful father.

"Mummie, he's a pet, and he says, if you don't mind, he'd like to see a lot of me."

Jane minded terribly. She'd forgotten that Garla belonged to Roger as much as to herself. But because of her sense of fairness, she never tried to keep them apart. In all the past years, she had never influenced the child Garla against her father.

"Darling, we just couldn't get on; I expect it was as much my fault as your father's," was how Jane had put the divorce to Garla.

And until now Garla had been so sensible about it. She talked to Jane, without a shade of embarrassment, about Roger. It had simply never occurred to Jane that the time would come when Garla should look upon her parents' divorce as an ugly blot in her own life. Something to conceal.

She coaxed the angry, hurt girl now:

"Darling, you exaggerate about Jerry, I'm sure. After all, Garla, you know how it is with your father and myself. It isn't as though we hate each other; we just didn't get on, and that happens to lots of married people."

Garla's teeth let go of her lip. Her mouth was stubborn, her eyes angrily hostile.

"If you would do this small thing for me, mummie; if daddy doesn't mind . . . and if you're such good friends as you say . . ."

Each word stung Jane like the lash of a whip. Oh, this logic of the young! How it could hurt you!

Playing for time, she questioned:

"What exactly have you told Jerry about us, Garla?"

Garla shrugged and reddened.

"Just nothing in particular . . . he knows I have a father and a mother alive, and that's all there is to it . . ."

"But Garla, surely Mrs. Simpson knows?"

Blindly Jane reached out for more ammunition.

Mrs. Simpson had a farm down in Devonshire and took occasional boarders. Jane had heard of her from Lady Vivien and, when Garla recovered, peaked and white, from a bout of 'flu a couple of months back, Jane had sent her to Mrs. Simpson.

"Why should Mrs. Simpson know about our private affairs?" Garla was challenging. "*I* certainly didn't tell her a thing. . ."

Spiritually, Jane felt bruised and beaten all over. She gave in begrudgingly:

"If it means so much to you to have your father at the wedding, I suppose he'd better come."

Garla hugged her:

"My sweet, I knew you'd see my point of view."

Lying in bed that night, Jane cursed herself for every kind of a fool. She should have been firm with Garla; she should have told her:

"You can't start your married life with a lie. You must tell Jerry everything. If he loves you, it won't make a hoot of difference."

But, always honest with herself, Jane admitted she wasn't thinking of Garla and the young man from Devonshire, who had written such a charming letter asking formally for Garla's hand. No, Jane was thinking about herself and Roger, and how on earth they were going to act the part of a devoted married couple on Garla's wedding day.

Roger . . . he was like a sweet dream which had ended in a nightmare. She didn't miss him any more. She hardly ever thought about him.

After the first sharp anguish of their parting, she had thrown herself, body and soul, into her work, taking chances all the time, moving from Kensington to Grosvenor Street, with an overdraft at the bank hanging over her head. She'd spent whole nights juggling with figures, so as to be able to pay Garla's boarding-school fees. But she had never asked Roger for a penny. She felt old and worn-out, and she wasn't quite forty, but at least she could meet Roger with her chin in the air.

"I've made a success of the job—just as I said I would."

Meeting Roger after fifteen years. It was more like a situation in a " movie " than real life. It didn't do to think of the good times one had had with Roger . . . the first ecstasy of their love . . . the blessed relief of the reconciliations which followed the early quarrels. Roger was simply . . . father to Garla.

Jane came down to breakfast heavy-eyed and listless, after her sleepless night. Garla was drinking orange-juice. Young and lovely and eager she looked, with a new light in her blue eyes, because of her love for Jerry Peters. And, all at once, it seemed to Jane that there was nothing left for her in life except to keep Garla happy. Her own problems, the ones at the shop and this ludicrous meeting with Roger—they simply didn't count. If Garla wanted them both at her wedding, if she wanted to walk up the aisle on her father's arm—well, it was up to Jane and Roger, her mother and father, to do this thing for her.

Jane sipped black coffee and crumbled a roll. She reminded Garla that she had a fitting for her wedding-dress that afternoon at Grosvenor Street. And that reminded her of all the troublesome things which lay ahead of her, and she was anxious to plunge herself into the maelstrom of business so that she could stop thinking about Roger.

Garla waited until her mother had left the flat before telephoning Roger at his office.

" Darling, she says it's all right," announced Garla enthusiastically. " Now, daddy, you won't back out on me, will you ? "

" Trust me, sweet . . . . Can you lunch ? " enquired Roger Lister.

Garla could. She promised to be at a restaurant in the City sharp at one.

" There are so many details to discuss," said Garla, growing important.

Roger replaced the receiver, and his secretary came in to ask if he were ready to dictate his letters. He shook his head.

" Give me half an hour, Miss Grey. There are one or two personal matters. . . . You might get the girl at the switchboard to give me a line . . . . "

As soon as he was alone again, Roger drew in his breath slowly. It made a long, whistling sound. He ran his fingers through his greying hair, which Jane had once loved for its purple blackness ; he worried the corner of his mouth with his teeth.

When he'd promised Garla to give her away, he'd deliberately qualified the promise.

" If your mother has no objection, that is," not imagining for a minute that Jane would consent. Garla was Jane's child ; she'd brought her up, paid for her. It simply wouldn't have been human of Jane, Roger had thought comfortably, to bring in Garla's father on the child's wedding-day.

Yet that was the way Garla wanted it.

When she came to him, a week ago, so young and fresh and sweet, her eyes unusually bright because she was in love, warning him :

" Daddy, I haven't said a word to Jerry about you and mummie being divorced . . . . Will you play up for just the one day, my wedding day. . . . ? " Roger had been so sure Jane wouldn't go through this nonsense. He had counted on Jane to get them both out of the fix. And, unaccountably, she had failed him.

Yet to Garla it was all so simple. One by one, she'd overridden Roger's faltering objections. No, the woman she had stayed with hadn't known a thing. She, Garla, and Jerry were going to live just outside Exeter, where he had a good job in his uncle's office. They'd most likely not come to London once a year. He was travelling up on the night train to London for his wedding, and was going straight from his hotel to the church. There was no need for Jerry to come to Jane's flat in Kensington, or to Roger's bachelor suite in Bloomsbury, because Jane had arranged for the reception to be at the Embassy Hotel.

" So, daddy, you see, it's so easy," Garla had begged.

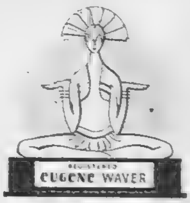
And she'd explained to Roger just as she'd explained to Jane :

" Daddy, darling, Jerry and his people just wouldn't understand divorce. In Jerry's circle, when

(Continued on page 176)

Double your attraction with the graceful charm of a EUGÈNE *wave*

Almost any hairdresser can permanently wave your hair after a fashion. But is it the correct fashion ? The Eugène Wave is the ideal basis for setting your hair in the fascinating and fashionable new styles. Eugène waves and curls are graceful and natural yet full of "spring" and "life" which makes your hair delightfully easy to manage. Lovely hair looks lovelier still after a Eugène Wave. Full of glints and gleams of glorious health. So go to your nearest Registered Eugène Waver—at the sign of the little Green Goddess—and be sure to see that the Sachets actually used on your hair—back as well as front—are exactly like the one shown below. Then you can look forward to months and months of pride and pleasure.



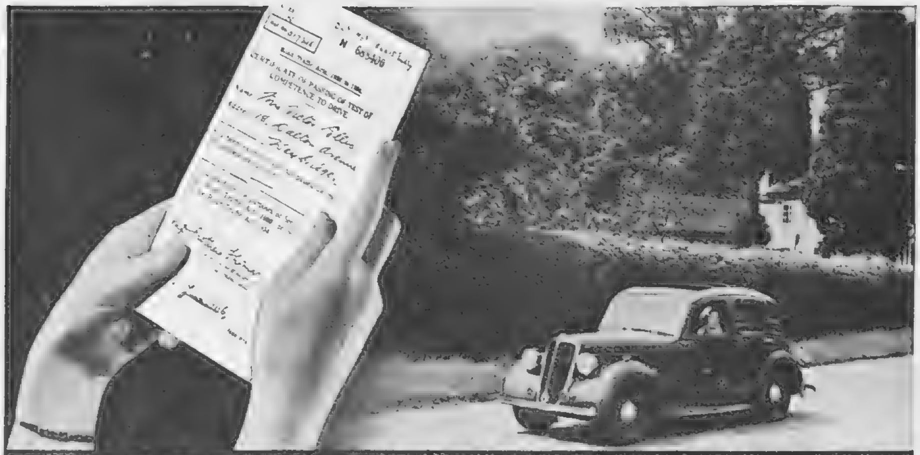
EUGÈNE

eugène
Eugenol
SACHET

● FREE : Send your name and address on a postcard for a free specimen Sachet and Betty Brand's famous booklet "On Choosing a Hair-Style." Eugène, Ltd. Edgware Rd. Hendon, N.W.9

PERMANENT WAVE

CVS—21



THESE HANDS MIGHT BE YOURS

. . . YOURS . . . the pride and satisfaction of car mastery . . . the joy of the open road . . . that social and business asset—efficient driving ability.

Enjoy the very highest standard of driving tuition. Pass the Test first time and become a competent, self-reliant, courteous driver. It is a duty you owe yourself and the general public. Bad habits once acquired are never lost, and your driving ability depends on the quality of your first few lessons.

Let the B.S.M. train you, attend to all Driving Test formalities, see you through the Test and act as your guide, philosopher and friend through the first two years of your motoring career.

Brand new tuition cars; Instructors of highest qualifications; Free Club Service Facilities for two years after instruction with expert advice on all your motoring problems anywhere in Great Britain.

BSM

The **BRITISH SCHOOL of MOTORING**

Head Office:

5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, W.1
and 28 Branches in and around London

BIRMINGHAM: Sheepcote Street, Broad Street.
BOURNEMOUTH: 121, Old Christchurch Road.
BRADFORD: 1, Upper Piccadilly.
BRIGHTON: 32, New Road.
BRISTOL: Tramways Centre.
CARDIFF: 81, Newport Road.
COVENTRY: 23, Hertford Street.
GLASGOW: 206, Sauchiehall Street.
HALIFAX: Silver Street.
HULL: 206, Spring Bank.
LEEDS: 15, Merrion Street.
LEICESTER: 68, Granby Street.
LIVERPOOL: Macdonald House, Clayton Square.
MANCHESTER: 39, Market Street.
NEWCASTLE: 13-15, Blackett Street.
NOTTINGHAM: 4, Bridlesmith Gate.
PLYMOUTH: New Town Chambers, Old Town Street.
SHEFFIELD: 7, Town Hall Chambers, 87, Fargate,

and
ABERDEEN
BATH
BEDFORD
BIRKENHEAD
BLACKPOOL
CAMBRIDGE
CHATHAM
CHELTENHAM
CHESTER
DERBY
DUNDEE
EASTBOURNE
EPSOM
FOLKESTONE
GUILDFORD
HARROGATE
HASTINGS
IPSWICH
KINGSTON
LANCASTER
LUTON
MAIDSTONE
NORWICH
NORTHAMPTON
OXFORD
PENZANCE
PORTSMOUTH
PRESTON
READING
SLOUGH
SOUTHAMPTON
SOUTHEND
STOKE-on-TRENT
ST. ALBANS
STOCKPORT
SUNDERLAND
TAUNTON
TORQUAY
TUNBRIDGE WELLS
WARRINGTON
WATFORD
WORTHING

you marry it's either 'until death us do part,' or you're a bit beyond the pale, as it were."

Roger liked the sound of this Jerry of Garla's. He visualised him a clean-limbed, unimaginative young Englishman. He earned enough to keep a home going. Rugger, Garla had told him, was Jerry's game. Once it had also been Roger's. As with Jane, this marriage of Garla's and her insistence that they should both be there sent his thoughts hurtling back into the past.

Roger had never regretted the divorce. It had stood out a mile that they would never get on. Call him small-minded, old-fashioned, but he'd never been able to stomach coming home to an empty flat, bracing himself to receive a wife who was more exhausted from her job than he was from his. It had stood out a mile, hadn't it, that Jane cared far more for her "rag-shop" than she cared for him.

Meanwhile, Roger had had his fun. You couldn't expect a man to remain celibate because of the memories of a woman who'd been glorious and mysterious and a fleeting, uncertain moonbeam to him. Even now, at nearly fifty years old, Roger was never at a loose end for feminine society. Slickly pretty girls, with rouged mouths and a hurried look in their eyes, were only too glad to dance and dine with him. He hadn't married again, because there hadn't been any need. And Effie Stevens, whom Jane had believed him to be so much in love with, had married an advertising agent before the decree became absolute. That's all there'd ever been in Effie and Roger's association. She'd amused him, and Roger could afford to buy her dinners while the man she loved was in New York. Roger had known about him from the start.

He put out his hand now to the buzzer which would have brought his secretary, Miss Grey, back into the room. Then he changed his mind and reached out for the telephone book and looked up Jane's number at her shop in Grosvenor Street.

It was some time before her operator brought Jane to the telephone. Roger heard her voice, crisp and even:

"Hallo, Roger, what's it all about?"

She said it just as though they might have had breakfast together.

"About this business of Garla's wedding," fumbled Roger. "You know she wants me to give her away."

"I think we should go through with it for the child," said Jane, in that same crisp, even tone.

And Roger fumbled again, feeling as though he were speaking to a stranger:

"I have an idea we should have a sort of dress rehearsal, Jane. I mean, talk over the ceremony, and all that. Can you, by any chance, dine with me to-night?"

Jane shrank from the idea of a tête-à-tête dinner with Roger. But for Garla's sake.... Roger was right; there were things to discuss. The guests, her friends, would have to be warned. Having gone so far, one might as well do the thing properly. As Roger said, there were things to discuss. He ought to know who was coming, for instance. It wasn't quite fair to Roger, who was so bad at keeping a surprise to himself, not to know beforehand that her golden hair was bleached platinum blonde, and that she had to use spectacles for reading.

She said:

"I'm free to-night, Roger."

He suggested a restaurant in the West End, and asked if eight o'clock would suit her.

THEY sat opposite each other at a small table in a smart, quiet restaurant. They had greeted each other like a couple of shy, awkward kids. Waiting for the smoked salmon, they sipped sherry and discussed the weather and each other's health.

"You look well, Jane."

"I feel grand. You look pretty fit yourself, Roger."

That was how it went; a volley of short sentences, neat and clipped and insignificant, like the dialogue of an ultra-modern play. The atmosphere thawed a little when the Spanish omelette arrived, and Jane began to talk about Garla and Jerry.

"He sounds a nice boy, Roger . . . not an awful lot of money, but good prospects and a doting and rich grandmother. He wrote me such a charming letter . . . Look."

She'd brought it with her, and handed it to Roger out of swank mostly, because Jerry had written to her and not to him.

Roger read it through carefully; handing it back, he said:

"Garla does you credit, Jane. She's the sweetest thing . . ."

They talked about Garla quite naturally after that. Roger was looking all the while at Jane. Beautiful she was still. That pale hair suited her. She looked so tired, though, as if there wasn't an ounce of energy left in her.

But then Jane had always been tired. His mind caught at the past. He thought of those days when he could hardly wait until the evening to see Jane; he remembered the sweet madness of their whirlwind courtship; the swirl of peace which had come upon him when they left the registrar's office man and wife.

It was odd, a little sad, that love like that should die.

Jane, sitting opposite him now, expensively dressed, with a subtle perfume clinging to her, was just any charming, rather tired woman, with the quiet beauty of her meaning no more to him than if she'd been a picture or bit of sculpture.

He said aloud, keeping off the dank silence which had threatened them throughout the meal:

"I'm glad to hear you're doing so well, Jane."

Her darkened eyelids dropped for a second over her eyes. He saw her coral lips tighten, as though something had hurt her.

"Yes, things are pretty good, Roger."

Jane smiled faintly. Things were pretty good. Her business was coining money. On the face of it, she was such a successful woman. And it was no concern of Roger's that she was working herself to death, worried out of her life most of the time, on some days hating clothes so much that she'd cross the road on the way home rather than pass a dress-shop.

Forcing the tiredness out of her voice, she questioned Roger in turn:

"How's life treating you?"

"Not too badly, not too badly at all," replied Roger, and was about to brag how he was earning a four-figure salary these days and was so full up with engagements he scarcely knew where to turn, when he noticed Jane's face had become greyishly white; there were little beads of perspiration on her upper lip. And Jane, who had never fainted in all her life, stammered weakly:

"Roger, I'm sorry . . . I feel so queer . . . dizzy . . ." With a long, shuddering sigh, she sagged, unconscious, her head falling forward upon the table.

Waiters helped Roger to carry her into the manager's office. Luckily, a doctor was dining in the restaurant. He dabbed Jane's forehead with ice-cold water, took her pulse, and advised Roger:

"I should call in your own man. There's nothing organically wrong, so far as I can tell, but she seems very, very, exhausted."

Some minutes passed before Jane's shadowed eyelids flickered open. Roger asked her a little stiffly:

"How are you feeling now, my dear?"

He was torn between compassion and a sense of irritation. Why, if Jane had to faint, must she choose the evening she dined with him for the first time in fifteen years?

"Roger, I'm all right now." She was drawing herself up gingerly. "If you'd get me a taxi . . ."

Then he was so sorry for her.

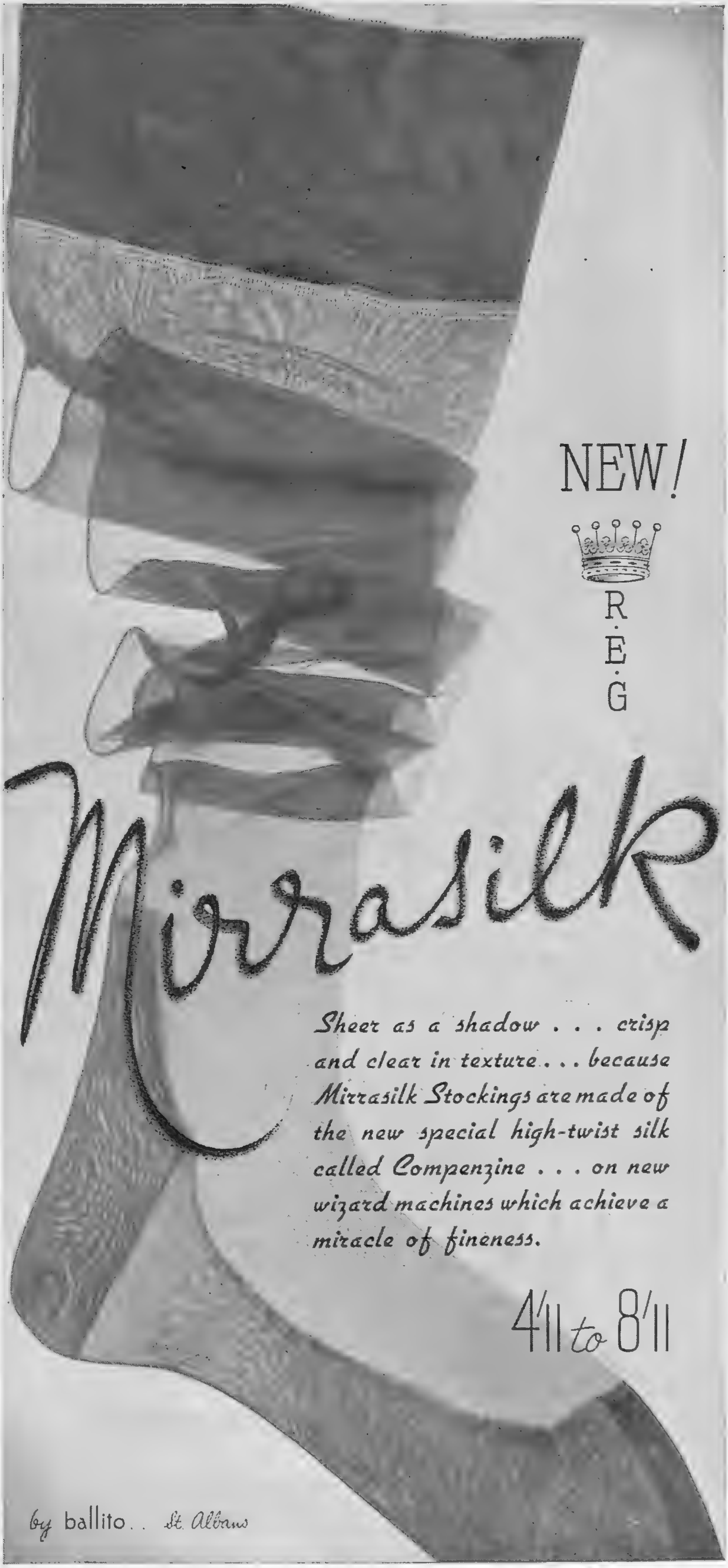
"I'll see you home, Jane . . ."

There was nothing to that. A civility he'd have shown to the most casual acquaintance in the same circumstances.

She kept her eyes closed, with her head reclining against the upholstery, during the drive back to Kensington.

Roger, glancing

(*Continued on page* 178)



NEW!
R.E.G
Mirrasilk

Sheer as a shadow . . . crisp and clear in texture . . . because Mirrasilk Stockings are made of the new special high-twist silk called Compenzine . . . on new wizard machines which achieve a miracle of fineness.

4/11 *to* 8/11

by ballito . . *St. Albans*

You MUST have OLIVE OIL
TO SAFEGUARD YOUR SKIN BEAUTY
There's no simpler way of getting it than this . . .
PALMOLIVE
3d per tablet

How alluring is the charm of a lovely youthful skin! And how easily it can be acquired . . . just by simple night and morning washing with Palmolive—every day! There is no easier way—over 20,000 beauty experts say so!

It's the soft, creamy lather of Palmolive that beautifies, soothes and cleanses in one action with its gentle, deeply penetrating lather. That lather comes from the oils of the olive and the palm—famed throughout the ages for their beautifying powers. Palmolive contains abundantly a secret blend of these vegetable oils.

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

BANISH GREY HAIR SAFELY!

Simple — safe — and supremely effective! Nuctone will restore grey hair to its original shade without fear of failure.

Nuctone
SAFE for Grey Hair
3'9 From Hairdressers & Chemists - 6'6

AS EASY AND SAFE AS A SHAMPOO.

at her sideways, admitted her beauty. Only it didn't mean a thing to him any more.

He insisted on going up in the lift with her, right to her front door. Jane invited him politely, her voice still shaky:

"Come in, won't you, Roger, for a nightcap?"

He made her lie on the couch while he fetched the drinks. He observed she was still using the squat Georgian tumblers his firm had given them for a wedding present.

"Sorry to have made such an ass of myself, Roger . . ."

There were tears of mortification in Jane's eyes. She started to complain childishly:

"It's the business. It simply takes everything out of one . . ." Then she was telling him about the sick designer, and Lady Vivien's difficult ways, and what trouble she was having with the customs over the delivery of her silk.

"Things will ease up after the spring show," finished Jane, abruptly.

"Oh! quite. You always had a bad time before your shows," Roger remembered.

He was embarrassed rather than moved by her outburst.

He had finished his drink and was wondering irritably why Garla wasn't home to look after her mother, and whether Jane was well enough to be left by herself, when she remarked irrelevantly:

"Grey hair suits you, Roger."

She was grateful to Roger for having brought her home, distressed that she should have spoiled their dinner by fainting in the middle. But Roger Lister meant no more to her than any other man who had performed her a service. She thought him better-looking than anyone else she knew, but his looks didn't move her. She could scarcely believe there'd been a time when her pulse quickened at the sight of him, and that his slightest touch had turned her blood to fire.

She sent him away just before midnight.

"Garla will be home at any minute now, Roger. She's gone to the Marsdens' dance . . . with Jerry's full approval, of course . . ."

Then, as soon as she heard the front door click behind him, she dragged herself to bed.

Garla came home soon after. Exquisite in rose-pink chiffon, her eyes bright with excitement and the colour of her frock reflected palely in her cheeks, she sat on the edge of her mother's bed and told her all about the dance.

"Mummie, it was the loveliest fun, and I was simply knee-deep in partners . . . but every now and again I felt lonely and lost because Jerry wasn't there."

And Jane, who had once felt just the same about parties which Roger couldn't attend, said:

"That's comforting for Jerry, my sweet . ."

She hustled Garla off to bed, saying she was tired. But she didn't mention her faint, or that she had dined with Garla's father.

In his rooms in Bloomsbury, where the landlady had forgotten to put out soda-water with his whisky, Roger sat gloomily before the unlit gas-fire. He felt depressed. Old. Bothered as to whether he ought to have left Jane alone. Poor Jane, what a washout she'd made of her life, robbing herself of its fullness in the futile pursuance of an unimportant career. She'd made good; she probably had a good deal more money than himself. Only where did that land you?"

He thrust his hand in his pocket and brought out a limp, gilt-edged engagement-book. He was taking a perky little film starlet to dinner to-morrow . . . the evening after that he was dining with a man and going to the theatre. That brought one to the week-end, with its golf and casual bridge at the club. Maybe he'd get Garla for supper on Sunday night.

A good life.

Roger's spirits soared. Nothing old or worn-out about him yet.

But poor old Jane . . .

He revisualised her strained, white face framed in the pale hair, lying against a pile of dark blue silk cushions on her sofa. Never in all his life had he seen anyone look so utterly tired. No wonder he felt depressed. Jane was the woman he'd loved, whom he'd vowed to cherish " until death us do part."

GARLA'S wedding was a great success. Like a small princess she looked, walking sedately up the aisle on her father's arm. Her wedding-dress, ivory white and rather Russian, was the last thing Jane's designer had created before getting ill.

Jane approved at once of Jerry. Big and loose-limbed, with faithful brown eyes and the frank grin of a man you could trust, so devoted to Garla that he couldn't keep his voice steady if he so much as spoke her name.

At the reception at the Embassy Hotel afterwards, Jane overheard him enthusing to his very new bride :

" Darling, why didn't you tell me what a lovely mother you have ? Garla, keep beautiful for me in the way your mother has kept beautiful for your father . . ."

Jane had to clap her hand quickly over her mouth to suppress a nervous giggle. She moved away to the far corner of the room, where Roger, who had played his part superbly, was in earnest conversation with Jerry's parents, the Vicar and his wife, and Jane heard the latter wish aloud, fervently :

" I pray those two young people will get all the happiness out of life and each other that has been bestowed on John and me in our married life."

And Roger had the nerve to play up, though he could see Jane was within earshot.

" That goes for me and my wife, too, Mrs. Peters . . ."

The things you did for your children . . . the way they hurt you, without knowing.

Jane went with Garla to help her change out of the rather Russian wedding-frock into fluffy grey-blue tweeds.

Garla clung to her before going to join the guests again.

" Mummie, bless you for everything . . ."

She looked so happy . . . young . . . on the fringe of life.

Jane jerked up the girl's chin.

" Write to me often, Garla."

" Every single day, darling."

" Don't make rash promises, Garla. Once a week will do."

Jane prayed she wasn't going to howl when Garla drove off with Jerry in his car. Garla hadn't an inkling of how much her mother was going to miss her. " And she never shall know from me," muttered Jane, between tightly clenched teeth.

She watched Garla hug Roger.

" Good-bye, daddy . . . God bless you.."

She came back to Jane ; held fast to her hands.

" Mummie, I love you so much," said Garla emotionally, and her lip quivered.

Then, when Jerry, looking bigger than ever and so English in his tweeds, came diffidently across to her, she smiled radiantly. They ran down the hotel steps together, hand in hand, to Jerry's car.

Roger was standing beside Jane, watching them out of sight. He took her ice-cold hand and gave it a friendly grip.

" Cheer up, old girl."

Jane smiled limply. She couldn't speak for the thick sob in her throat.

Roger stayed on when all the others had gone. He said :

" I'd an idea you might like to have dinner with me, Jane, and I think we deserve something specially good for the excellent show we put up . . . Believe it or not, Jerry's mother asked me had we thought how we were planning to spend our silver-wedding day."

Jane accepted his invitation, and they both went back to their respective homes. Roger was to call for Jane at seven.

She had a cocktail mixed for him. She'd put on her gayest evening frock. Roger had changed, too. She thought he looked old . . . weary. She wondered what Roger was going to do with himself when he no longer attracted pretty girls and was too stiff and rheumaticky to dance. Poor Roger was such a gregarious person ; look how he'd sulked when

(*Continued on page 180*)

★ DR. VAN DE VELDE, *World-Famous Specialist, has just written*

A BOOKLET ABOUT WOMAN'S MOST DIFFICULT PROBLEM

FEMININE HYGIENE
Some Remarks and Advice
by
TH. VAN DE VELDE, M.D.

Even the most fastidious woman may cause embarrassment to others at certain times. "Feminine Hygiene — Some Remarks and Advice" by Dr. Th. H. Van de Velde, who is one of the world's greatest gynæcological specialists, explains why this is perfectly natural and how it can be avoided in future.

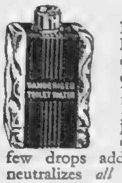
The booklet also explains how Dr. Van de Velde has revolutionised sanitary protection with the Camelia de Luxe VANDERISED Towel. Treated by his special process, this towel is rendered deodorizing. It is also antiseptic and prophylactic, having a soothing action on the skin which prevents all chafing. Entirely new in shape, it gives perfect protection with the greatest possible comfort. Thousands have already read Dr. Van de Velde's booklet and know just how important correct feminine hygiene is and how great an advance Camelia de Luxe VANDERISED Towels are on ordinary methods of sanitary protection. Every woman will be the wiser for reading it — send for it now.

The Camelia de Luxe VANDERISED Towel is the only towel approved, recommended and guaranteed by Dr. Van de Velde, and is the only towel which fulfils all the requirements of perfect sanitary protection — Deodorizing, Antiseptic, Prophylactic, Specially Shaped.

★ DR. VAN DE VELDE

Dr. Van de Velde has probably made greater contributions to the advancement of the science of gynæcology than any other living authority. He has published some 80 works dealing with experiments and experiences in a lifetime's research. His new booklet "Feminine Hygiene—Some Remarks and Advice," dealing authoritatively with the subject, is offered to you free of charge. We invite you to write for a free copy, obtainable solely from Nurse Ashby, c/o Chappell, Allen & Co. Ltd., 136/7 London Wall, London, E.C.2. Just send your name and address with a 1½d. stamp to cover postage.

VANDERISED TOILET WATER



Dr. Van de Velde particularly recommends the use of this toilet water for external intimate hygiene. Prepared in accordance with his formula it is also an adjunct to the everyday toilet of the fastidious woman. A few drops added to the washing water neutralizes *all* body odours (perspiration, etc.) and leaves a feeling of personal freshness. PRICE per bottle **1/6**

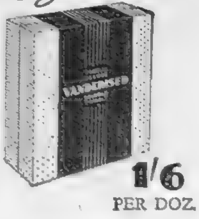
Camelia de Luxe

VANDERISED Towels

DEODORIZING ★ PROPHYLACTIC
ANTISEPTIC ★ SPECIALLY SHAPED

"CAMELIA" SOLUBLE TOWELS *with either loop or tab ends, are still obtainable at 6d for six or 1/- for twelve. Super soft, highly absorbent, conveniently shaped with rounded ends for concealment, they are not treated by the Vanderised process but, nevertheless, give excellent sanitary protection.*

THE VANDERISED TOWELS *are packed in one dozens, in two interlocking flat boxes of six towels each, held together by a detachable band label carrying all the wording. This ingenious packing will be much appreciated by women wishing to avoid the embarrassment of carrying or disposing of the box and to facilitate storing.*



1/6
PER DOZ.

V.2

she left him alone for some part of the evening in the old days.

Roger took her to the smartest restaurant in London for dinner, and ordered champagne. They talked mostly about the wedding.

" Nice to be twenty-five with a life ahead of you," said Roger, referring to Jerry, and Jane felt so sorry for him and his approaching fiftieth birthday. To cheer him up, she envied Garla :

" Nice to be twenty-one, with a big, strong husband to look after you . . . "

Roger raised his eyebrows. They were thick and very black.

" Was that a dirty crack, Jane ? "

She shrank back.

" Oh, no . . . the fault was on both our sides."

A long silence fell between them. Roger was bothered about Jane. She looked ill. Tired out. She was going to be so darned lonely without Garla, too.

He didn't love her, but he couldn't bear to think of her ill and unhappy, working herself to death when he had plenty of money for both of them.

Gulping half a glass of champagne, he ventured :

" Is it too late to start again, Jane ? "

Jane turned so pale that he thought she was going to faint again.

" Roger," her voice had a strangled quality, " Roger, I'm sorry, but once something has died . . . our love, there's nothing of it left. . . ."

Her eyes filled with tears. She was so sorry for Roger, who was going to be lost and unhappy once he got too old to play around with pretty girls. He was, in a sense, so helpless. From what she had gathered from Garla, his rooms were gloomy and uncomfortable. Roger never had had any idea of how to make himself comfortable. There'd been a time when Roger was so proud of his home.

He touched her hand across the table. His lips twitched in a persuasive smile.

" Jane, Jane, what a sentimentalist. My dear, this isn't the last reel of a movie-picture. This is real life, Jane. We are two very ordinary people, not so very young any more. You're tired out; you need someone to take care of you . . Give up your silly shop, Jane, and make it my privilege to buy your bread and butter . . . "

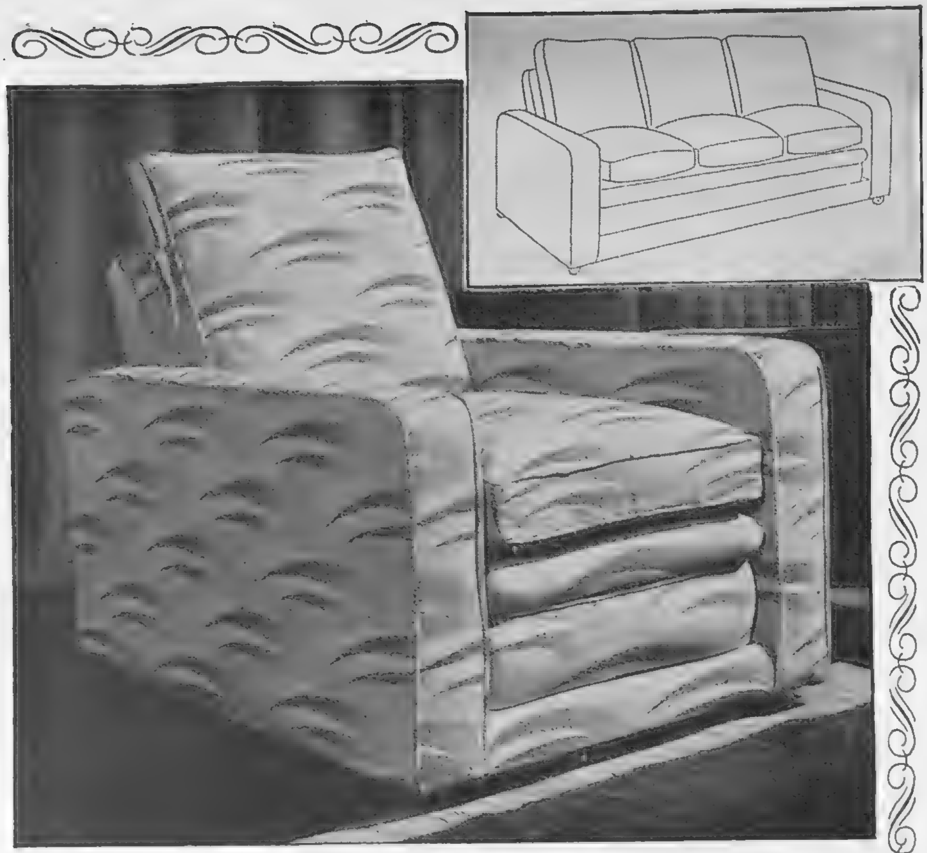
She thought again of Roger's uncomfortable rooms; she thought of the loneliness which was coming to him. They weren't in love any more, or even pretending to be. But she saw no reason why they shouldn't be very good companions.

She said, almost begrudgingly :

" All right, Roger . . I'll risk it."

But the smile of her was serene and gracious. Her eyes met those of Roger, and in them she read a warm, undemanding friendship and a bond which was Garla.

END



THE finest hardwoods, sound Craftsmanship, the last word in upholstery and coverings combine to give MINTY CLUB CHAIRS a character of their own. The Patented unit construction enables the back and seat to come away completely for cleaning or loose covers.

THE "ISIS" CHAIR *from* **£5 . 19 . 6**
according to length of seat.

"ISIS" SETTEE *from* **£10 . 10 . 0** according to length of seat

Upholstered in a wide range of tapestries of modern design.

Write for Catalogue of the MINTY Club Chairs, and patterns of coverings.

MINTY Ltd. (Dept. 86), 44/45, HIGH ST., Oxford
London Showrooms ... 123, Victoria Street, WESTMINSTER, S.W.1
Manchester Showrooms... 5, Exchange Street, St. Ann's Sq., Manchester

MINTY
Club Chair

Patent No. 340743

GLENEAGLES HOTEL
PERTHSHIRE

The Unrivalled Playground of the World

RESTAURANT AND SLEEPING CAR EXPRESSES BY LMS
Particulars and tariff from LMS Hotel Services, St. Pancras Chambers, London, N.W.1.
Arthur Towle, Controller.

Ciro

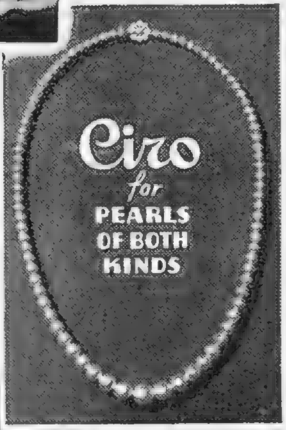
WILL BE WELL REPRESENTED AT THE CORONATION

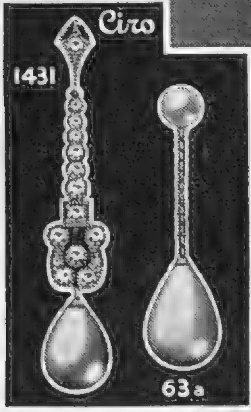
for in keeping with tradition Pearls will inevitably be worn by all who are fortunate enough to possess them

Coronation Robes by Marshall & Snelgrove

CIRO PEARLS
The World-Famous Ciro Pearl Necklace, 16 inches long with Solid Gold or Platinum Clasp costs only £1-1-0.

REAL PEARLS
Ciro offers a wide choice of Cultured Real Pearl Necklaces for as little as 6gns., the equal of which would be hard to find elsewhere under double the price.





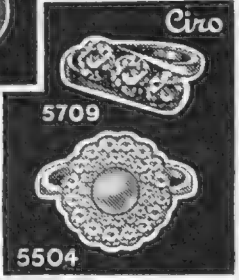
1431. Lovely design, Ciro Pearl & Diamonds elegantly mounted in Platinette. **£1-1-0 pr**

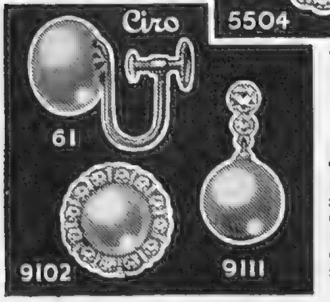
63a. Specially selected Ciro Pearls mounted in Solid Gold (screws or wires). **£1-1-0 pr**

5709. Beautiful Ciro Diamond Crossover. Mounting of Solid Gold and Platinette. **£1-1-0**

5504. Exquisite Ciro Pearl & Diamond Cluster. Fine Platinette mount. **£1-1-0**

61. Ciro Pearl Stud Earring with Solid Gold Screws or Wires. **£1-1-0 pr**





9111. Extremely dainty Ciro Pearl and Diamond Earring. In Platinette **£1-1-0 pr**

9102. Charming Ciro Pearl and Diamond Cluster Earring. Platinette mounting screws, wires or clips. **£1-1-0 pr**

Ciro Showrooms are Permanent Exhibitions of Exclusive Creations that always interpret the newest trends in jewellery fashion.

LONDON: 48 OLD BOND STREET, W.1
178 REGENT STREET, W.1 120 CHEAPSIDE, E.C.2
LIVERPOOL - 23 Church St LEEDS - 38 Briggate
M'CHESTER 14 St. Ann's Sq EDINBURGH at Jenners
BIRMINGHAM 121 New St BRISTOL at Taylors
SHEFFIELD - 23 Fargate CARDIFF at Howells
GLASGOW 95 Buchanan St DUBLIN at Switzers
BELFAST - at Robinson & Cleaver Ltd.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

An Addition to the Morris Range

(*Continued from page* 97)

which we have already noted does not diminish at any point in the speed range, so that anything between 50 and 60 m.p.h. is a perfectly comfortable pace for main-road running. In third gear, the maximum will be found between 45 and 50 m.p.h.

The gearbox provides four speeds, of which top and third are synchromesh ratios. When second gear is required, it will be found that this ratio also is quite an easy one to engage, although, being of normal design, it calls for a certain modicum of skill. At any rate, no reasonably competent driver will have any trouble with it.

The springing is good, and a very pleasant feature is the extreme steadiness with which the car "sits down" on the road. The steering has a definite action, and at no speed need the driver feel other than perfectly confident. I say this after a trial run which, to a large extent, took place over wet roads at fairly high average speeds.

The brakes are hydraulic, and their behaviour again is calculated to inspire confidence. They are at the same time powerful and smooth. Hydraulic power is likewise used to operate the in-built jacking system. This is a real asset to the car, and is so arranged that two or four wheels can be speedily jacked up without the driver being required even to move out of his seat. He simply passes a lever through the front floor boards to operate the jacking mechanism.

Luggage accommodation in this "Fourteen" has been carefully planned. There is, in the first place, a large compartment behind the back seat, intended for suitcases and other small articles. If heavier luggage has to be carried, there is a grid for it at the extreme rear—and this grid is cleverly designed to fold away behind the rear bumpers when it is not in use.

Like every Morris that the Cowley factory has ever turned out, the car as a whole represents exceptionally fine value. With the fullest equipment, "Jackal" jacks included, it costs only £230, and at this figure it is hard to imagine any motoring proposition which has more to offer in the way of real comfort, roominess and vigorous performance.

The Humber "Foursome" Coupé

(*Continued from page* 99)

fine new stretch of A.2—the Dover Road—where I was able to keep going for 10 or 20 miles with hardly a check. The speedometer needle must have been near the 60 m.p.h. mark all the way along; and yet the predominant sensation was not one of stress and bustle, but rather of easy and comfortable travel. Pretty good, with only 12 h.p. under the bonnet!

Another important factor is that this car holds the road well. If I may say so without offence, I consider it in this respect to compare favourably with larger and more recent models of its own make. It has semi-elliptic springing, which is orthodox except for the one additional "vari-load" leaf per spring, and this gives perfectly comfortable riding, with a degree of firmness which ensures efficient cornering. With normal driving, there is no side-sway.

The steering is light and very pleasant, and the brakes are of sufficient power to give the driver a sense of real confidence. All these things combine to give the Humber "Twelve" a peculiarly effortless performance.

The gearbox is an appropriate one—for it is designed to eliminate all the technical difficulties of driving. All the four ratios work on the synchromesh principle, and thus all are equally simple to engage. No matter whether it is first gear or third gear that is wanted, a quiet movement of the lever is unfailingly effective. (In third gear, incidentally, the car

(*Continued on page* 182)

1937

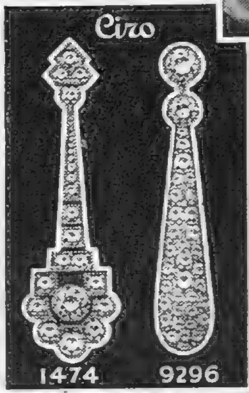
WILL BE A MEMORABLE YEAR FOR CIRO JEWELS

In social prominence ranking with the fine jewels of the World they will undoubtedly know great distinction

Court Gown by Marshall & Snelgrove

FREE
CORONATION SOUVENIRS
An Official Commemorative Medal struck by the Royal Mint and specially finished in 24ct Gold will be presented FREE with every purchase (minimum £1-1-0) from Apl. 15th—May 31st

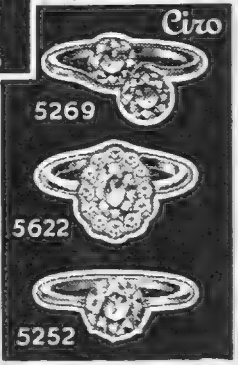
A limited number are for sale at 3/6



1474 & 9296. Two lovely Ciro Diamond & Platinette Earrings at only **£1-1-0 pr**

5269 & 5252. Ciro Diamonds claw set in Gold and Platinette. **£1-1-0 each**

5622. Real Amethyst and Ciro Diamonds in Solid Gold and Platinette. **£1-1-0**



Ciro
W144
W135

W.144 & W.135. New and quite exclusive Ciro Diamond Watches fitted with Jewelled and fully compensated lever movements more costly than many Jewellers would consider necessary. Only **6gns**

Ciro of BOND ST.

CIRO, 48 OLD BOND ST., LONDON, W.1
Please send me your FREE Catalogue

NAME

ADDRESS

15.5/37

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

JAEGER
Dorothy Round
Sports Skirt

New, practical and very brief—they are the smartest things on the courts this year. They are cut on the cross, zipped neatly up the side and are made of Jaeger flannel or linen. Whether you have or have not the figure for shorts, you will find that these skirts are a most becoming sports fashion.

JAEGER HOUSE, 204 REGENT ST.

OR GO TO YOUR NEAREST JAEGER SHOP

The Humber "Foursome" Coupé

has a useful turn of speed. I was able to record 45 m.p.h.)

Personally, I am an admirer of the all-synchromesh gearbox, not only because it is so convenient, but also because it is so logical. If the synchromesh principle is of value—as of course it is—it *must* be right to apply it in the gearbox to the most generous extent.

The "Foursome" Coupé coachwork is well up to the standard of the Humber chassis. With the folding head raised, the car is extremely attractive in appearance. The effect with the folding head lowered is less good—but against this must be set the undeniable advantage of being able to obtain almost the same sense of freedom as in an open tourer.

The front seats are extremely comfortable, and the driving position is notably well planned. One does not expect, in a coupé, an enormous amount of space behind; but in this case the provision for two back-seat passengers, although limited, should be found quite adequate. At the extreme rear of the car there is a luggage locker which is really capacious.

Incidentally, this coachwork is technically most efficient. Rattles have been eliminated from it, and even in heavy rain it seems to be immune from leakages. A small point which I noticed is that the screen-wipers make no sound. They must be of some new type. With many other points of refinement, the complete car is far from being expensive at £298. At this figure its popularity is very well deserved.

A Lively Singer Model

(*Continued from page* 101)

road steadily. The steering is particularly light, but at the same time definite in its action. Thus the full speed of the engine can be used without any apprehension.

The brakes are hydraulic, and therefore may be trusted to operate with smoothness. They also have plenty of power, although a fairly firm pressure on the pedal is required in order to achieve a quick pull-up. It is probably a good fault, however, for a brake to be a little heavier than the present average, rather than a little lighter. An ultra-light brake, although technically admirable, can sometimes be objectionable in practice. Slight heaviness, on the other hand, can be instantly allowed for, and the additional muscular action is instinctive.

There are many interesting points about the Singer coachwork. First and foremost, of all the cars which I have driven for years past, this is almost the only one having rear doors which are of the same width all the way up. There is no narrowing towards the bottom—and the result is that the rear passengers can get in and out with uncommon ease.

Convenience has obviously been carefully studied. Further evidence of this is supplied by the design of the front seats. The backs of these tilt forward, as in two-door saloon practice, in spite of the fact that—as indicated—this is a four-door model. The chief advantage of this will be found when a large piece of luggage has to be manœuvred into the rear compartment. At a touch, extra space can be provided at the vital spot—that is, opposite the door opening.

The essential consideration of sheer seating space has likewise been very thoroughly dealt with. There is plenty of head room, leg room and elbow room for four people, with sufficient additional width at the back for a fifth to be accommodated in case of necessity. The only coachwork criticism that can possibly be made is that the windscreen can only be opened to a limited extent. This may hamper the driver—but only on half a dozen days in the year, when fog and frost happen to coincide.

There is generous provision for luggage. Not only is there an enclosed compartment behind the back seat, but there is also a grid neatly concealed behind the rear bumper. Thus, even with a full passenger load, the luggage problem can never be insuperable. When all these features are considered, the price of the complete car must seem attractive at £225.

"I like Wright's because there's a healthy open air tang about it."
John Stuart
"And I find that Wright's is so protective to the skin. It makes it look so young."
Muriel Angelus

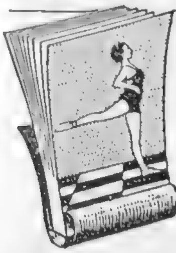
Muriel Angelus and John Stuart

- both prefer WRIGHT'S

WRIGHT'S is the soap with an equal appeal for both men and women. Men like its 'robust' freshness and the absence of cloying effeminate perfume. Women appreciate the way Wright's rich penetrating lather really cleans the pores—flushes away all impurities—and keeps the skin smooth, fresh and healthy.

Wright's Coal Tar Soap is so kind to even the most delicate skins that for generations it has been used as a nursery soap. It is *the* soap for safety, because Wright's antiseptic lather destroys infection besides removing dirt. One reason why more doctors use Wright's than any other brand of toilet soap.

WRIGHT'S
Coal Tar Soap
FOR HEALTH



FREE *Slow-Motion* *'FLICKERS'* of **HEALTH AND BEAUTY EXERCISES**

Here's the way to carry out *your* part in the **"Fitter Britain" Campaign!** These exercises and regular use of Wright's Coal Tar Soap provide the finest health and beauty regime possible. Early morning exercises and Wright's will make you feel 'as fit as a fiddle'—always fresh and alert and full of life! Each flicker shows 2 simple movements, and can be obtained *free* in exchange for three outside printed yellow wrappers from tablets of Wright's Coal Tar Soap. Just post your wrappers (3 for each 'flicker') to:—The Proprietors of Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 46 Southwark Street, London, S.E.1. Mark envelope 'Flickers' and enclose your name and address. (1144)

The Music of Pageantry

(*Continued from page 15*)

perquisite of the organist, and as such Purcell claimed them. The Abbey authorities demanded that he should refund the money. He refused and was promptly threatened with dismissal. Since he retained the post until his death, we may presume that he had to disgorge.

Coronation music in the next century was dominated by the mighty Handel, whose influence in this respect has lasted to modern times, for his resounding choruses were heard at the Coronation of King Edward VII and King George V and are part of the Abbey programmes this month. A musical comparison between the Englishman, Purcell, and his great German successor, who spent most of his life in England and is buried in Westminster Abbey, would be out of place here. But they had this among other qualities in common—their genius for composing music for special occasions of immense state. For the Coronation of George II on October 11th, 1727, Handel composed four Coronation anthems and all four of them were performed. Of these the best known is "Zadok the Priest," with its remarkably dramatic opening pages, simple yet massive, dignified, and effective in the extreme. The long series of *arpeggio* chords in a major key over the sustained throb-throb of a ground-bass suggest the gradual assembling of a multitude of people for a ceremony of magnificent solemnity. This introduction culminates in the choral announcement: "Zadok the Priest, and Nathan the Prophet, anointed Solomon King. . . . And all the people rejoiced and sang 'God Save the King! Long Live the King! God Save the King! May the King live for ever! Amen!'" There were previous musical settings to these words—"Zadok the Priest" has been said or sung at Coronations since the distant past—but there has never been anything of its type so fine as this. Indeed, there is nothing in all choral music quite like it.

Mr. Norman Flower writes in his *Life of Handel* that the Coronation of George II was "a scene of magnificence, the like of which had never before been witnessed at the Abbey. The richness, the display of wealth inseparable from the Georges, was manifest to the fullest degree. . . . The glory of the Handel anthems, wonderfully performed as they were by Handel's own selected choir of fifty singers, gave the new King an opportunity to show his people that his neglect of the musician in the past was a phase that had gone for ever . . . from the day of his Coronation he remained as faithful to Handel as Handel was faithful to his Court."

The composer died exactly one hundred years after the birth of Purcell—the year before George III came to the throne; but the new King continued his predecessor's musical enthusiasms and years later one of the most pathetic pictures of Royalty is of George III at the close of his long life, senile and blind, trying to fumble out a few notes of Handel on the organ at Windsor.

The musical aspects of the Coronations of George IV and William IV must be dismissed briefly. The former was as splendid as the latter was meagre, £240,000 and £30,000 being the respective bills. "The First Gentleman of Europe" was something of an amateur musician, he sang a bit and played the 'cello, and the swelling organ and the voices of the choir doubtless impressed him; it would have been good to see him march, in £25,000 worth of costume, from Westminster Hall to the Abbey, "to the accompaniment of solemn music, the King's Herb-woman preceded by six singing maids, leading the way." Brother William, on the other hand, had no particular liking for music beyond sea-shanties and was, moreover, rather deaf.

Queen Victoria wrote in her journal (June 28, 1838) very fully of her own Coronation; but her only mention of music in her long account of that momentous day was that "I was awoke at four o'clock by guns in the Park and could not get much sleep afterward

(*Continued on page 184*)

"Wright's Coal Tar Soap is a grand man's soap. There is nothing like it for keeping you fresh all day long."
George Baker
"I know that I'm safe with Wright's; my skin always feels soothed after using it."
Olive Groves

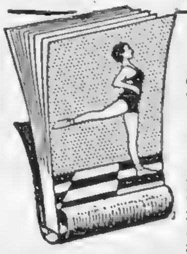
Olive Groves and George Baker

- both prefer WRIGHT'S

WRIGHT'S is the ideal bath and toilet soap for every member of the family. It is the *one* soap that appeals equally to men and women. Wright's rich antiseptic lather clears out the pores thoroughly, and tones up the underskin. It destroys every trace of dirt and danger, and leaves the skin feeling gloriously fresh.

Wright's is so mild and soothing that for generations it has been used as a nursery soap. Doctors recommend and use it more than any other toilet soap. Moreover, Wright's is the only toilet soap to earn the Blue Seal of Merit, Highest Award of the Institute of Hygiene. Give *your* family protection and day-long freshness with Wright's Coal Tar Soap.

WRIGHT'S
Coal Tar Soap
FOR HEALTH



FREE *Slow-Motion* *"FLICKERS"* of **HEALTH AND BEAUTY EXERCISES**

Here's the way to carry out *your* part in the **"Fitter Britain" Campaign!** These exercises and regular use of Wright's Coal Tar Soap provide the finest health and beauty regime possible. Early morning exercises and Wright's will make you feel 'as fit as a fiddle'—always fresh and alert and full of life! Each flicker shows 2 simple movements, and can be obtained *free* in exchange for three outside printed yellow wrappers from tablets of Wright's Coal Tar Soap. Just post your wrappers (3 for each 'flicker') to:—The Proprietors of Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 46 Southwark Street, London, S.E.1. Mark envelope 'Flickers' and enclose your name and address. (1145)

"Blue Bloom" was giving our furniture a foggy look
I SUPPOSE A HOME MUST SHOW A LITTLE BIT OF WEAR WITH A KIDDIE ABOUT, BUT I DIDN'T THINK THE FURNITURE WOULD HAVE GONE DULL SO SOON.
MY DEAR, THERE'S NO REASON WHY IT SHOULD. IT'S DAMP THAT'S DOING IT. YOU CAN SEE BY THIS BLUISH 'BLOOMED' EFFECT.
WELL, HOW CAN YOU STOP THAT? WE CAN'T HAVE WEATHER TO ORDER IN THIS COUNTRY.
NO, BUT YOU CAN GIVE IT A DAMP-PROOF POLISH. TRY STEPHENSON'S FURNITURE CREAM AND YOU'LL BE SURPRISED.

Even if you dust it every day, you cannot stop that bluish, fogged effect from spoiling your furniture. **But Stephenson's Furniture Cream can.**

Stephenson's gives your furniture a special damp-proof surface. It not only brings to light unsuspected beauties of grain and colour, but keeps the finish safe—protected and preserved behind a glass-like transparency.

"*Blue Bloom*" which normally plays such havoc with a beautiful surface, no more affects it than steaminess does windows.

And the trouble with busy little fingers is ended too, because Stephenson's does not fingermark. **In Glass or Stone Bottles 4½d, 6d, 9d and 1/6.** Stephenson Bros. Ltd. Bradford.

The Difference!... with Stephenson's Furniture Cream

Complexion by **MORNY**

Indelible lipsticks in novel and attractive holders. In fashionable shades and delicately perfumed. From 1/- each.

MORNY, REGENT ST., LONDON—*the home of British Perfumery*

on account of the playing of the bands." The music of the ceremony followed that of preceding reigns fairly closely, with certain contributions by contemporary ecclesiastical composers by way of variation.

Some reference is not out of place here to a French Coronation of about the same period, that of Charles X in May, 1825. Charles X was the last King of France to be crowned in Rheims Cathedral—indeed, he was the last King to bear that title at all, for Louis Philippe was known as "King of the French." Long and stately as are our own English Coronations, the French Kings endured a far more strenuous ordeal. Charles, although then nearly seventy, was in the Cathedral from seven o'clock in the morning to past five in the afternoon. A handsome man of great charm and dignity, we read that "*Charles X a supporté sans faiblir ce long cérémonial.*" The musical programme was proportionately elaborate. Eighty carriages were used to convey musicians and their instruments. At the organ was M. Antoine Lefebure, some of whose compositions were performed. M. Lefebure died in 1831, and his son, also a distinguished organist, M. Lefebure-Wely, was a close friend of M. Charles Widor, the organist of St. Sulpice, Paris, who died at the age of 92 only a few weeks ago—a strange link with the past.

But there is another link with Charles X, less musical but more exalted. When Charles, as the Comte d'Artois, was in exile at Edinburgh long before he came to the throne, the honour of entertaining him fell largely to the lot of Lady Glamis, daughter-in-law of the 11th Earl of Strathmore. That lady's great grand-daughter is now Queen of England.

When King Edward VII came to the throne, the Coronation had, it will be remembered, to be postponed owing to his sudden and serious illness. The ceremony, when it did occur, was considerably curtailed, particularly as regards the music, since His Majesty was still far from strong. At the same time, plenty of music was heard. The late Sir Frederick Bridge, organist of Westminster, was in charge of the arrangements, and his "Homage Anthem" (specially composed) was sung; also, of course, "Zadok the Priest," S. S. Wesley's "Credo," "Come Holy Ghost" (to a plain-song chant), Sir Walter Parratt's "Confortare," Purcell's "Let My Prayer Come Up," Sir John Stainer's "Sanctus" and "Gloria," and an anthem by Sir Arthur Sullivan.

It was at this time that the name of Elgar first began to be associated with music in the national and ceremonial sense. The instruction he received to compose the official Ode to be sung at the gala opera performance at Covent Garden in honour of the Coronation of Edward VII meant that he was acknowledged as a sort of musical Poet Laureate of the reign, and he was one of the earliest of the Edwardian knights. This, too, was the period which produced Elgar's military marches, entitled, aptly enough, "Pomp and Circumstance." The second of these contains the swinging melody now known as "Land of Hope and Glory," which has come to be regarded as a sort of second National Anthem.

At King George V's Coronation in 1911 Elgar wrote the "Offertorium" for the Abbey ceremony, and also a "Coronation March." He became Master of the King's Musick to King George on the death of Sir Walter Parratt in 1924. There is no nobler name in the whole history of English music.

The music for the 1911 Coronation differed only in slight detail from that of 1902, but there was considerably more of it. "Zadok the Priest" reappeared, as it will for this month's ceremony. Dr. Alcock, the Abbey organist at the time, wrote the "Sanctus," Sir Charles Villiers Stanford the "Gloria," Elgar the "Homage Anthem," and the late Sir Hubert Parry a fine and extremely elaborate "Te Deum."

The music for King George VI's Coronation has been in careful preparation for months by

Sir Walford Davies, as Master of the King's Musick since the death of Elgar, and by the present Abbey organist, Dr. Ernest Bullock. They have been in constant consultation with the Archbishop of Canterbury, to whom everything has, of course, to be submitted. Dr. Lang has a considerable knowledge of music and his attitude has, I gather, been both helpful and sympathetic.

The full programme has not, as I write, been decided upon. But there will be nothing startlingly novel about it, for the ceremony is essentially, indeed, exclusively, a religious one. Eminent English writers of Church music throughout the centuries will be represented; there will be at least two special works by modern English composers; and there will—this is definite—be "Zadok the Priest." Other definite selections include the "Credo" and "Sanctus" of Merbecke, Elgar's "O Hearken Thou," Stainer's "Sevenfold Amen" and the "Threefold Amen" of Orlando Gibbons.

The choir will be a combination of the choirs of the Chapel Royal, St. George's, Windsor, and St. Paul's Cathedral. Their Majesties, by the way, will later attend a Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's. The orchestra has been drawn from the best-known British orchestras, notably the B.B.C. and the London Philharmonic. In it will play some surviving members of the King's Band which, as a body, has now ceased to exist. Dr. Bullock will be too busy conducting to play the organ himself; his place will probably be taken by several distinguished organists in turn.

If I have devoted much space to the religious and ritualistic aspect of Coronation music it is because, to repeat, Coronations are essentially religious institutions; but they are also national events and have their secular importance. As a national and imperial festival, the Coronation makes its appeal to members of all religious sects and also to those who have no religion at all save their loyalty to the throne. Even the non-royalist cannot fail in several ways to be affected.

Musical secular and semi-secular celebrations are many and varied. A "Coronation season" of grand opera is in progress at Covent Garden—a longer season than usual, with many novel features. Symphony concerts in London in the summer time are normally conspicuous by their absence. They are now in progress in abundance, and will continue until well into July. Sir Walford Davies has arranged a series of Coronation Concerts for children. The B.B.C. is making full use of topical musical opportunities. On the night after the Coronation there is to be, according to present arrangements, a Coronation Ball at the Albert Hall, which its organisers claim will be the greatest spectacle of its kind in British history. There will be at least one Coronation season of Ballet, and possibly three.

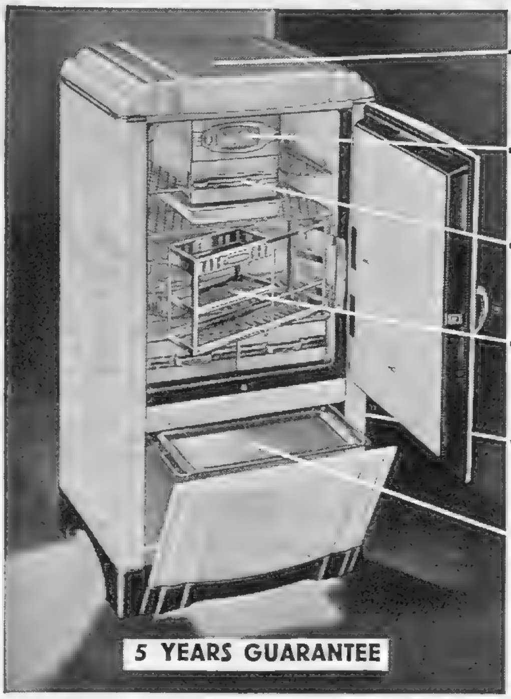
Only the other day Sir Thomas Beecham rejoiced at the number of efficient choral societies and amateur orchestral societies. There are hundreds of them, and throughout the country they are suiting their programmes to the occasion. Handel is largely drawn upon, of course. Elgar, in addition to the works mentioned above, has provided many suitable choral compositions of a broadly national character, such as the "Imperial March" (written for the 1897 Jubilee), the cantata "The Banner of St. George," "The Crown of India" music and "Falstaff" (so robustly English). Dr. Vaughan Williams has just written a "Flourish for a Coronation," which has been successfully performed. All this is patriotic music in the fullest and finest sense, and there is a vast amount of interesting material available. The theatres and music-halls (what there are left of the music-halls) are providing topical ditties, not all of which are vulgar flagwagging or crude Jingoism. Whether from improved taste or changed political ideals, the British public can no longer take seriously such songs of our fathers as:—

"Sons of the sea, all British born
Sailing every ocean, laughing foes to scorn,
They may build their ships, my lads,

(*Continued on page* 186)

STEWART-WARNER

THE REFRIGERATOR WITH THE 6 EXCLUSIVE FEATURES



HERMETICALLY SEALED CABINET *for safe and economic food preservation*

16-POINT ILLUMINATED COLD CONTROL *with summer-winter economy range*

REVERSIBLE ICE-BOX DOOR *for right or left hand use*

SAV-A-STEP *makes back shelf space front space. Hinged for convenience or lifts right out*

PRECISION BUILT MECHANISM *gives lowest current consumption of any electric refrigerator*

SLID-A-TRAY *the hidden re-arranging or serving tray*

Compare Stewart-Warner with *any* refrigerator and see how many *extra* advantages you get! *Extra* convenience, thanks to Sav-a-Step, which makes back shelves as easy to get at as front, and automatic inside lighting. *Extra* large storage space, due to Tilt-a-Shelf—shelves that fold up flat. *Extra* large ice capacity and quick-to-empty rubber ice tray. *Extra* time saved thanks to Slid-a-Tray, which you can use as a re-arranging or serving tray. *Extra* smart, easy-to-clean cabinet finished in porcelain and jade green glass. *Extra* generous time payments—up to 5 years if you wish. *And the lowest running costs of any electric refrigerator you can buy.* Use the coupon below for further information or write to Cooper-Stewart Engineering Co. Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

See how the Slid-a-Tray can be lifted right out for serving straight to the table. Use it also when re-arranging articles in the refrigerator.

Keep the food you use most often in the Sav-a-Step. It lifts right out or can be attached to the back of the door.

Model 567. (as illustrated) 53 Guineas. Other models at 38 Guineas (without Slid-a-Tray or Save-a-Step), and 49 Guineas (without Slid-a-Tray). Further models up to 8 cubic feet. All on hire purchase up to 5 years.

COUPON TO COOPER-STEWART ENG. CO. LTD.
LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2

Please send me complete information about Stewart-Warner refrigerators

Name ....

Address ....

.... B.E.I

MICHEL LASTS

In Fair Weather
or Foul
. . From Morning
to Night

● You don't know how truly *permanent* lipstick can be until you try Michel. It clings lovingly to your lips . . . stays with you through dining, dancing and sports . . . comes through rain and drizzle fresh and appealing.

Michel keeps lips soft and young. Its perfume is delicate and subtle. Its creamy base prevents dryness and chapping . . . helps to make mouths lovely. Insist on Michel, the Creator of the Permanent Lipstick which changes colour to suit every complexion. Obtainable at all good shops.

7 APPEALING SHADES:
Blonde, Brunette, Scarlet, Vivid, Raspberry, Cherry,
Capucine

ASK FOR MICHEL ROUGE and EYE COSMETIQUE

Michel
LIPSTICK
De Luxe 4/6; Large 2/6; Popular 1/6

Send for Introductory Offer
CALMON & NEATE, Ltd. (Dept. B.E.11)
(Sole Distributors),
8, Gerrard Street, London, W.1
I enclose 6d. for introductory size Michel
Lipstick in..................................shade.
Name..................................
Address..................................
....

Catalogues on application
Phone: Regent 0189

Woodrow
62, Piccadilly W.1

By Appointment

Woodrow Hat

141 B. & E. "The Janifer" Charming Hat with the new rolled brim in viking blue finest baku straw with dainty posy of mixed flowers, **39/6**

All Over Veil, as shown, 5/- extra.

This hat is feather-weight and can be supplied in all sizes or any shade to order in 6 days.

A selection can be had on approval on receipt of London trade reference, or an amount on deposit.

The Music of Pageantry

And think they know the game:
But they can't build the boys of the bull-dog breed,
Who made old England's name!"

Perhaps the spirit is there—or some of it. But loyalty to-day expresses itself differently.

Nor, too, has the Coronation of King George VI evoked the Bacchic enthusiasm of a song which did duty when the century was younger:—

"On Coronation Day,
On Coronation Day,
We'll have a spree
And a jubilee
And shout "Hip, hip Hooray!"
We'll all be merry
Drinking whisky, wine and sherry,
All be merry
On Coronation Day."

Which is rather a long way from "Zadok the Priest." So let us close with what may be called a half-way house, a song of ebullient loyalty, with its fierce, jolly old tune:—

"Here's a health unto His Majesty,
With a fa, la, la la, la, la, la!
Confusion to his enemies,
With a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la!
And he who will deny this health
I wish him neither wit nor wealth,
Nor yet a rope to hang himself.
With a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!
With a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la!

The Coronation Service

(*Continued from page 25*)

on their way to the places appointed for them. Before this happens, however, those within the Abbey walls have been aware of the gradual progress of the Royal procession through the gaily decorated and crowded streets. At first there is a dim sound of tumultuous cheering, probably indicative of the fact that the Royal coach has emerged from the forecourt of Buckingham Palace. This is growing louder every second. Then a Guards' Band playing at the Duke of York's Steps in the Mall tells of the progress, and another a few minutes later that the stately procession has left the Mall through the Admiralty Arch. Along Whitehall and Parliament Street the cheering is growing in intensity to the listeners in the Abbey, until comes the crashing crescendo as the Royal coach halts before the entrance to the temporary annexe to the edifice. Only the band can be vaguely heard above the rapturous cries of "God Save the King!" and "Long Live Queen Elizabeth!" By this time the atmosphere within the Abbey is positively electrical, and one feels an insane desire to jump up and join the cheering or fling one's hat high in the air.

The great moment has at length arrived. The stage is set, and the curtain is raised. The ages-old ceremony is about to begin.

It opens with the singing by the choir of Psalm cxxii, verses 1–3 and 6,7, "I was glad when they said unto me," as the Sovereign and his consort arrive at the west door of the Abbey and prepare to pass in procession up the aisle to the theatre.

On their way Their Majesties pass the raised throne of the King and then kneel before the altar to engage for a moment or so in private prayer. The Royal procession is headed by the clergy of the Abbey, followed by the Dean of Westminster and the Sacristan, the latter bearing the great cross of the Abbey. This cross is of more than passing interest, since it is a souvenir of a previous Coronation that will be remembered by many again in the Abbey. It was presented to the Abbey by Ras Mackonnen, who was the official delegate of the then Emperor of Abyssinia to the crowning of Edward VII, and bears the inscription "Pro regis Edwardi salute."

Next in order come the bearers of the Standards of South Africa, New Zealand, Australia, Canada, and India, followed by those of Wales, Scotland, Ireland and England, with the Standard of the Union close behind them and immediately preceding the Royal Standard.

In the case of the Overseas Dominions these Standards in the past have all been borne by Peers who had some close identification with the lands represented, usually as former Governors-General. There is now a change, and they are carried by the various High Commissioners in London of the Dominions. At the last two Coronations the Union Standard has been carried by the Duke of Wellington as a tribute to his great ancestor.

Close to the altar are standing the Barons of the Cinque Ports in their quaint old-time dress, and these receive the Standards as they are handed to them by the bearers.

Not far behind the banner-bearers are Their Majesties, preceded and followed by a large body of high officials and the two Archbishops and those Bishops who are to take an official part in the service.

The King wears in this stately procession his State Robes of Crimson with the Collar of the Order of the Garter and upon his head his Cap of Maintenance. In reality this Cap is the interior of the historic Crown of St. Edward, which will presently be placed over it.

The service opens immediately with the Recognition. This is one of the most picturesque portions of the entire ceremony, as it is certainly one of the most ancient. Indeed, in point of age it actually surpasses the crowning itself. The Archbishop of Canterbury, upon whom practically the whole of the lengthy ceremony devolves, advances to the eastern side of the theatre, accompanied by the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Great Chamberlain, the Lord Constable, and the Earl Marshal, all preceded by Garter King of Arms.

As this movement is taking place the King takes up a position beside his Chair of Estate, and the Primate, in a voice that all may hear, announces: "Sirs, I here present to you King George, the undoubted King of this Realm: Wherefore all ye who are come this day to do your homage and service, are you willing to do the same ?"

This formula is repeated in turn by the Archbishop on the south, west, and north sides of the theatre, the King facing each of these directions in turn.

In reply those present declare, in the formal words of the service, "their willingness and joy with loud and repeated acclamations, all with one voice crying out 'God Save King George!'" The shouts are accompanied by a fanfare of trumpets sounded by trumpeters perched up aloft near the organ.

During the Royal procession through the Abbey the great Bible, paten, and chalice have been borne by the Bishops of Ripon, Winchester, and London respectively, and these are now deposited upon the altar with the remainder of the Regalia, save only the swords. Each piece is handed in turn by its bearer to the Primate, who passes them to the Dean of Westminster, who places them upon the spots previously prepared for their reception.

THIS ceremony takes place in silence, to the low music of the organ, the King having meanwhile seated himself in his chair next to the Queen. Immediately it is at an end the opening words of the specially shortened version of the Litany are heard, sung alternately by the Bishops of Oxford and Bath and Wells, the responses being sung by the choir of 400 voices drawn principally from the choirs of Westminster Abbey, the Chapel Royal, St. James's, St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and St. Paul's Cathedral. Following this comes Purcell's lovely little Introit "Let my prayer come into Thy presence as the incense." This is one of the most moving musical moments of the entire service, and is accompanied by the orchestra of sixty musicians drawn from members of the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, the London Philharmonic Orchestra, the London Symphony Orchestra, and the Queen's Hall Orchestra.

Succeeding the last notes as they gradually fade away come the beautifully simple opening words of the Communion Service of the Church of

(Continued on page 188)

The Cereal that talks to MILLIONS—

Kiddies are always delighted by Kellogg's Rice Krispies. So delicious and so amusing! The golden-brown bubbles of toasted rice "snap, crackle and pop" merrily in cold milk or cream!

How that fascinates the children! Little spoons are brought into action and the kiddies have a regal feast —of crisp, crunchy health. Grown-ups like them, too!

Kellogg's Rice Krispies are splendid for breakfast or lunch. They're so digestible they're particularly fine for supper. And with a little fruit they're a real treat.

No cooking or fuss. Always crisp and oven-fresh in the WAXTITE inner bag. Get a packet of Rice Krispies from your grocer, to-day.

Kellogg's
RICE
KRISPIES
snap!
crackle!
pop!
crackles IN CREAM

Kellogg's

RICE KRISPIES

So Crisp They Crackle in Cream

7½d Per Packet

697

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

HAPPY CHILDREN
make
CONTENTED MEN & WOMEN.
8,200 children in Barnardo's are receiving happiness.
Please help this work.

10/-
feeds one child for a fortnight.

Cheques, etc. payable 'Dr. Barnardo's Homes' & crossed, addressed Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 319, Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

'Next to nothing'-
completely PROTECTIVE

Silhouette No. 1983 in Crepe Locknit with FEATHER-NAP Protection. Flesh only. 2/11

Other Silhouette Styles:— from 1/11 to 5/11 with RUBBER or SOFTEX Protection. *All in Small, Medium and Large sizes.*

Kleinert's

SILHOUETTE

Beautifully brief yet completely protective . . . just a handful of silkiness that 'gives' to the figure and so well-cut that it fits like a second skin. Light, cool and moisture-proof—insert with Kleinert's FEATHERNAP: that protective texture like a peach-skin—soft, completely waterproof and almost non-tearable.

.. and for wear under longer girdles and corselettes:

Send for a FREE COPY of the 1937 Edition of "FEMININE FACTS"

Send a P.C.; or pin your name and address to this coupon and post (½d. stamp) to :—

KLEINERT RUBBER CO.,
(Dept. B·71), 25 NEWGATE ST.,
LONDON, E.C.1.

SPORTEEZ

Adapted from the 'Silhouette'; complete protection in the briefest possible garment. Cut specially for 'easy' sportswear and under Shorts, etc.

No. 909 The latest Style is in Suede Locknit with comfortable leg bands cut to fit snugly. RUBBER Protection. White or Flesh. 3/6

Other Sporteez Styles :— from 2/11 to 4/6 with RUBBER, SOFTEX or FEATHERNAP Protection. *All in Small, Medium and Large sizes.*

From all good Drapers, Stores and Boots the Chemists.

royds

HAIRS SUPERFLUOUS HAIR
Can you look your best with a growth of Hair? Or feel your best?

Consult Helen Lawrence
and get expert advice for your superfluous Hair.
Not a Depilatory. Not Electrolysis.
Call or write for Home Treatment 13/-
Personal Treatment at Kensington 10/6
Postage abroad 2/6.

'Phone :
Western 4518
Hours 10 to 5
Sat. : 10 to 1.

81, EARL'S COURT ROAD,
Kensington, LONDON, W.8.

HEIGHT and SUCCESS
GO HAND IN HAND

Why not add those extra inches with one box of Challoner's Famous Formula?

H.T.N. TABLETS

and easy system—well tried and safe. **No strenuous exercises** or old-fashioned appliances. **If one box is insufficient we guarantee to supply a further box FREE.** G. Y. (Watford) writes: "I have never had confidence in any system till I tried yours, now I've gained in **height, weight and fitness.**" **Act now!** Full particulars 1½d. Sample 7½d. Book on height improvement 3d. Stamps or P.O. only.

Sent under plain, sealed cover. Colonial Air Mail reply 1/- extra.
THE CHALLONER CO. (late Bond Street), Dept. M32,
Laboratory and Works, Hyde Heath, Amersham, Bucks.

THE RIGHT TREATMENT FOR STOMACH TROUBLE

"Homely remedies" so often turn out to be useless in the treatment of stomach trouble that it is not surprising they are rapidly losing supporters. Hot water, Bi-carbonate of Soda and temporary palliatives of that sort can set up worse trouble than they try to cure.

The curative remedy that is now widely favoured by Doctors and Hospitals is Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. This wonderful powder has brought lasting relief in thousands of private cases which no home remedy or any other could possibly benefit. Ask your chemist which stomach powder he sells most of. Which is the one the public pin their faith on? The answer is always the same—MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder. You can always recognise it by the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle and carton. Why bear the burden of stomach trouble—why run the risk of experimenting when such a popular, dependable remedy is so easily obtainable? 1/3, 2/- and 5/- per bottle, powder or tablets. Never sold loose.

England, led by the Archbishop, while other Bishops read in turn the Epistle and the Gospel.

Hitherto a short sermon of about seven minutes has followed, and it has been usual at modern Coronations for this to be preached by the Bishop of London, but there is no definite precedent for this. Upon the present occasion, however, it has been decided to omit the sermon, but this is not the first time that this omission has taken place. It was left out of the Coronation service of Edward VII owing to the indifferent state of his health, rendering it necessary to curtail the lengthy service whenever this was at all possible.

THE pulpit used at this service is the same that was occupied by Cranmer when he crowned Edward VI. It is not to be seen on ordinary occasions, when it is carefully stored away. It is an exquisite piece of Tudor workmanship, boldly carved in a linenfold pattern. In shape it resembles a deep goblet on a tall, slender stem.

During this portion of the service His Majesty has been supported on either hand—by the Bishop of Durham upon his right and the Bishop of Bath and Wells upon his left. Behind the former are the Peers bearing the swords, while next to the Bishop of Bath and Wells is the Lord Great Chamberlain, the Earl of Ancaster.

The way is now clear for another historic portion of the ceremony to open. This is the administration of the oath to the Sovereign by the Archbishop. At its conclusion the King solemnly kisses the Bible, and an urn is brought to him by the Lord Chamberlain of his household, the Earl of Cromer, in which he deposits the parchment document he has just signed with a special pen provided for the purpose.

Then follows the ceremonial of Anointing. His Majesty quits his chair and stands before the altar with a canopy of cloth of gold held over him by several Knights of the Garter. Here he is divested of the robes he has previously been wearing by the Lord Great Chamberlain, assisted by the Master of the Robes. At one time these robes then became the property of the Chamberlain, but this no longer obtains.

The Archbishop then lays his hands upon the golden Ampulla containing the Holy Oil and prays aloud that the King may be strengthened by the Holy Spirit, while the choir sings the Veni, Creator Spiritus—"Come, Holy Spirit, our souls inspire." The Sovereign is then anointed on the breast, head and hands, and at the conclusion he seats himself in King Edward's Chair, where his ancestors, save one, have sat in turn for the past 603 years.

The solitary exception was Mary I, who preferred to use a chair that was specially blessed and sent to her for the occasion by the Pope.

Now the Groom of the Stole brings forward the white linen, lace-edged Colobium Sindonis, which is placed upon the King by the Dean of Westminster, together with the gorgeous supertunica or Close Pall. This is a long, loose garment of cloth of gold, magnificently embroidered and with a girdle of the same rich material. It is the proud and time-honoured privilege of the Girdlers Company of the City of London to present this Stole to the Sovereign upon the occasion of every Coronation, and was duly claimed and recognised early this year.

THE presentation of the various symbols of regal and Imperial significance follows, with the offering of the Great Gilt Spurs first. These are no longer actually attached to the Royal heels, which are merely touched with them by the Archbishop.

The offering of the Great Sword of State is next, and this is the subject of an interesting little ceremony that escapes general notice. After the sword has been offered to the King by the Peer in whose charge it is, he bears it into the adjoining chapel of St. Edward the Confessor, where he deposits it, receiving in exchange a smaller sword in a scabbard of purple velvet ornamented richly with gold. This is the sword with which His Majesty is actually girded after first receiving it in his right hand. Later, the Peer who carried the Sword of State redeems it from the Church by the payment of one hundred shillings. Receiving it from the Dean of Westminster, the Peer unsheathes it and holds it before the King for the remainder of the ceremony.

Next His Majesty is invested with the Armilla or the Robe Royal, as it has been known from early days, though its origin is by no means clear. The offering of the Orb with the Cross comes next, then the "marriage ring of England," the Imperial Sceptre and, lastly, the Glove.

The moment has now arrived for the central feature of the entire ceremony—the placing of the Crown of St. Edward upon the head of the Sovereign by the Archbishop of Canterbury, who offers up the prayer as he does so, "God crown you with a crown of glory and righteousness that by the ministry of this our benediction, having a right faith and manifold fruit of good work, you may obtain the crown of everlasting glory by the gift of Him whose Kingdom endureth for ever."

As the Crown is placed upon His Majesty's head, the Peers assume their coronets amid cries of "God Save the King!" and another flourish by the trumpeters, while the boom of the guns firing in salute in Hyde Park and at the more distant Tower of London can be plainly heard by all within the Abbey.

As the choir opens the Confortare, "Be strong and play the man," the King hands his Sceptre and Orb to the Bishop of Durham and the Master of the Robes, and is then literally lifted into his Throne by, in the official words "the Archbishops and Bishops and other Peers of the Kingdom, and being Inthronised or placed therein, all the Great Officers, those that bear the Swords and the Sceptres, and the Nobles who carried the other Regalia shall stand round the steps of the Throne."

An impressive moment this, and one that cannot fail to sink deep into the minds of all who witness it.

The Homage of the Peers of the Realm follows next. This solemn recognition and bond of allegiance is led by the Archbishop of Canterbury with the Archbishop of York and the Bishops taking part in the ceremony. Next comes the Duke of Gloucester, as the senior member of the Royal family present. As he approaches the foot of the Throne, he doffs his coronet, as do the other Royal Princes present. Next comes the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal and Premier Duke of England. As he repeats the words of the homage pledge, it is repeated by each of the Dukes present, and so on through the entire ranks of the Peerage, Marquises, Earls, Viscounts and Barons.

This ceremony at an end, the King still seated on his Throne, witnesses the opening of the Coronation service for the Queen. There would seem to be some impression that this ceremony is conducted by the Archbishop of York, but this is not the case, the Archbishop of Canterbury, as Primate of All England, continuing to officiate.

Firstly Her Majesty is anointed upon the head, a silken canopy being held over her meanwhile by four Duchesses specially selected for the purpose as being about the same height. Then "The Queen's Ring" is handed to the Archbishop by the Keeper of the Jewel House of the Tower of London, and next the Crown is placed upon her head. At this moment the Peeresses present assume their coronets, a matter of some little difficulty, seeing that they are already wearing either diadems or other jewels in their hair, and there are no mirrors available.

Next the Sceptre is placed in her right hand, and the Ivory Rod with the Dove, the most beautiful piece of all her regalia, in her left hand.

As she moves towards her Throne, she passes that of the King, to whom she bows low, and the congregation, for a brief moment, is accorded the

(*Continued on page* 190)

A
LUXURY
within the reach of all

Warm sunshine and fresh, green pasturelands give New Zealand Butter its delightfully creamy flavour and full natural colour. Always a favourite with those who put fine quality and consistency before everything else. ***See that you are served with***

NEW ZEALAND BUTTER

IT MELTS DELICIOUSLY IN THE MOUTH

PAYSANDU
OX TONGUES
FOREIGN PRODUCT
McCALL & Co Limited LONDON

McCALLS
PAYSANDU
OX-TONGUES

HEALTH & PLEASURE CRUISES
to the
ORKNEY & SHETLAND ISLES
And to CAITHNESS.
From LEITH & ABERDEEN.
June to September,
Inclusive Cruises from £3 10s. to £7.
By the NEW STEAMER "ST. CLAIR"
and other first class passenger vessels.
Also 12 days' Holiday, including week
at ST MAGNUS HOTEL,
HILLSWICK, SHETLAND.
£12 and £11 10s.
Loch and Sea Fishing, etc.
Full particulars from:—
The NORTH OF SCOTLAND &
ORKNEY & SHETLAND STEAM
NAVIGATION CO., LTD.,
Dept. 22, Tower Place, LEITH, or to
Dept. 22, Matthews' Quay, ABERDEEN.

REMOVE SUPERFLUOUS HAIR
PERMANENTLY
Kill the roots with "Gypsia" Eau Pilophage. Wonderful home treatment. Truly astounding in action. Write full particulars of your case or call for advice:—
MADAME SUEUR (M), 11/13 BAKER STREET,
PORTMAN SQUARE, LONDON, W.1.

Slam

Buying best lamb is in your own hands!

LOOK FOR THE MARK
NEW ZEALAND
STAMPED ON THE PRINCIPAL JOINTS

INSIST on NEW ZEALAND lamb and be sure of delicious flavour and tenderness always. Remember, *no* New Zealand Lamb is genuine unless marked—NEW ZEALAND!

MEAT BRANDED "EMPIRE" IS NOT—NEW ZEALAND!

NEW ZEALAND LAMB

THE BEST IN THE WORLD!

Ask for Leaflet 707, 3d. at your woolshop, 4d. posted by the makers. If any difficulty write: L. COPLEY-SMITH & SONS, LTD., 47, Lr. Mosley St., Manchester 2, & 132/3, Cheapside, London, E.C.4

"Found! One jacket to wear with lots of suits and skirts. Checked, you see, in gay colours-to point up one's wardrobe."
"What a Copley brainwave! You could tuck different scarves, too, into that smart round neck."
"Grand idea. And do I love those shoulders! So neat--and flattering."

Copley's knitting wools
IN THE COLOURS OF FASHION

sight of King and Queen seated side by side, crowned and radiant.

After the ante-Communion is the time-honoured custom of the Royal oblations to the Church. Both King and Queen alike present first of all a rich Pall or Altar-cloth, and next a gift of gold. That of the King is an ingot or "Wedge" weighing a pound, and the Queen's a smaller ingot weighing a mark (thirteen shillings and fourpence). The ceremony of crowning is now rapidly approaching its close, which comes with the rendering by the choir of the Te Deum, and with its closing notes the King and Queen move alike towards the Chapel of St. Edward the Confessor, His Majesty entering by the south door, and the Queen by the north.

Here the King arrays himself in his robe of purple velvet, with an immense train and wears his Imperial Crown that Londoners have come to know so well, since this is the one that he wears when he drives to open Parliament in State and upon other occasions. Now he carries the Sceptre with the Cross in his right hand and the Orb in his left, while his accompanying Queen has the Sceptre in her right hand and the Ivory Cross with the Dove in her left.

So garbed they re-enter the theatre and their procession is re-formed and moves slowly towards the west door, the Peers meanwhile all wearing their coronets, a sight that is only seen upon such occasions.

As the processional hymn opens, at long length those who have witnessed this lengthy ceremony, three hours and more, are free to release their pent-up emotions and this they do in no uncertain fashion. It was recorded that at the last Coronation the cheering in Westminster Abbey was clearly to be heard so far away as the Admiralty Arch, while ringing above all can be heard the shrill voices of the Westminster boys from their coign of vantage. Another fanfare, and all are free to disperse, pondering deeply as they go on the possibility of being able to get through the densely packed crowds outside to where their cars or coaches await them.

And it is assuredly no small ordeal for a Peer to plunge into this seething mass of humanity, now keen to seize upon any opportunity for humour, clad in a scarlet gown and with a coronet tucked under his arm.

END.

Britain's Biggest Season

(Continued from page 11)

holiday with pay for those who have to work on May 12, pumping of floodlit jets of water from the firefloats, floodlighting sundry public buildings and decorating bridges and piers, and so on. Then, the Office of Works, on behalf of the nation, is spending £152,000 for 85,000 seats on the processional route (to be sold to the privileged at half cost, 22s. 6d. covered, and 15s. uncovered), floodlighting, sound amplification, decorations, and what not.

But these official items are small compared to the aggregate amount of money being spent to make London a fairytale city of light, music, and splendour, during the one Coronation Week stretching from May 12 to the 17th. The season's débutantes alone measure up, from the business viewpoint, as Goliath beside the David of Government and L.C.C. allocations. The spiral of social activity, and consequently of spending, set up by the presentation of the year's crop of débutantes has never been reduced to precise terms of an aggregate volume of trade, and a final money total. But any car-hire proprietor, theatre manager, restaurant *maître*, can tell you what it means in terms of good or bad trade. No Court—no profit; maybe, a loss. That is how it goes. Glance at the single minor item of car hire.

Everyone summoned to Court must repair thither in a private carriage with footmen in livery. No taxies, or owner-driven cars. Now one-fourth of those summoned to Court these days do not possess a limousine or good-looking saloon car, or anyway have not one in town. Not one-half keep liveried men servants. But the dignity of the approach to the Palace must be preserved. The function would lose all its impressive dignity if people arrived on foot, in taxis, or driving themselves in sports cars and the old family runabout.

So the Court officials wink at a breach of the spirit of the regulations. Everyone does drive up in a private carriage with liveried footmen in attendance. But no one enquires where either the carriage or the footmen came from—which is just as well, because most of them come from the motor-hire departments of the big West End stores, with footmen complete, at an inclusive fee of three to four guineas.

As it runs for the car-hire enterprises, for chauffeurs, footmen for a day, car-washers, etcetera, so it runs for hundreds of businesses whose fortunes are even more intimately related to the volume of spending during a London season. And the experience of the enterprises at the London centre can be traced through to the jobs and wages of mill-girls in Bolton and Nottingham, of metal workers in Sheffield and Birmingham, of pottery workers in the Five Towns, of casual labour handling cases and bales at the docks. If you like to follow threads far enough you can take them right across the world to the peons toiling in the emerald mines of Peru and the silver mines of Mexico, to pearl fishers in the South Seas, and to Chinese peasant women cherishing carefully in their bosoms the delicate silk-worms whose golden threads will add to the family income.

The débutante's papa is not interested in following the web of threads through the intricate passages and paths of our economic civilisation to ultimate sources. All the phenomena that affects him is immediately visible, and strikes hard on the naked eye in the form of bills. Here is one father's bill for the 1936 season. It covers only one item of the débutante daughter's season: the coming-out ball in one of town's fashionable restaurants. The ballroom suite was hired, and 543 people invited to dance and sup. The ballroom hire, supper, buffet, and the drinks—champagne of course, was on tap: no limit—came to £712. The band cost 125 guineas. Flowers, cigars, cigarettes, and incidentals amounted to £35. The hotel provided the service, but father had to add the customary 10 per cent. for tips for *maître*, waiters, band: he wrote a cheque for a grand total of £959, and was of the opinion that the *maître* would probably think him mean for not making it the round £1,000, and saying: "As the ball was a great success —keep the change!"

Father was an industrialist, a six-figure-salary man (with, of course, directorships and odds and ends of private interests on the side). The whole family felt it had an interest in the ball, and so father did not kick at £959 for the youngest of his three girls. It was a family entertainment item. As an individual item, the deb. daughter cost him probably another thousand. "Clothes, and running around," would cover the sundry items of that bill. The girl must have a good kick-off.

The launching of a deb. who is an heiress, or who has a really wealthy mamma or papa, one in the £20,000–£100,000 a year class, can and does cost far, far more than this. There have been deb. launchings which have cost, in entertaining, clothes, jewels, and gifts (gifts to social superiors whose goodwill is valuable) £25,000, £30,000 and even £100,000. But this expenditure again has been exceeded by ambitious hostesses, usually American, who have arrived with the idea that a big enough swing with a battering-ram of gold will crash through all defences and let the aspirant into the heart of the most exclusive social set. The ram never does make such a breach. Still, it has been known to shatter quite a few of the outer defence fortifications; the assailant's only complaint being that, once in, she has to keep on swinging a weighty gold mace in all directions to keep herself in, otherwise she finds herself repelled, and back where she started, on the far side of the social moat. (*Continued on page* 192)

Kellogg's
CORN FLAKES
OVEN-FRESH

MOTHER KNOWS WHAT'S BEST

In every packet of Kellogg's there are ten big platefuls of the finest Corn Flakes in the World. Ten helpings brimming with energy, delicious in flavour and kept crisp and crunchy down to the last spoonful, in the patent heat-sealed WAXTITE bag.

Serve Kellogg's Corn Flakes often for your summer meals —breakfast, lunch or supper. They're delightful with milk or cream and sugar and very light and digestible, too.

They're ready in a moment. No cooking needed. Think of the heap of cooking and washing-up you save the Kellogg way. Sold by all grocers. 5½d per packet.

GET SOME TODAY

But be sure you get Kellogg's—first made and still the best.

Kellogg's
CORN FLAKES
ALL WAYS GUARANTEED

Kellogg's
CORN FLAKES
OVEN-FRESH
FLAVOUR-PERFECT
W.K. Kellogg

601

THE BIGGEST VALUE IN CEREALS

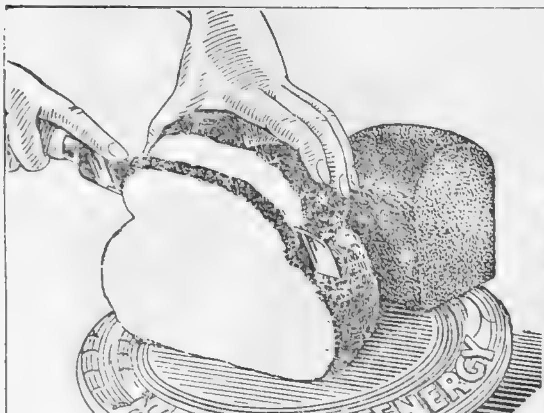
A FLAVEL ELF
UPON YOUR WALL
WILL BANISH WORK AWAY,
AND MAKE SO LIGHT OF MEALS
FOUR TIMES OR MORE A
DAY!

The lowest priced, FULL CAPACITY Gas cooker on the market. Hangs on a special wall bracket and is only 18 in. wide by 13 in. back to front with 11 in. x 11 in. x 13 in. oven—a size adequate for a small family. Includes Boiling Burner and Grill, and two plate Warming Chambers. Easily-cleaned porcelain enamel throughout, Mottled Grey or Colours with Ivory Door Panel.

May be obtained on very convenient terms through your local Gas Undertaking. Illustrated list post free from our London Showrooms at

38 WELBECK STREET, W.1

FLAVELS
of LEAMINGTON
Stovemakers since 1777



BREAD
IS THE BEST
ENERGY
FOOD

People who lead active lives should have bread at every meal not just because it is the best and cheapest food for providing energy—not even because it goes well with all other foods—but because it is necessary for the proper assimilation of everything else you eat.

That is why dietitians say that BREAD should be the basis of *every* meal.

IF YOU LEAD AN ACTIVE LIFE
EAT
BREAD
FOR ENERGY

C.F.2.27

RED OR SHINY NOSE
BROKEN VEINS, FLUSHING
SUPERFLUOUS HAIR
(5 hairs removed simultaneously without scar)
Latest scientific treatments, personal diagnosis, free advice for the skin, guaranteed by the **30 years'** experience of
Mme. Bertha JACOBSON
(The World-famous Beauty Specialist)
Her famous treatments: Acne, Wrinkles, Dry or Greasy Skin, Red Veins, Red Nose, Chilblains, Coarse, Loose or Scraggy Skins, Puffiness under Eyes, Double Chins, Open Pores, and Blackheads, Eyebrow Shaping, Eyelash Tinting, Manicure, etc., individual Cosmetics and Skin Medicaments are unrivalled. All consultations are free.
Booklet and free advice for Home Treatment from Mme. B. Jacobson.
Maison de Beauté Pompadour Ltd.
11/12, DOVER STREET, MAYFAIR, LONDON, W.1. Tel.: Regent 7612

All of which is very good for trade, and even better for the creditors of persons of high birth and low bank balances.

PASSING the eye rapidly then over the long list of the Season's functions, all these fit into the picture of the big show; all have an important financial and a trade end. Not one of them but assumes national importance in terms of work, profits, jobs. A number of these great shows turn their "takes," or the net profit after the expenses have been paid, over to a charitable or welfare purpose. Some of them are simply great charity affairs organised as shows. Yet, if one of them were to be cancelled, or were to lapse, trade would feel the effects immediately.

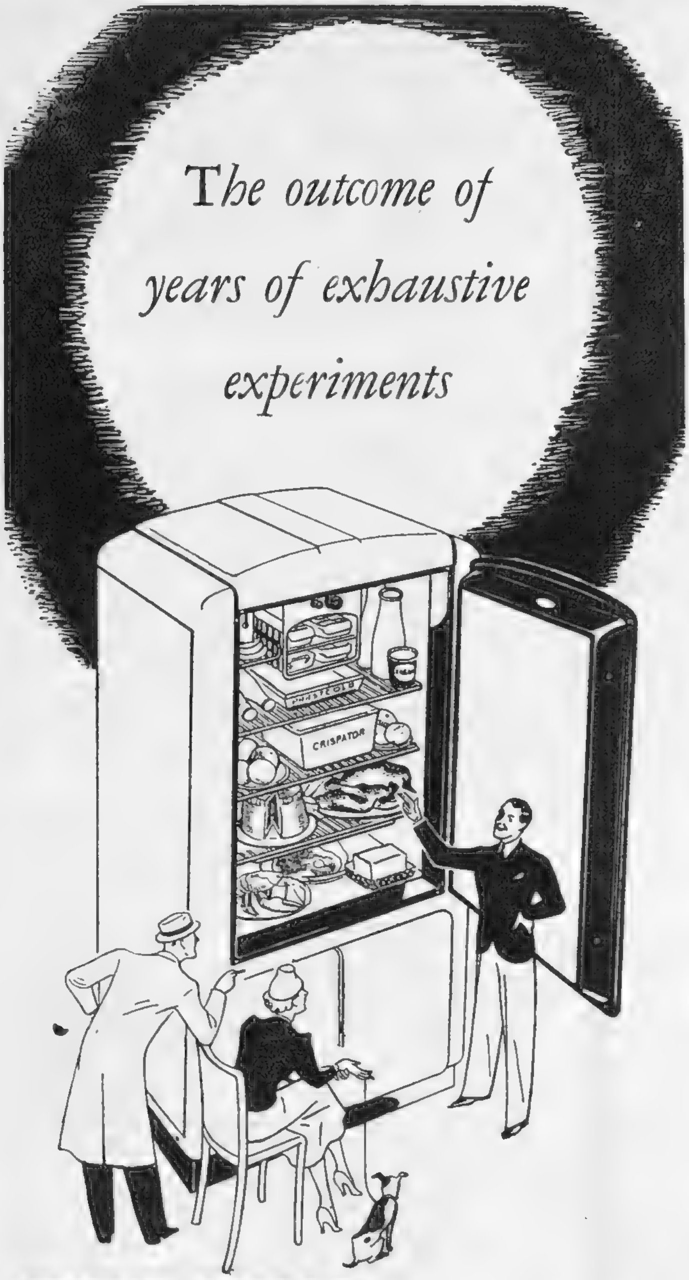
One may dwell for a moment on Royal Ascot. That one big race event loosens money made in Europe, America, Africa, Australia, Zanzibar—made in whaling and wool-growing, rubber raising and Chicago racketeering, and thrown about by seasonal visitors like confetti at a fete. It has been calculated that the Ascot of 1936 put two millions of money into circulation. Work came out at 50,000 hours; the direct wages, at £250,000. Several thousands of seamstresses, carpenters, sailcloth makers, bottle washers, gardeners, waiters, painters, grooms, and workers in a long list of fields and factories were directly affected by the activities of that one week.

Ascot means more champagne to pay duty at the Customs and freight on rail. More work for the dressmakers. Feed bought from farmers. More beer bottled and moved. More cars hired. More servants employed. Since this smartest of the race meetings is held at a sylvan spot only 35 miles outside London, it means five "big nights" in London. It means taxis and tips—and you'd be surprised at the thousands of families sustained by taxis and tips.

The rise of London as a pleasure city, and of the British island as a tourist centre, is one of the interesting economic and trade phenomena of these strange, changing times. The 1937 season will be the biggest ever—the biggest season in the history of capitals and pleasure cities the world over—only because of the Coronation ceremonies of the titular head of the world's greatest empire. But it would have been big anyway, because "Seasons" are big-business, and the industry is growing rapidly.

It can be shown in statistical data, charted on graphs, that the world tourist traffic (in which the various pleasure-city seasons are a high-light, but only a high-light: the cream of the business) rises and falls with the world economic tides, which produce world slumps and world booms. But, just as industry as a whole continually grows, falling into slumps only to rise again to make new all-time records, so the tourist traffic continually grows as travel becomes more comfortable, cheaper, and safer, more people have more money to spend, and science allied with technical progress and human enterprise steadily contracts the time distances which separate continents and countries from each other.

France, until comparatively recent years, held so much of the European tourist traffic that by comparison no other country made a showing at all. In her good post-war years she took £200,000,000 and more a year out of the tourist traffic. Her north and south coasts attracted the cream of the world's seasonal summer and winter season business. Her capital was supreme, undisputed queen of the pleasure cities of the earth, centre of fashion, beauty, and sophistication. It was in Paris that the grand dukes drank from the slippers of ballerinas, the wives of millionaires bought their clothes and jewels, and everybody who had made some money went to have a good time. The French had been in the business since the time of Versailles and the Sun King. Napoleon continued the tradition, providing a great show, lavishing millions on Paris, and maintaining 2,000 court officials. But prosperous businesses, like prosperous men and women so securely married that they feel they (*Continued on page 194*)



MORE SPACE FOR LESS MONEY

The latest Prestcold models are the outcome of years of research by experienced refrigeration engineers. They are made in the best equipped refrigerator factory in this country. Every model gives you more space than any other good refrigerator of the same price. That's why you'll be making a better investment in buying a Prestcold—for it's the most storage space for your money that you want.

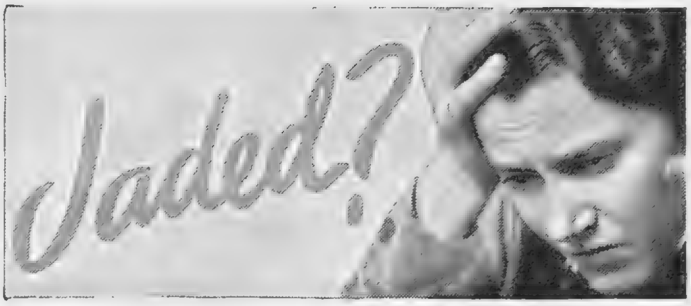
Every model is quiet, economical, streamlined, fully equipped, all electric, guaranteed and *backed by an efficient and widespread service.* No matter what size model you require, a Prestcold, with its exceptional capacity, represents the best refrigerator value ever offered in the British market. Models are obtainable from 28 guineas on exceptionally attractive terms. Write for Brochure.

Prestcold

Home **REFRIGERATORS**

Product of PRESSED STEEL CO., LTD., OXFORD. *London Showrooms:* 142, Wigmore St., W.1

PN.14b.



Your zest for life regained . . .

ATKINSONS

EAU DE COLOGNE

restores energy

in a MOMENT!

WHEN your spirits are at their lowest ebb a touch of Atkinsons Eau de Cologne behind the ears and on your temples refreshes and stimulates you, revives your energy, self-confidence and interest in life. In a moment you feel your old self again. That's why it's *sensible* to keep a bottle of Atkinsons Eau de Cologne at hand.

Spend only 1/6 on a bottle of Atkinsons Eau de Cologne and you have eighty-one generous, refreshing applications. Keep it always within reach to revive you whenever you feel depressed and listless.

Compare the Quality . . Compare the Price

1/6, 2/6 and 4/6 a bottle, and larger sizes

These prices and offer do not apply in I.F.S.

ATKINSONS
EAU DE COLOGNE

HERE'S ECONOMY!

81 *generous applications in a* 1/6 *bottle*

FREE WITH EVERY BOTTLE: A HANDY PAD IN JACONET-LINED SILK POCHETTE

A few drops of Atkinsons Eau de Cologne sprinkled on this pad keep their restorative qualities for many hours.

AEC 40A-31-80

Between dances you'll be glad you smoke Wills's GOLD FLAKE because it's a CLEAN smoke—clean and smooth to the palate

G.F.B. 131

need make no further efforts, are apt to get fat and lazy. Newcomers, livelier, more energetic, harder, see opportunities to steal business and scrape a profit off the easy-going fellow; and, before he knows where he is, the prosperous old-established business sees its profits being milked by new competition.

This has happened in the pleasure-industry business. Austria, Germany, Italy, Greece, Sweden, Holland, Poland, Belgium, even Russia, have come into the field as competitors to the old monopolist, who has not varied his bill of fare in half a century.

Britain, a late-comer in the game, has gone several better than any of them, and is now where France once was: first on the tourist-traffic map.

My banker friend aforesaid has calculated what this British drive may have cost in capital expenditure. He puts it at £600,000,000. But he includes a good deal of rebuilding and new building in the capital and elsewhere; improved rail services and boat services; enormously enlarged advertising allocations, as well as larger expenditures on such items as bands, bars, exhibitions, shows, functions. He includes nothing for the Coronation, a non-repeating item; but he includes two-thirds of the cost to the nation of the monarchy, as annually voted by Parliament. He reckons that without the monarchy the social prestige of the country would be lower than it is, and if one looks on the London Season as a show, the Season, without the Royal functions, would be like a play deprived of its star.

He has even figured out the cost of the daily changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace. And why not? It does not benefit the monarch. It means nothing in his private life. It is not necessary for his happiness and comfort. If a guard were necessary, half a dozen plain-clothes men would be adequate. But people like a show. Everybody likes colour, music, tradition, ceremonial gestures, things done with an air. Visitors from the ends of the earth come to stand outside the gilt-topped palace rails and watch the changing of the guard — an impressive ceremonial which reminds them that the British are an imperial race, with martial traditions, and that they do these things better than anybody else anywhere.

But if one probes beyond John Bull's drive to get the cream of the world tourist business, one will come ultimately to a most interesting little graph which explains his success quite as much as does the preservation through all the momentous changes of our times of a thousand-years-old Crown, and the presence at the social apex of the Family which occupies first place among all the Royal Houses of the world. This graph shows the position of the chief industrial states as 1937 opens.

Starting from scratch in 1929, with the index figures of 100, the graph shows that the deepest nose dives into the slump were taken by Germany and the United States, with France a good third. These steep dives explain the phenomena which we know as the Hitler regime and the Roosevelt New Deal. When a tribe is thrown into the abyss of misery and panic, represented by production sinking steadily for three years from 100 to 50 (some major industries, like steel, shipbuilding, railway equipment, almost passed out in the trough of that slump), the vigorous exponents of a new order get their chance. Britain, more stable, escaped these violent fluctuations. She had not reached the dizzy heights of American "prosperity," and her fall was correspondingly less severe. Her production fell less than that of any of the other industrial states.

In 1932, business in all the States stopped going down and started to go up. In this upward curve Britain leads. She has gone beyond the 1929 index of 100, and is now 12 points above the 1929 level of industrial activity. Germany comes next, but her production is explained by over £2,000,000,000 spent in 2½ years on armaments. Armaments account for *(Continued on page 196)*

The original of this letter can be seen at our London Office

•Letter from Miss L.G. says–

"After I had used three bottles (of Redex) in all, my waistline measurements showed a decrease of approximately 2 ins."

•

Redex is definitely the safest and most effective flesh-reducing preparation ever produced Applied *externally* — cannot interfere with digestion Absolutely harmless—can be applied to the most sensitive parts of the body Analytical report says: "Contains nothing deleterious or irritating to the skin"

Slimming

- NO DIETING
- SIMPLE TO USE
- APPLIED EXTERNALLY
- ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS
- ACTS IN 7 TO 10 DAYS
- APPROVED BY PHYSICIANS
- THE SAFE REDUCING PREPARATION

Rēdex

for SLIMMING

21/-
a bottle

To REDEX PROPRIETARIES LIMITED
85/86, New Bond Street, London, W.1
Please send me, post free......bottle(s) of Redex, for which I enclose.....................
NAME ....
ADDRESS ....
.... B92
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY IN CAPITAL LETTERS

At Selfridge's, Fortnum & Mason's, Bentall's, leading Boots branches, Army & Navy Stores, Marshall & Snelgrove's, and all good stores and chemists. If any trouble in obtaining, post free from us by sending the attached coupon.

Hedley, Byrne & Co.

FAMOUS WINDOWS SERIES No. 3

The Oak Room
Old Moreton Hall
CONGLETON · CHESHIRE

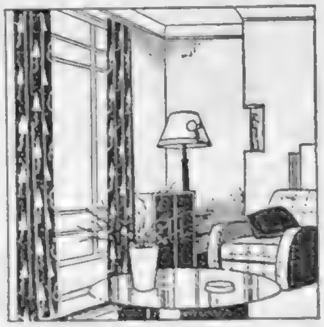
Queen Elizabeth visited Old Moreton Hall in 1589 and on April 23rd, 1913, his late Majesty King George V, and Queen Mary dined there. The Dining Room illustrated is world famous for its oak panelling and leaded windows, which are in a perfect state of preservation.

Windows to-day NEED CURTAINS HUNG *with*

THE "RUFFLETTE" BRAND
(HOOK OR RING)
CURTAIN POCKET TAPE

for beautiful curtains are essential to the modern interior

and "RUFFLETTE" enables you to hang curtains quickly and drape them to the best effect. It has woven pockets every half inch, ensuring even spacing of turnover hooks or rings (for which no stitching is required) and strong drawcords for even pleating.

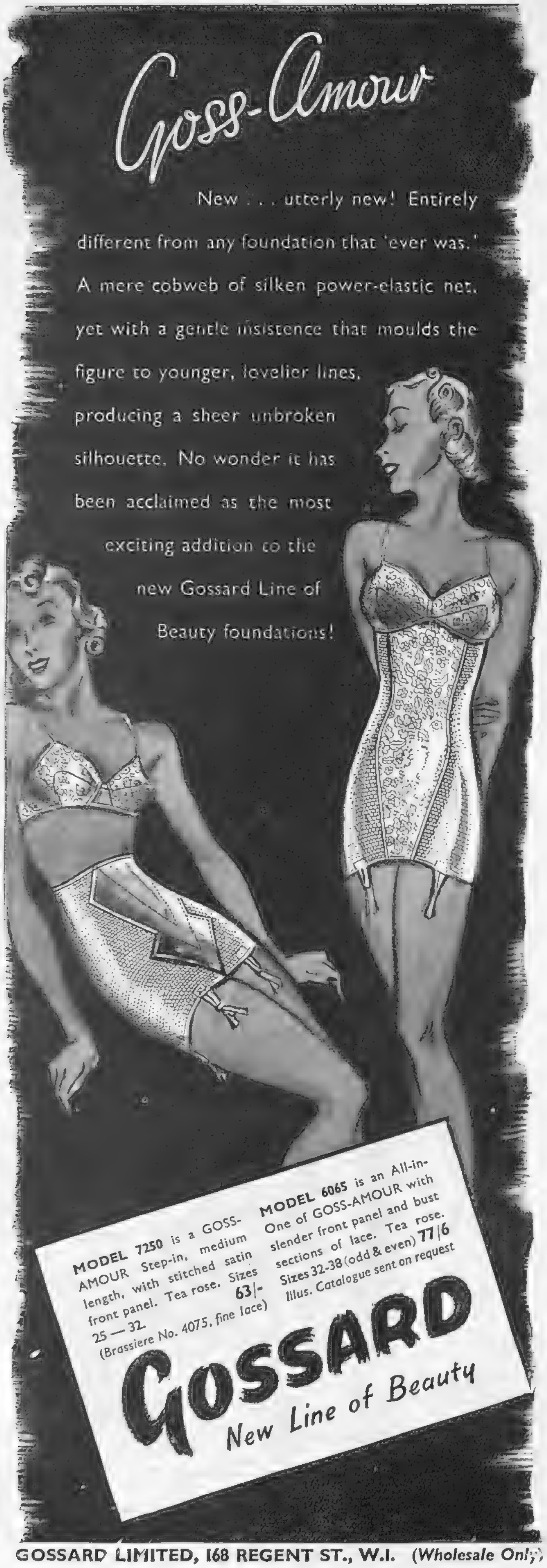


Ask your Retailer or write for Booklet

Ask for 'RUFFLETTE' by name it is stamped on every yard. Specify 'RUFFLETTE' when having curtains made up.

From Soft Furnishing and Haberdashery Depts. of all Drapers and Stores.

Trade Enquiries to
THOS. FRENCH & SONS LTD., CHESTER RD. MILLS
MANCHESTER 15
London Office: French's Buildings, Jewin Street, E.C.1
Also at New York & Belfast. Manufacturers & Exporters of WEBS and TAPES for all purposes, ¼" to 18" wide



Goss-Amour

New . . . utterly new! Entirely different from any foundation that 'ever was.' A mere cobweb of silken power-elastic net, yet with a gentle insistence that moulds the figure to younger, lovelier lines, producing a sheer unbroken silhouette. No wonder it has been acclaimed as the most exciting addition to the new Gossard Line of Beauty foundations!

MODEL 7250 is a GOSS-AMOUR Step-in, medium length, with stitched satin front panel. Tea rose. Sizes 25 — 32. **63/-**
(Brassiere No. 4075, fine lace)

MODEL 6065 is an All-in-One of GOSS-AMOUR with slender front panel and bust sections of lace. Tea rose. Sizes 32-38 (odd & even) **77/6**
Illus. Catalogue sent on request

GOSSARD
New Line of Beauty

GOSSARD LIMITED, 168 REGENT ST., W.1. *(Wholesale Only)*

70 per cent., no less, of her industrial output. Industrial production in the United States is still lagging 7 points below 1929. This is largely owing to the confusion of New Deal politics, and the fact that until lately the business forces (which in Britain from the first were encouraged) were discouraged and even threatened by a radical wind which had only lately been pruned from the Roosevelt administration.

Poor France makes the worst showing of all. She started to recover along with the rest, but struck obstacles in 1933, fell off until 1935, and began to waver up again. But she is still 30 points below the 1929 figure. This is largely accounted for by short-sighted policies before and after the slump. She over-spent before everything cracked in 1932, and believed herself to be immune from world economic troubles. The abrupt and immense decline in her tourist traffic knocked her sideways.

But, in a worse dilemma, the stable old British stopped the war between the national political factions, threw out a trade-union-oriented political team who would not co-operate for the national good, and tackled their troubles with a national team composed of all parties pulling together, with the Crown as a stabilising element. The French with a passion—born of reaction from Bourbons and Bonaparte—for party politics did exactly the opposite. Where the British coalesced, the French have disrupted; and where the British have stilled the internal factional dispute, the French have intensified it to the point where they cannot decide whether they want to join the world capitalist system or the world communist system, and as a result of this strange dilemma have as premier the very rich, property-owning theoretical Marxist, M. Blum —and are most unhappy and depressed, not knowing just where they are, or why they're where they are anyway.

All these things blend to form the background for Britain's biggest Season. Against this great sweep of movement and event débutantes curtsey, fashionables dance, champagne flows, money whirls, show succeeds show, and function follows function, every boat unloads cargoes of human beings, and the floating population of the enormous capital swells and swells. People will say that this is "the Coronation Season." Debs. who have a grand time will scream that it is "gorgeous." Communists with a grouch will shriek that it is scandalous. Dowagers with corns will groan and hope it ends soon and never recurs—a sentiment which will be echoed by fathers and mothers whose right hands ache from signing cheques. The chief personages in the pageant also will sigh towards the end, wilting in private, but in public bearing up like soldiers of a disciplined army in the last stage of a gruelling route march.

But although it is true that the Coronation "makes" the Season, the fundamental truth is that the Season—and indeed the Coronation itself—is only a reflection of the vigour and abundant life, all the youthful and resilient qualities, of the combative and enduring people who inhabit this small island. Here there is, in visible function and ceremony and symbol, a link with a past which stretches unbroken back to the days when men tilled the English fields with oxen yoked to the plough, and when Westminster Abbey was only a dream in an architect's mind, and Royal Windsor a rough hunting lodge for Duke William. Here there is—at least for the time being—stability, strength, calm and peace. Here there is freedom, common sense, colour, hope, and at least the illusion of permanence.

END

IN the April issue of *Britannia & Eve*, on page 91, we reproduced an illustration of the Lucas "Mellotone" Wind-Tone horns. This block was unfortunately shown upside down. Owing to the particular construction of these horns, it is specially recommended that they are fitted with the bell-housing on top.

THE CALL OF THE CORNISH COAST

If Cornwall is still for you an undiscovered country, what new and thrilling holidays you have in store. At every turn the Duchy will provide you with a rich and strange experience.

When you have discovered the grandeur of its coastline . . . the rich blue of its sea . . . the tropical luxuriance of its flowers . . . the quaintness of its villages . . . still there will remain, for your delectation, a host of other features.

This year, let the G.W.R. be your magic carpet, transporting you to the Cornish Riviera—the land of "Holiday."

BEFORE YOU GO

Obtain these two books:—"THE CORNISH RIVIERA" by S. P. B. MAIS, price 1/- (2/6 bound)
"HOLIDAY HAUNTS" 1937, containing Holiday Addresses, etc. (price 6d.)

HOW YOU GET THERE

"Monthly Return" Tickets (1d. a mile 3rd, 1½d. a mile 1st class) issued from nearly all stations.

WHEN YOU GET THERE

Cheap 1st and 3rd Class Weekly Holiday Season Tickets will enable you to see the best of the Duchy.

GWR

All information will gladly be supplied by the Supt. of the Line, Great Western Railway, Paddington Station, W.2, or can be obtained at any Railway Station, or the usual Tourist Agencies.

Seeking to express her love of beautiful things in her new life, she may well imagine that "Hampton Court"—the latest Community design—was created for her express pleasure.

Visualize its decorative possibilities by securing an illustrated catalogue and a specimen jam spoon priced at 2/6 but offered at **1/6** *through all leading silversmiths to introduce the "Hampton Court" design. If unobtainable, post paid from British Oneida Community Ltd., 264 (A.C.) Regent Street, W.1. . . . .*
Write for FREE booklet by Elizabeth Craig on setting table and care of silverware.

The New "Hampton Court" design

COMMUNITY PLATE

British Oneida Community, Ltd., 264 Regent Street, London, W.1 • Sheffield 6

Breakfast in bed but Tea outdoors

or breakfast outdoors if you like. Here is the room for you, the ideal sun lounge, tea and breakfast room. You can turn it round in the direction of the sun or into the shade. In it you can sit and read in delightful seclusion. It can be used as a card room, as a workroom, as an outdoor sleeping shelter. It will bring pleasure into living and help you get and keep perfectly fit. At no cost beyond the initial modest outlay.

This and other attractive designs are shown in Catalogue 414. Write for your copy to-day.

BOULTON & PAUL LTD. NORWICH
LONDON: Horseferry House, Horseferry Road, S.W.1

Old Tales Re-told

(Continued from page 67)

On reaching the notorious Traitor's Gate the Princess protested indignantly against being landed there but was told there was no alternative.

Together with her few servants the luckless young woman was taken to the apartment that was to be her prison and it was only when the heavy keys had grated in the locks and the bolts had been shot back into their sockets with a sound of dismaying finality that she ceased to hide her alarm, casting off for the moment that queenly dignity she had up till then assumed in the face of her persecutors, and humbly kneeling on the cold floor to ask divine protection in her truly pitiful plight.

In accordance with the usual rule of the Tower, Elizabeth underwent a strict interrogation (a Tudor counterpart of Third Degree) wherein she gave still further proof of her wisdom and continued boldly the assertion of her innocence. Everything possible was done to trap her, and on one occasion when a youngster of four came up to her during her daily exercise in the open air and offered a bouquet, the child was instantly apprehended and taken before the Court, where attempt after attempt was made to extort a confession from him that he was carrying a letter to the Princess from conspirators outside the Tower. The child, however, persisted in his denials and even resisted the attractive bribes offered him.

ALMOST two months elapsed before the Council reached any decision. Then one day a messenger arrived at the fortress with a document for the Lieutenant of the Tower, which turned out to be a Warrant for the immediate execution of the Princess. The crescendo of misfortune was complete except, though, for one detail—the warrant was not signed by Mary.

The Lieutenant was quick to note this all-important omission and, deeming it wise not to be hasty, refused to carry out the order until he had got into personal touch with the Queen.

It then transpired that Gardiner, one of Elizabeth's enemies, had sent this Privy Council Warrant on his own responsibility, evidently in the hope that the Lieutenant would overlook its illegality. Mary was indignant at the trick that had been played, and in a moment of reaction and of generous impulse gave orders for the royal captive's immediate release.

Of all this Elizabeth knew nothing; neither guessing that she had been within an ace of going to the block nor hearing of the Queen's reaction in her favour.

It was therefore with a feeling of utter resignation that on a bright May morning, exactly two months after her imprisonment, she heard the entrance of a large body of troops into the Tower and was convinced that her last moment was at hand. For what other reason, she asked herself, could the soldiers be there than to form the usual square about the scaffold, and who a more probable victim than herself?

It was not long, however, before reassurance came and Elizabeth was told that she was to be taken under guard to Woodstock, there to await Her Majesty's pleasure.

Even on arrival at Woodstock her fears were not completely set at rest, and the danger to her person from the malignant Gardiner was even greater than in the Tower. That scheming minister actually went to the lengths, indeed, of sending a band of ruffians to attack her, but thanks to the vigilance of her official guardians the plan was frustrated.

OFTEN, gazing through the windows of her new gaol, the Princess felt an uncontrollable envy for all those free beings without the walls, and it was evidently when in this dejected frame of mind that she sat down and wrote these lines in charcoal, a very epitome of the bitterness that lay within her heart.

"Oh Fortune! how thy restless wavering state
Hath fraught with cares my troubled wit,
Witness this present prison whither fate
Could bear me, and the joys I quit.
Thou caus'dst the guilty to be loosed
From bands wherein are innocents enclosed,
Causing the guiltless to be straight reserved,
And freeing those that death had well deserved,
But by her envy can be nothing wrought,
So God send to my foes all they have brought."

These were sad reflections for one so young, but now at last the tide of the future Queen's misfortunes was on the ebb. Before long Mary invited her to Hampton Court that she might participate in the Christmas festivities, and two weeks later she was admitted to the royal presence for the first time for two years, when after Elizabeth had made her first protestations of loyalty, the following dialogue took place.

"Then you will not confess your offence, I see, but rather stand stoutly upon your truth; I pray God your truth may so fall out," said the Queen.

"If not," quoth the Princess, "I request neither favour nor pardon at your Majesty's hand."

"Well, then," said the Queen, "you stand so stiffly upon your loyalty, belike you suppose to have been wrongfully punished?"

"I must not say so to your Majesty," quoth the Lady Elizabeth.

"But you will then so report to others, it seemeth?" returned the Queen. "O no; and it please your

(Continued on page 200)

It's so exciting in NORWAY

Amazing Scenery—mountains, forests, waterfalls, fjords.

Exciting Experiences—sailing up a hill; driving through a mountain; walking behind a waterfall.

A New Way of Life—new foods, new customs, new ideas, new discoveries. Go to Norway this year and enjoy the best holiday you've ever had.

Hotel en pension terms from 7/6 per day.

Descriptive guides and details of inexpensive tours from the Leading Tourist Agents, or post free from Norwegian State Railways, 21, Norway House, Cockspur Street, S.W.1

You can serve sweets like these
IN YOUR OWN HOME!
RECIPES IN EVERY PACKET OF CHIVERS JELLY
ORIENT CUP
GINGER WHIP
NUT CREAM
CHERRY COCKTAIL
4½d PINT PACKET
J.220

Easily prepared with

CHIVERS JELLIES

Remember—Chivers Jellies are flavoured with ripe fruit juice

CHIVERS & SONS, LTD., THE ORCHARD FACTORY, HISTON, CAMBRIDGE

kerka
SACHET
NUKAIR
the perfect perm treatment

Why a Kerka Nukair Permanent Wave is more lasting

Only Kerka Nukair will transform your hair to give the appealing beauty of perfect, natural waves and curls, with such long-lasting elegance. Because only Kerka Nukair employs the specially created outfit treatment to first re-condition your hair to ensure success in the perming.

The materials in the Nukair outfit are your safeguard against disappointment. Have a Kerka Nukair perm and you'll be surprised at the wonderful improvement in your hair.

COUPON
KERKA PERMANENT WAVING LTD.,
353, Oxford Street, W.1.
Please send me Book of Hair Styles and name of nearest registered Kerka Hairdresser.
Name..........
Address..........
B.E. ....

kerka NUKAIR PERMANENT-WAVING

EXCLUSIVE
GUESTS ON
INCLUSIVE
TERMS

IT is here that the *beau monde* utters its *dernier cri*—especially if it takes a set from our tennis professional on the new Covered Courts. Here the nobility and gentry indulge in *savoir faire, noblesse oblige,* and also—on the electric camel in the gymnasium—for *sauve qui peut.* For ourselves, we consider that in providing free golf, tennis, squash, badminton, bowls, swimming pool, gymnasium, sun lounges, dancing, entertainments and talking pictures, we have achieved an *embarras des richesses,* since even millionaires are not allowed to pay extra for them. (Guests are requested not to ask our *maître d'hotel* to translate these sparkling phrases—he is English!)

PALACE
HOTEL
TORQUAY
Phone: Torquay 2271

MANSION POLISH

The BRIGHT way to lovely floors

Lovely floors are so easily obtained by the use of Mansion Polish. Its quick and lasting brilliance is saving time and trouble for millions of housewives. They also prefer it because it ensures such a fresh, clean, germ-free surface. And it's

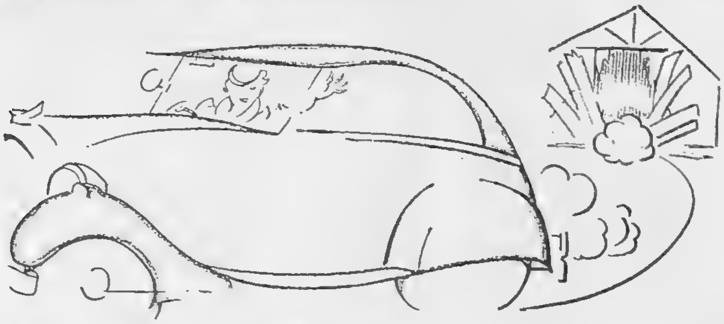
so quick! so easy! so economical!

MANSION POLISH

FOR FLOORS, FURNITURE & LINOLEUM

Tins 6d., 10½d. and 1/9. Large Household Tin, containing 2 lbs. net, 3/-
CHISWICK PRODUCTS LTD., CHISWICK, LONDON, W.4. MP. DA. 19

An open letter to a very charming young Mobiloil Planner



My dear Monica

It was very kind and rather startling of you to write and thank us for the Mobiloil Plan. We are delighted to hear that you find your car running better after adopting it. If you were counting on the oil splashing from the sump to keep your differential lubricated, it's not really so surprising.

The fact is that until recently, the average engine performance had developed far more rapidly than the average transmission and the Mobiloil Plan simply reminds motorists of this fact. I was sorry to hear about your girl friend who has used up three back axles in two months, but if you will tell her about the Mobiloil Plan, I am sure she will, in the same way, be able to cut down her consumption figures quite nicely. Tell her to get the crank case drained and put in Mobiloil for summer motoring and at the same time get her back axle and gear box drained and filled up with the correct grade of oil.

That is the Mobiloil Plan—the modern method of ensuring balanced lubrication for your modern motorcar. At the same time remind her that you still have to keep water in the radiator, air in the tyres and open the garage door before you take the car out in the morning.

With all good wishes.

Yours sincerely,

Victor Vacuum

CARS RUN BETTER ON MOBILOIL

VACUUM OIL COMPANY LTD., LONDON, S.W.1

Regd. Trade Mark
4389

Majesty," said the Lady, "I have borne and must bear the burden myself. I most humbly beseech your Grace's good opinion of me, and to think me your true subject, which from the beginning I have ever been, and will be for ever as long as my life lasteth."

"God knoweth," was Mary's reply, and she spoke in Spanish.

From then on events moved swiftly towards their climax. Elizabeth went back to Hatfield, only to be invited to Court once again in November 1556, coming up to London in state; and as the relations between the half sisters grew increasingly friendly so did the attacks of her enemies abate.

NOW Elizabeth had only to bide her time while Mary made straight her successor's path by uprooting whatever affection the English people had for the Catholic faith, Roman jurisdiction, and Spanish control. The Protestant martyrs and Calais between them removed all the alternatives to an insular national English policy in Church and State; and so it was that when the tragic Mary passed on in November 1558, England acclaimed her successor without reserve.

The long nightmare was over, and the coming coronation was regarded by the people as the harbinger of the new life that was to be. Just as to-day, the streets of London were arrayed with banners and streamers, stands were erected at every point along the route, the Abbey was closed in preparation for the thrice gorgeous ceremony, and all was merriment.

On January 15, 1559, the great event took place, and a golden age was at its dawning; its arbiter one who had been tried in the fire through twenty-five bitter years and, in the accounting, not found wanting.

Books

(Continued from page 55)

intended; we may feel at times that Mr. Maugham is not exerting himself unduly, and is indulging in little more than a knock-up without removing his sweater. But he has written nothing more witty and more wicked than this novel. You'll eat it, laddie.

Of Mr. Maugham's heroine, an actress of genius, someone remarks that, when she is alone in a room, the room is empty. And right at the beginning of Mr. Robert Clive's *Carla* (Constable, 7s. 6d.) we find the same idea given open expression. "Most actresses of genius exist only on the stage . . . They do not exist themselves. They have too many characteristics to have any character." Is this true? Mr. Coward seems to possess plenty of character. It may be argued that he is not an actor of genius, and, indeed, actors and actresses of genius are rare birds. I have met only one in my life. It is not true of him to say that he has no character, and I doubt if Mr. Clive's statement will bear much examination. It doesn't seem logically sound to me. But Mr. Clive is prone to refine people out of existence. His story of the life of a famous film actress makes one of the slowest beginnings on record; and when it eventually starts Mr. Clive is always pulling it up and inviting us to watch him applying another deluge of psychological oil. Mr. Clive will probably dislike Mr. Maugham's novel heartily, but if he can bring himself to read it, oh! how much he might learn of the value and beauty of elimination.

The Dance Goes On, by Mr. Louis Golding (Rich and Cowan, 7s. 6d.), is about a Russian dancer. By dedicating his novel to "Danilova and her dancing in *Le Beau Danube*," Mr. Golding has done his best to give it an authentic ring, but his heroine, alas, refuses to become a Russian or a dancer, and insists on remaining a novelist's figure. The curious will find a certain amount of information—not very much—about the training, methods, and lives of the members of the Imperial Ballet, but the story itself seems cursed with flatfootedness and never manages to look at home in its surroundings. It works hard, but it wears a dreadfully unhappy expression.

CARR'S TABLE WATER BISCUITS

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS LATE MAJESTY KING GEORGE V.

Carr's Table Water
Table Water
Made only by

Perfect with Cheese . . .
Perfect with Butter . . .
. . . with a Glass of Wine or alone.

CARR'S of CARLISLE
BISCUIT MAKERS FOR OVER A HUNDRED YEARS

©2103

DRESS SMARTLY *on small monthly payments*

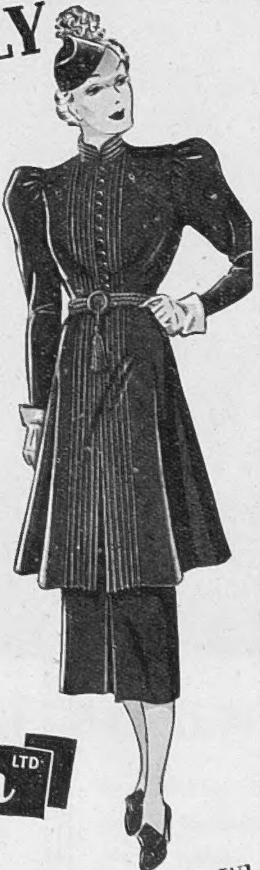
OPEN A CREDIT ACCOUNT TODAY *with* SMARTWEAR

NO DEPOSIT
NO REFERENCES REQUIRED
Even from Non-Householders

JATRINE
Military style Swagger Suit—in wool georgette Stiffly flaring stitched coat, with silk cord girdle—pleated pencil skirt. Fawn, Brown, Navy, Black. SW., W., WX. Price 6 gns. **20/- monthly.**

FOX FURS A SPECIALITY

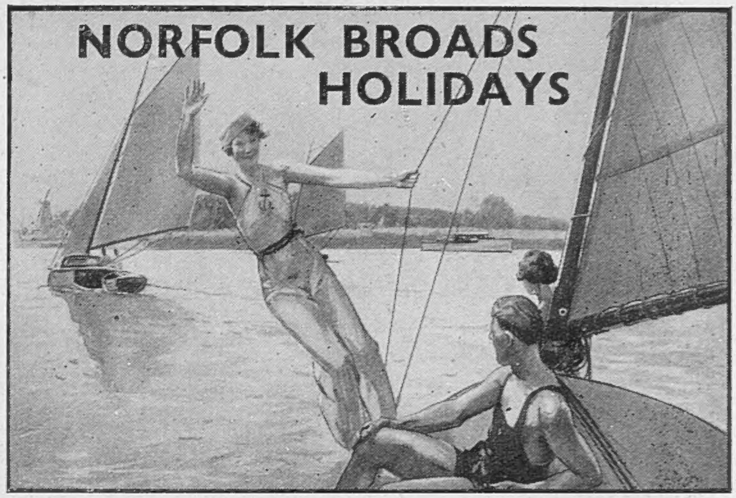
Write for Spring Catalogue



Smartwear LTD

Visit our showrooms

263-271 REGENT STREET-OXFORD CIRCUS-W.1
Brighton: 209 Western Road | Birmingham - 76 Bull Street
Nottingham: 20 Milton Street



The holiday that is different

NEAR THE SEASIDE

THE NORFOLK BROADS with their natural beauties and quiet old-world villages, will enchant you. Cut out routine and live your own life for a week or two this year. Let a boat be your floating home and enjoy the freedom of 200 miles of safe inland waterways. Cruising, fishing, swimming, dancing, sun-bathing, lazing, rambling in old-world villages; you can take a turn at them ALL on the NORFOLK BROADS (120 miles from London and between Norwich, Yarmouth and Lowestoft). Just ask your friends who've been; they'll tell you there's no other holiday to touch it!

COST OF A FORTNIGHT'S CRUISE FOR PARTY OF THREE

		£	s.	d.
Hire of Yacht	....	£10	0	0
Provisions, etc.	....	7	0	0
Sundries	....	1	0	0
	(3)	£18	0	0
Cost per head for whole fortnight		£6	0	0

PLUS CHEAP MONTHLY RETURN TICKET BY

L·N·E·R

1d. A MILE THIRD CLASS
1½d. A MILE FIRST CLASS

FREE—All about this holiday—316 pages

To BLAKE'S LTD.
166 Broadland House, 22 Newgate Street, London, E.C.1

I have not had a 1937 copy. Please send me your 316 page "NORFOLK BROADS HOLIDAYS AFLOAT," containing details of over 600 yachts, wherries, motor cruisers, house boats, bungalows, etc., you have for hire, also long articles: "A Guide to Broadland," "How to run a Motor Cruiser," Broadland Birds, Sailing Rules, Hints to the Novice, Map, Photographic and Angling Competitions. Special views taken from the air. Also craft on the Cam. Loan of Broads Cine films, 16 mm. and 9.5 mm. FREE.

Name..

Address ....

(In block letters please) ....

½d. postage only if envelope flap tucked in

TRAIN SERVICE AND PARTICULARS OF CHEAP FARES FROM ANY L·N·E·R OFFICE OR AGENCY

INDEX TO ADVERTISERS MAY, 1937

All correspondence relating to the advertisements in "Britannia & Eve" should be addressed to :
The Advertisement Manager, "Britannia & Eve," 32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4

A — Page
Aertex Corsets .. 170
Allenbury's Food .. 147
Alura .. 130
Alvis Cars .. 100
Arch Preserver Shoes .. 117
Arch-Rite Shoes .. 107
Arden, Elizabeth .. 173
Aristoc Stockings .. 155
Atkinson's Eau de Cologne .. 193
Austin Motors .. 108
Aylwin, J. K. L. .. 202

B
Ballito Stockings .. 177
Barnardo's Homes .. 187
Bear Brand Hosiery .. 119
Beautipon .. 202
Benger's Food .. 156
Bentley Motors .. 106
Booth's Gin .. 129
Boulton and Paul .. 197
Bread .. 192
British Electrical Development Association .. 151
British Garantol Co. .. 120
British School of Motoring .. 176
Burberrys .. 7

C
Camelia .. 179
Car Mart .. 100
Cardinal Polish .. 138
Carreras .. 158
Carr's Biscuits .. 201
Celanese .. 125
Cephos .. 136
Cerebos Salt .. 137
Challoner Co. .. 188
Chivers .. 198
Ciro Pearls .. 181
Colorinse .. 132
Community Plate .. 197
Cooper-Stewart .. 185
Copley-Smith .. 190
Corot, Ltd. .. 138
Courtaulds .. 1
Cuticura .. 130
Cyclax .. 139

D
De Reszke Cigarettes .. Cover iii
Doge Cream .. 150
Dubarry .. Cover ii
Dundas, Miss .. 202

E
Eccles Caravans .. 98
Elbeo Stockings .. 171
Ellerman Line .. 134
Esse Cooker Co. .. 121
Esso Spirit .. 163
Eugène, Ltd. .. 175
Euthymol .. 134

F
Fitu Corsets .. 127
Flavels .. 191
Ford Cars .. 161
Forhans .. 126
Fortt's Bath Oliver Biscuits .. 159

G
Gaymer's Cyder .. 131
Goldsmiths and Silversmiths .. 169
Gordon's Gin .. 135
Gossard, Ltd. .. 196
Green Label Chutney .. 136
G.W.R. .. 197
Gypsia .. 189

H — Page
Hand and Nail Institute .. 146
Heath, Henry .. 170
H.M.V. Refrigerators .. 165
Houbigant .. 115

I
Imédia .. 126

J
Jacobson, Mme. B. .. 192
Jaeger .. 182

K
Keatings .. 144
Kellogg's Corn Flakes .. 191
Kellogg's Rice Krispies .. 187
Kempat .. 114
Kerka Waving, Ltd. .. 199
Kestos .. 157
Kirbigrips .. 156
Kleinert Rubber Co. .. 188
K.L.G. Plugs .. 98
Kodak, Ltd. .. 104

L
Ladye Jayne Slumber Helmet .. 150
Lagonda Motors .. 98
Larola .. 128
Lawrence, Helen .. 188
Leichner .. 141
Liberty .. 6
Lilla .. 141
Lillywhites .. 4
Lloyd Loom .. 140
L.M.S. Gleneagles Hotel .. 180
L.N.E.R. .. 201

M
Maclean's Stomach Powder .. 188
Main, R. and A. .. 94
Mansion Polish .. 199
Mappin and Webb .. 111
McCall's Paysandu Ox-Tongue .. 189
Melita .. 136
Meltonian Cream .. 124
Michel Lipstick .. 186
Millot, F. .. 160
Min Cream .. 132
Minty Bookcases .. 154
Minty Chairs .. 180
Morny Frères .. 184
Morris Motors .. 110
Mothersill Remedy .. 120

N
National Benzole .. 96
New Zealand Butter .. 189
New Zealand Lamb .. 190
Nestol .. 128
Norway .. 198
Nuctone .. 178
Nugget Polish .. 168

O
Optrex .. 116
Orkney and Shetland Cruises .. 189

P
Palace Hotel, Torquay .. 199
Palmolive Soap .. 178
P. & O. Line .. 168
Park Ward .. 106
Petal Dust .. 144
Philco Radio .. 144
Phosferine .. 113
Player's Cigarettes .. 167
Pond's Cream .. 174
Potter and Clarke .. 142
Potter and Moore .. 120
Prestcold Refrigerators .. 193
Price's Candles .. 164

R — Page
Radiation, Ltd. .. 153
Redex .. 195
Revelation Suitcases .. 5
R. G. D., Ltd. .. 152
Rosebank Fabrics .. 93
Royal Mail Lines, Ltd. .. 118
Rufflette Curtain Tape .. 195

S
Sashena .. 142
Scandale Corsets .. 6
Scholl, Dr. .. 124
Schweppes .. 133
Seager's Gin .. 143
Shackleton, Mrs. .. 132
Shell .. 8
Slendene-Valetta .. 123
Slimcream .. 146
Smartwear .. 201
Smith, S., and Sons .. 100
Spry .. 145
Standard Sanitary Appliances .. 122
Stephenson's Furniture Cream .. 184
Studd and Millington .. 7
Styl-eez Shoes .. 166

T
Tangee Lipstick .. 109
Tattoo Lipstick .. Cover iv
Tek Toothbrushes .. 102
Turknit Face Cloths .. 146

V
Vacuum Oil Co. .. 200
Vandré, Ltd. .. 146
Vareen .. 7
Vauxhall Motors .. 2
Vent-Axia, Ltd. .. 159
Vi-Spring Mattresses .. 148

W
Wakefield Castrol .. 112
Wills's Gold Flake .. 194
Woodrow .. 186
Wright's Coal Tar Soap .. 183

Y
Yardley Beauty Shop .. 149
Yardley Perfume .. 103

Beautiful **BUST**

All men admire a firm, rounded bust. **You can obtain perfect, fascinating curves with BEAUTIPON,** the amazing Vegetable Flesh Former. Simply rub this harmless cream into the breasts last thing at night, and in a few weeks you will have a glorious figure. Adds healthy flesh anywhere. TRIAL TREATMENT **1/6**, or full 30 Days' Course **5/6**. Sent privately.—**BEAUTIPON, 28 (B.E.), Dean Road, London, N.W.2.**

FURS

SILVER & BLUE FOX TIES

PRODUCER TO WEARER DIRECT

MAGNIFICENT FURS FROM HUMANELY KILLED ANIMALS

BREEDER OF EVERY CHAMPION BLUE FOX IN U.K.

Office Address :
J. K. L. AYLWIN,
30, Granville Road, Sevenoaks, Kent

A LADY AND HER DAIMLER, who know each other intimately, will take you or your friends from overseas touring Great Britain or abroad. The lady knows places—and leaves main roads to lorries. She can be as silent as her car, talk intelligently, or chatter as you wish. Shopping or day runs also arranged. Terms very moderate. Write Miss Dundas, 12, Windsor Court, Jubilee Place, Chelsea. Tel.: FLAxman 5866.

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by W. H. SMITH AND SON, LTD., The Arden Press, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1, and published monthly by the Proprietors, BRITISH NATIONAL NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Advertisement Offices, 32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Entered as second-class matter June 20th, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879, Sec. 397, P.L. & R. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad, 17s. 6d. per annum; 8s. 9d. for six months, single copies, 1s. 6d., and for Canada 14s. per annum, 7s. for six months. Sole agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, Ltd. Sole Agents for United States of America: The International News Co., Ltd.

'AMONG THOSE PRESENT'

This distinguished personage, whose brilliant portrait by Anna Zinkeisen is here reproduced, will be very much in demand at Coronation functions. He is famous as one of the greatest authorities on good living, and in particular as a fine judge of cigarettes. His motto, we hardly need add, is 'De Reszke—of course!'

'MAJORS' 20 *for* 1/- **'MINORS'** 30 *for* 1/-

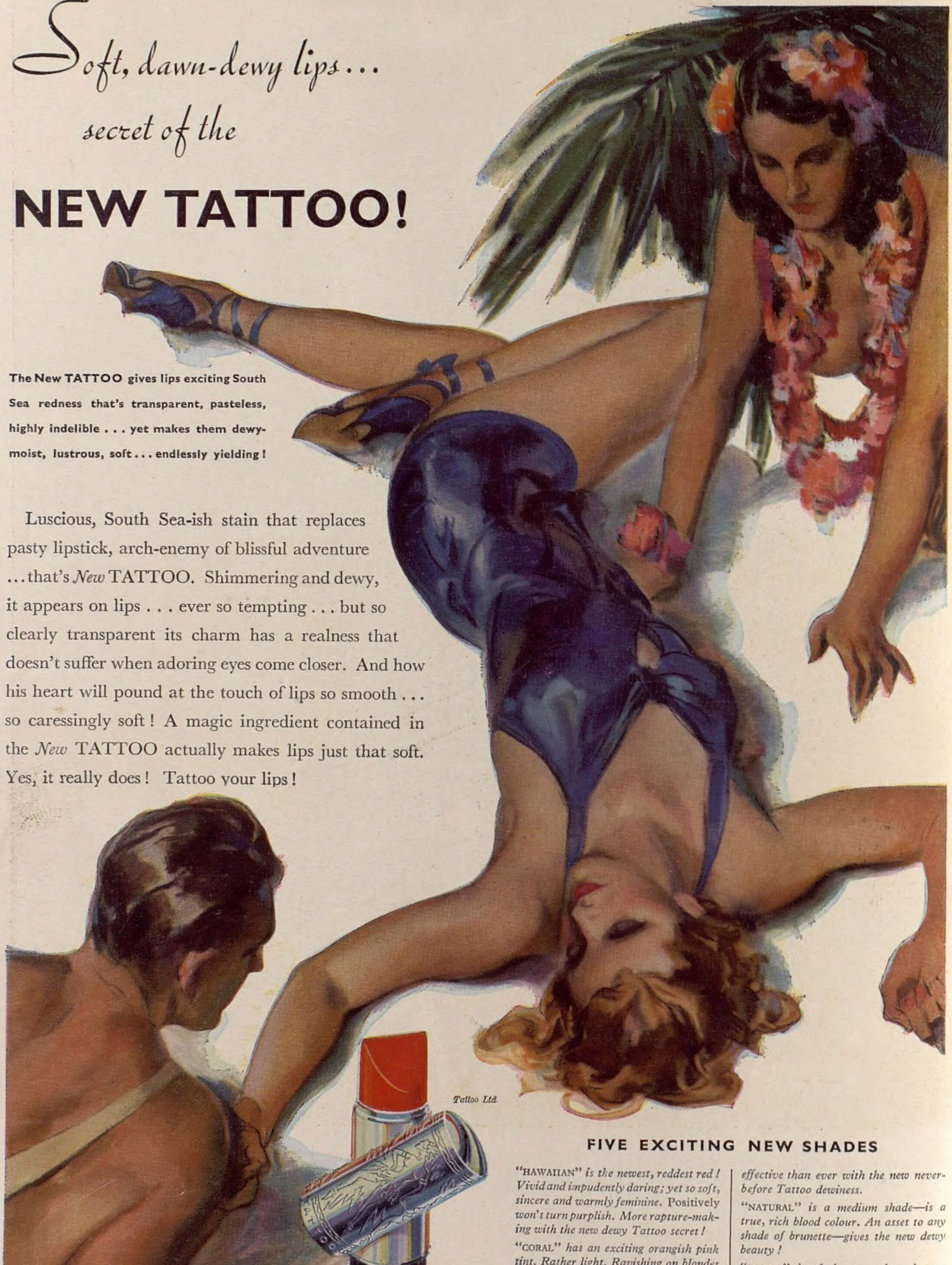
Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd

Soft, dawn-dewy lips . . .
secret of the

NEW TATTOO!

The New TATTOO gives lips exciting South Sea redness that's transparent, pasteless, highly indelible . . . yet makes them dewy-moist, lustrous, soft . . . endlessly yielding!

Luscious, South Sea-ish stain that replaces pasty lipstick, arch-enemy of blissful adventure . . . that's *New* TATTOO. Shimmering and dewy, it appears on lips . . . ever so tempting . . . but so clearly transparent its charm has a realness that doesn't suffer when adoring eyes come closer. And how his heart will pound at the touch of lips so smooth . . . so caressingly soft! A magic ingredient contained in the *New* TATTOO actually makes lips just that soft. Yes, it really does! Tattoo your lips!



Tattoo Ltd.

4/6 REFILLS 3/6

FIVE EXCITING NEW SHADES

"HAWAIIAN" *is the newest, reddest red! Vivid and impudently daring; yet so soft, sincere and warmly feminine.* Positively *won't turn purplish. More rapture-making with the new dewy Tattoo secret!*

"CORAL" *has an exciting orangish pink tint. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titian blondes. Yes—dewy too!*

"EXOTIC" *is a truly exotic new shade, brilliant yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it, but you'll find it more effective than ever with the new never-before Tattoo dewiness.*

"NATURAL" *is a medium shade—is a true, rich blood colour. An asset to any shade of brunette—gives the new dewy beauty!*

"PASTEL" *is of the type that changes colour when applied to the lips. It gives an unusually transparent richness and a depth of warmth which blended with the new Tattoo dawn-dewy look is truly amazing!*